FASSCICVLVS FLORVM:

OR,

A NOSEGAY OF FLOWERS.

Translated out of the Gardens of severall Poets, and other Authors.

Some, Word for Word; Some, Line for Line; And some, in a fuller and larger manner, to the uttermost extent both of the *Sense* and *Meaning*.

LONDON,

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1638.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE GREAT PATRONESS OF THE WORLD, *GOOD ACCEPTANCE.*

CVstome (one of the great Tyrants of the Earth) hath made it as common, as Writing of Bookes; for all *Paper-Parents*, (at the first sending forth the Infants of their Brain into the open Ayr) to commend them to the Protection of some good Patron or other, as to their carefull *Palmer*, to walk with them through the severall parts of the World, which they are

to pass, much like the Penny put into the dead Man's hand, in times past, at the going forth to his Grave, to pay to *Charon* for the quicker waftage of his soule over the Stygian Lake, to it's place of Rest. But for that, I have long observed, this course heares ill of the World, and Patrons most-what are frighted at the sight of a Dedication, as at the sight of a *Lord have Mercie upon us*, writ on their doore in the time of the Plague; or, as at the receit of a *Privie Seale*, which they think, in good manners (though faine they would shift it) they cannot refuse. And for that, a Dedicatory Epistle is esteemed of many, no better than an Artificiall kind of *Begging*, and a many of Friends *Encomiums, In laudem Authoris*, seem but as so many severall Constables hands, of so many sundry Parishes set to the Passport of some poor Pilgrim, for his better conveighing home, with the

Relief

Relief, and charitable *Alms* of well diſpoſed people into his far Country, whither hee is bound. For the avoyding of all this needleſſe deale of ado, and loath to ſtrike any Patron into a Paleneſs, or ſudden cold Sweat, I have adventured to thruſt my ſelf into the World under the ſhadow of thy wing, moſt Noble Lady.

For what is it in the whole World, (carry it never ſo great ſhow of Goodneſs, and Honeſty, Profit, or Pleaſure) if the gracious Eye of thy Favor Smile not upon it, but it dwindles and pines away, diſcarded and rejected like an old Faſhion out of date, and neglected as a laſt yeares Almanack, with which, no Man vouchſafeth to couſult? So great and powerfull a Patroneſs thou art, that no Grant doth paſs in any the Courts of any the Mighty Monarchs of the Earth, except firſt it be ſigned with thy hand for the warrant thereof.

To thee therefore I am bold to present this my *Nosegay of Flowers*; chusing much rather to hazard it to a generall Approbation *gratis*, than to any Private Respect, comming toward it with a *Grumbling Gratuitie* in it's hand. And so kissing thy lovely hands, most gracious *Acceptance*, I take leave.

Et veniam pro Laude peto, Laudatus abunde
Non fastiditus, si tibi Lector ero.

I crave not Praise, but Pardon; I have got
Abundant Praise, if Thou disdaine mee not.

Lerimos Vthalmus.

12 JY 59

La

La volunta ſupplice a la faculta ——— { *The good will ſupplies want of ability.*

ALl Great's not good; ſo, nor all Greateſt, beſt;
Worth is not bought by th' pound, nor weigh'd by hand;
Wine from ſmall Grapes, Verdjuice from Crabs is preſt;
The higher Mountaine, ſtill the worſer Land,
Five words in Language which I underſtand,
Are worth a thouſand, which I doe not know,
Whether they curſe, or bleſſe God, yea or no:
One Downy-Handfull's worth a Load of Sand;
Mere not my Gift, by meaneſſe of the ſhow,
But by my zeale (much more then can be ſcand.)
Things maſſy moſt, leſs precious are we ſee,
Small pearls more worth, then heaps of Iron bee.

Quod ſi digna tua minus eſt mea pagina laude,
At voluiſſe ſat eſt; Animum non carmina jacto.

Chi parla, ſemina. { *The Speaker Sowes.*
Chi tace raccoglia. { *The Hearer Reaps.*

Aliquid ex ſapiente etiam ſilente diſcas. *Seneca.*

The Sage Wiſe man, is as the Husbandman;
His Tongue, the Plough; His Words, the precious Seed;
The Hearers Eare, the ſurface of the Ground;
His Heart, the Furrow, where the Seed is hid:
His Meditation (as the Sun) doth cauſe
It ſpring, and thrive, increaſe, and fructifie
In Wiſdom, Knowledg, and Intelligence,
In Rules, and precepts, Humen, and Divine:

His

To the Reader.

His frequent practice, Reapes, and Threſheth it,
And in his Boſome (as his Granery)
Layes it up ſafe, till hee them need to uſe.
(Lo, here a ready way to become Rich)
When each Man's hand ſo eaſily may Mow
The Harveſt of all that which others Sow.

Seneca.

Author — Ad Librum ſuum.

A Pipere & Scombris.

GO Little Book, abroad, thy ſelf alone,
Like *Simon*, with thy hands behind thee bound,
To bear the broken ſcſts of every one;
Whilſt (as the Stag, emboſt before the Hound)
Some, with their Nayls, Some, with their Tongues thee wound:
But from meere Ignorants, from formall Fools,
Captious Opinioniſts, in ſelf-ſoothing drown'd,
From loathſome Lotions of Face-wringing-ſtools
Fortune defend thee, and from Chandlers Shops,
Pepper, and Sope, and ſtopping Muſtard pots.

Mente fruare tua lætus; quod quiſq; loquatur
Securus; dicent Hic bene, & Ille male.

Fran. Farnab. Select. Epigram. ex græco.

Speak

To the Reader.

Speak thy Mind freely; What reasts any break,
Never regard; Some, Well; Some, Ill will speak.

Sat mihi sunt pauci Lectores; est satis unus;
Si me nemo legat, sat mihi Nullus erit.

Owen. Epigram.

Few Readers mee suffice; Enough is one
And if none reade mee, I'm content with none.

Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua.

Marti. Epigram.

Either forbear to carp and censure Mine,
Or pray thee do put forth some Work of Thine.

FASCI-

The *Errata*, or Faults escaped in Printing.

Pag. 37. lin. 6. *for* cujus, *read* sinus. p. 41. lin. 33 *read* weakned with. p. 46. lin. 11. *for* Cies, *read* Cieux. l. 20. *read* uncille. *pag.* 56. l. 14. *read* Medeæ. p. 59. l. 28. *for* mihi *read* nihil. 60. lin. 15. *read* Booke bought Library. 66. p. lin. 31. *for* Lete *read* Este. 68. lin. 32. *for* Amitiæ *read* Amicitiæ. *pag.* 76. lin. 27. *for* in *read* ni. p. 83. lin. 22. *for* pulsus *read* pulsas. p. 90. l. 21 *for* rapta *read* rupta. p. 112. lin. 32 *for* parcat *read* parata. p. 124. l. 11. *for* sat *read* eat. lin. 16. *for* saint *read* faint. p. 139. lin. 4. *for* Getalice *read* Getulice. lin. 31. *for* partam *read* parvam. p. 151. lin. 32. *for* poscebat *read* optabat. p. 164. lin. 24. *for* prudentia *read* pendentia. p. 203. lin. 34. *read the* Harrows, Mattocke.

FASCICVLVS FLORVM;

OR,

A NOSE-GAY OF FLOVVERS, tranſlated out of the Gardens of ſeverall Poets, *and other Authors.*

1

QVod meus hortus habet ſumas impune licebit,
Si dederis nobis quod tuus Hortus habet.
Plucke where you pleaſe amongſt my Garden Flowers,
So I like leave may have to doe in yours.

2

Hoſpitis in Menſa vultum non fercula penſa,
Dat bene, dat multum, qui dat cum munere vultum.
In thy friends face reade Welcome, not in's meat,
His cheereſull lookes make his Gift good and great.

3

Non quæ mole gravant ſemper ſunt cõmoda, namq;,
Gemmula grata magis, quã magno pondere Ferrum.
The greateſt is not alwayes beſt, we ſee;
Small pearles more worth, than heapes of Iron bee.

4

Charus eris Romæ, donec te deserat Ætas;
Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi,
Inceperis, tineas pasces taciturnus Inertes.
Horat. Epist. 20. ad lib. suum.

Whilst thou art new, welcome art thou to Rome;
But (once read o're) each vulgar hand thee loaths,
And flings thee thence, in silence to become
Fit food to bee consum'd with idle Moaths.

5

Hunc novere modum nostri servare Libelli,
Parcere personis, dicere de vitijs.
This modest meane my Bookes professe to keepe,
To spare the persons, and the vices whip.

6

Non Bove mactato Cœlestia Numina gaudent,
Sed quæ præstanda, est, & sine teste, Fides. *Ovid.*
God joyes not in the Blood of Oxen slaine,
But in good workes perform'd with Faith unfaine.

7

Multa Cato, sed plura Solon, me verba docetis,
At nemo vestrum quanta docetis agit.
(Cato) thou much; (Solon) thou more doost preach;
But neither of you doe the things you teach.

8

Nam si nec proprijs Neptunus parcit Alumnis,
Quis homines tutos Navibus esse putet?
Alciatus Embl.
If Neptune his owne Darlings doe not spare,
How can men hope in Ships to safely fare?

9

Restituunt Furtum Fures vi rapta Latrones,
Omnia Mors aufert, restituitq; nihil.
Owen Epigr.

Theeves

Theeves yeeld up all that they had stolne before,
Death rifles all, and nothing will restore.

10

Aucupis horrendi fatalia Retia cerne,
Aucupium cujus, nulla fefellit Avis.
That horrid Fowlers fatall Nets perceive,
Whose ginns no Bird, nor Fowle could yet deceive.

11

Vita concubitus furtivos, atque viriles,
Consue neve dolos, nec sanguine pollue dextram;
Nec diteſce injuſte, at juſte vivito partis,
Illo contentus quod habes; aliena nec aufer
Et verum loquere, at nunquam mendacia dicas.
Phocilides ex Græco in Latinum.
Stolne, and strange Flesh, and Sodomy deteſt,
No treasons plot, drench not thy hands in blood,
Inrich thee not unjustly, neither wrest
An others Right; of thy just-gotten Good,
(Content with what's thine own) thy state maintain,
Speake truth, and lye not, the whole world to gain.

12

Ipſe decor recti, facti ſi præmia deſint,
Deſinit, & gratis pœnitet eſſe probum.
Good workes their lustre lose, sans Recompense,
And to bee good for nothing, each repents.

13

In vitium cadit culpæ fuga, ſi caret Arte.
Hor. de Art. Poetic.
Shunning a fault, oft to a vice doth fall,
If one want skill to manage it withall.

14

Illud quod medium eſt, atq; inter utrumq; probamus,
Vitaret Cœlum Phaëton ſi viveret & quos
Optavit ſtulte tangere nollet Equos.

The meane, twixt two extreames, we best allow,
Hee'd shun the skies, if Phaeton liv'd now;
Ne those same fiery Iades, (whom he so much
So fondly did affect to drive) would touch.

15

Quòd manus extimuit Iugulo demittere ferrum,
Dum rea; laudarer, si scelus ausa forem;
Esse ream præstat, quam sic placuisse Parenti,
Non piget immunes cædis habere manus.
Ovid. Epist. 14. Hyper.

Because I slew thee not, I guiltie stand,
Had I perform'd his wicked vile command,
With great applause my Fact they would commend;
Better is mee (as gultie bee condemn'd,)
Than please a Father so; my harmlesse hand
Shall nere repent, in Blood that 'twas not stayn'd.

16

Me Pater igne licet, quem non violavimus, urat
Quæque aderant sacris tendat in ora Faces,
Aut illo jugulet, quem non bene tradidit, Ense
Non tamen ut dicant morientia pœnitet ora
Efficiet; Non est quòd piget esse piam. *Ibid.*

Ne, should my Father burne mee in that fire,
Which yet I nere profan'd, or in his ire
Thrust in my face a sacred Torch, or kill
Me with that Sword, which he (to doe thee ill)
Me gave; should hee my dying Tongue compell
To say, I doe repent, or did not well;
Shee nere was good, ne knew what goodnes meant,
Who her first Goodnesse doth at last repent.

17

Vt queant laxis resonare Fibris,
Mira gestorum, Famuli tuorum,
Solve pollutì Labij Reatum
(O pater alme.) *That*

That ſo thy ſervants with enlarged Lungs,
To ſing thy wondrous workes may never ceaſe.
Oh gracious Father, doe thou tune their tongues,
And their polluted tippes reſtraint releaſe.

18

——— Deos, ſaxove vel Auro,
Ære vel Argento factos, Lignove dolatos
Exanimes, ſurdos, conflatos Ignis in Æſtu.
Sybilla ex Græco in Latinum.

Liveleſſe deafe ſtocks, (no Gods) of Stone, of Gold,
Carv'd Wood, or moulten Braſſe, caſt in a Mould.

19

Nulla Dei effigies, nulli Commiſſa Metallo
Forma Dei, mentes habitare & pectora gaudet.
Statius the Heathen.

God hath no ſhape; no Art nor Inſtrument
Gods Image can in mettall repreſent,
In good mens Mindes and Hearts alonely Hee
Delights to dwell, and there ingraved bee.

20

———Immenſa eſt, finemq; potentia Cœli,
Non habet, & quicquid ſuperi voluere peractum eſt.
Ovid.

What once God wills to bee, muſt bee; the might
Of Heaven ſo boundleſſe is, and infinite.

21

Prima domus Chriſti fuit Alvus Virginis almæ,
Altera Præſepe, Crux tertia, quarta Sepulchrum.
Chriſts firſt Houſe was the Bleſſed Virgins wombe,
The manger next; third, the croſſe; fourth, the tombe.

22

Ecubi Chriſtus adeſt, tenuiſſima Aranea Murus,
At cui Chriſtus abeſt, Murus Aranea fiet.
A Cob.

A Cobweb proves a wall, where Christ doth stay,
And walls but cobwebs are, where Christ's away.

23

Si Sathanas Christi sine nutu invadere Porcum,
Non potis est, ergo quomodo lædet Ovem?
How can the Devill Christs sheepe hurt, or bereave,
Who cannot touch a Swine without Christs leave?

24

Sum ut eram, nec eram quod sum, nunc dicor utrumq;
Ignorant qui me stirpe ab utraque negent.
De divinitate Christi cum humanitate junctâ.

Both what I was, and was not, now am I;
They neither know, who either doe denie.

25

In medio Christus Latronum quando pependit,
Aut nunquam, aut Virtus tunc fuit in Medio.
Owen Epigr.

When Christ between two theeves hung on the croß,
Vertue in'th middst, or then, or never was.

26

Cælitus orta mihi mens est, non ex traduce; nam si
Corpore cum reliquo mens oritur, moritur. *Ibid.*
My soule from heav'n, not from mans seed proceeds,
For from the Body if it rise, it dyes.

27

Sive petam, seu non, quæ sunt Bona (Iupiter O Rex)
Da mihi, quæ mala sunt, mihi nec largire petenti.
(Ask'd or unask'd) great love, all good bestows;
What things (in having) thou dost better know
Will prejudicall prove, denie them mee,
Albee I beg them on my bared Knee.

28

Naturæ Natura Deus bone, cùm mihi posse
Vivere

Vivere ſuſtuleris, da mihi velle mori.

Nature of Nature, good God grant (when I
Muſt leave to live) power willingly to dye.

29

Quod ſibi quiſque ſerit præſentis tempore vitæ,
Hoc ſibi meſſis erit, cum dicitur, Ite, venite.

Such ſeed, as in this preſent Life men ſowe,
Such ſhall they reap, when God ſaith, Come, and Goe.

30

Ite truces homines, funeſtaque Tartara Letho
Polluite, & cunctas Erebi conſumite Pœnas.

Statius.

Goe curſed Crew, ſtaine with your death each roome
Of griſlie Tartarus,
And all the paines of Herebus conſume.

31

Nec mortis pœnas Mors altera finiet hujus,
Horaque erit tantis ultima nulla malis. *Ovid.*

No after-death, paines of this death ſhall end,
Ne, no laſt how'r, theſe ſo great woes amend.

32

Vna dies dabit exitio, multoſque per Annes
Suſtentata, ruet Moles, & machina Mundi.

Lucretius.

The maſſe and frame of this (now long-liv'd) World
Demoliſht one day, ſhall on heapes bee whurld.

33

At vos ſidereæ, quas nulla æquaverit Ætas,
Ite decus cœlorum Animæ, (venerabile vulgus)
In Cœlum, & cunctas ſedes decorate Piorum.

Silius Italicus.

Yee ſtar bright ſoules, long-liv'd beyond all Age,
Iewels of Heaven, Gods ſacred Heritage,

Goe yee to Heav'n, and with your presence blesse
All those chaste Mansions, which the Iust possesse.

34

Qui monet ut facias, quæ jam facis, ipse monendo
Laudat, & hortatu comprobat Acta suo.
Claudianus ad Commodum Imper.

Who wish thee doe what now thou doost, imply
Thy praise, and (what thou dost) approve thereby.

35

Tolle malos, extolle bonos, cognosce teipsum,
Sacra tene, Paci consule, disce Pati. *Idem.*
Crush the Bad, advance the Good, thy selfe discerne;
Hold the Truth, love Peace, true Patience learne.

36

Ipse sibi blandirur Homo, solersque putari
Vult Animal; tamen Incautus sibi multa tetendit
Retia; & in Foveam cecidit quam fecerat ipse,
Liber erat, servile Iugum sibi condidit ipse.
Mantuan Egl.

Man soothes himselfe (for policie and wit)
That him no creature in the world can match;
Yet oft unwares, into his selfe-digg'd pit
He falls, and him his owne spread Nets doe catch;
Hee was free Borne, but, to himselfe untrue,
On his owne Necke a servile yoke hee drew.

37

Vt, Re-levet Mi-serum Fa-tum, Sol-itosq; La-bores
Ævi, sit dulcis Musica noster Amor.
Let us love Musicke, which hath sweet reliefe
For all our labours, maladies, and griefe.

38

Si mihi difficilis Formam Natura negavit,
Ingenio Formæ damna rependo meæ. *Ovid.*

If

If mee hard Nature Beautie have denyde,
I, by my wit, that blemiſh have ſupplide;
And where my Limbs miſhapen bee, and ſmall,
Good Breeding there makes faire amends for all.

39

Cave, crede mihi vitia irritare vetando. *Ibid.*
Beware (if my advice may credit winne)
Leſt, by forbidding, you entice to ſinne.

40

Vixiſti mecum Fortuna Matre, Noverca,
Nunc fugis? at poteras æqua, & iniqua pati.
De Crotti Mure Alciatus Embl.
Whilſt Fortune (as my Mother) tendred mee,
My daily gueſt, thou liv'dſt with mee together:
Now ſhee's turnd Stepdame; doſt thou from me flee?
Thou ſhouldſt have born with me all manner wether.

41

Multis ineſt Canibus pro conſuetudine natum,
Vt latrare magis quam feritate ſolent.
Tis ſome Currs nature, more to barke and bawle
Of courſe, than curſtneſſe, for no cauſe at all.

42

Non ſi Fœmineum crebro Caput juge refundas,
Ingenij mutes prima Metalla ſui.
What once a womans wit reſolves upon,
The Devill himſelfe can nere remoove her from.

43

Aurum Blanditiæ Pater eſt, Natuſque doloris,
Qui caret hoc mœret, qui tenet hic metuit.
Gold is Griefes Sonne, and Flatteries owne Dad;
Who hath it, feares; who hath it not, is ſad.

44

Hæc Venus ad Muſas, Venerem exhortaſcite Nym-
In vos armatus, aut Amor inſiliet. (phæ,

Cui, contra Musæ, verba hæc age dicito Marti,
Alager huc ad nos, non volat ille Puer. *Laertius.*
Yee Nymphs, quoth Venus, ſtand of mee in awe,
Or armed Love ſhall all your hearts invade.
Godd'ſſe (ſayd they) wee reckon not a ſtraw,
That winged Boy; theſe threats to Mars upbraid.

45

Qui procul eſt oculis, procul eſt a lumine Mentis.
Far from the eye, far from the Heart wee find,
Long out of ſight, begets quite out of mind.

46

——— Tolle querelas,
Pauper enim non eſt, cui Rerum ſuppetit uſus.
Grudge not, that God no wealth doth to thee give,
Sith hee's not poore, who hath meanes but to live.

47

Omnes humanos ſanat Medicina dolores,
Solus Amor Morbi non amat Artificem.
Ovid.
There's no Diſeaſe, but Leach-craft it can cure:
But that of Love, no Phiſicke will indure.

48

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum,
Quæ venit indigne pœna dolenda venit.
Deſerved paine, with patience all muſt beare:
But without cauſe to ſuffer, that bites neere.

49

Cuncta prius tentanda, ſed immedicabile vulnus,
Enſe recidendum, ne pars ſincera trahatur.
All meanes muſt firſt be tride; but helpleſſe wound
The Sword muſt cure, leſt it infect the ſound.

50

Imberbis Iuvenis, tandem Cuſtode remoto
Gaudet Equis, Canibus, & Aprici gramine Campi,

Cæreus

Cæreus in vitium flecti monitoribus aſper
Sublimis, cupiduſq;, & Amata relinquere pernix.
Beardleſſe yong youth, from Tutors once remov'd,
With Dogs, and Horſe, the Fields doe joy to range,
Waxe like to vice, and ſcornes to bee reprov'd,
Prowd, luſtfull, apt old joyes for new to change.

51

Quæritur Ægiſtus quare ſit factus Adulter,
In promptu cauſa eſt, Deſidioſus erat.
What made Egiſtus whoring ſo profeſſe?
The cauſe is plaine, hee was all Idleneſſe.

52

Sobria Virgo ſibi quæ vultu menteque conſtat,
Et Iuvenis frugi, tractabilis, atque pudica.
Quatuor hæc quærunt omnes, vix reperit unus,
Maxima ſic noſtra Bona ſunt tariſſima vitæ.
Hadlonus.

A modeſt Mayd, ſober of Looke and Mind,
Young, chaſte, and frugall, eaſie to perſwade,
Theſe foure all ſeeke, ſcarce one of thouſands find;
So hard our lives beſt Bleſſings are purvay'd.

53

Diſcordes nos tota Domus non continet ambos;
Concordes, Lectus nos tamen unus habet.
Owen. Epigr.

One Bed, in peace, will hold both Man and Wife,
One Houſe too little, when they are at ſtrife.

54

Otia ſi tollas, periere Cupidinis Arcus
Contemptæq; jacent, & ſine luce faces.
Cupids Bowe breaks, if Idleneſſe thou ſhun,
His flames lye quench'd, and ſcorn'd, and hee's undone.

55

Heu vivunt homines, tanquam Mors nulla ſequatur,

Auc

Aut velut Infernus Fabula vana foret.
Alacke, men live, as though life nere should faile,
Or, as Hell were but ev'n an old wives tale.

56

Vince Animos Iramque tuam, qui cætera vincis.
Ovid. Epist.
Thou, that canst master all things else, pursue
Thine owne selfe-passion, and thy rage subdue.

57

In vitio decor est, quædam male reddere verba
Discunt, posse minus quam potuere loqui.
Idem Art. Amor. li. 1.
There is a kind of gracefull garbe in vice,
When women learne to lispe, and are so nice,
To speake worse than they can, and doe affect
Slow speech, as 'twere a naturall defect.

58

Formosæ minus Artis opem, præceptaq; quærunt,
Est illi sua Dos Forma sine Arte potens. *Ibid.*
Beautie no rules of Art, nor helpes doth need.
It selfe to it selfe's in all Dosses stead.

59

Adde quòd & partus faciunt breviora Iuventæ
Tempora, continua Messe senescit Ager. *Ibid.*
Oft bearing Children Womens youth doth spoyle,
As yearely Crops wont barren make the Soyle.

60

Carmina qui facimus, mittamus Carmina tantum,
Nam Chorus ante alios aptus Amore sumus. *Ib.*
Nought can wee Poets (save our Verses give)
For Poets are th'most amorous Lads that live.

61

Aut nulla Ebrietas, aut tanta sit, ut tibi curas
Eripiat, si qua est inter utrumque nocet. *Ibid.*

Never

Never drink more, than what from cares, and thought
May cheer thy heart; for (what is more) is naught.

62.

——Oculè Mendas,
Quodque potes vitium corporis abde tui.
Ovid. Art. Am. li. 1.

Each fault and blemish of thy body hide,
That (if thou mayst) they may not be espide.

63

Est in incessu pars non temnenda decoris
Alligat Ignotos, Ille fugatque viros. *Ib.*
'Tis not the least part of a womans grace,
The very gang, and posture in her pace;
Which (as 'tis comely, or uncomely) has
Praise, or dispraise, of strangers as they pass.

64

Ah, nimia est propriæ Iuveni fiducia Formæ
Expectet si quis dum prius illa roget. *Ib.*
Too much hee overweens his owne worth, who
Looks that his Love should come, and first him woo.

65

O quantum indulget vestro Natura decori,
Quarum sunt multis damna pianda modis? *Ib.*
To you (oh) how indulgent Nature is,
And of your Beauties, how great is her Care?
How many meanes (for all therein amiss)
Hath shee devis'd, each blemish to repaire?

66

Venit Amor gravius quo serius—— *Ovid.*
The longer any are before they love,
So much more passionat their love doth prove.

67

—Non caret effectu quod voluere duo.
What two resolved minds doe once project,

'Tis

'Tis ten to one, but that it takes effect.

68

Vt fragilis glacies interit Ira mora. *Ovid.*
By giving time, and some few minutes pause,
Anger (like brittle Ice) relents and thawes.

69

Tunc cùm tristis erat defensa est Ilion Armis,
Militibus gravidum, læta recepit Equum.
Whilst Troy was sad, it well it selfe did save;
But when to jollitie it selfe it gave,
(Secure, and fearlesse) then it soon let in
The Horse, whose paunch was full of armed men.

70

Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice. *Ovid.*
Be well advis'd, and either ne're begin,
Or ne're give out, till thou thy purpose win.

71

Multa rogant tradendа sibi, data reddere nolunt
Perdis, & in damno gratia nulla tua est. *Id. de Fœm.*
They'l begg, and borrow all, but nought restore,
The loss all thine, yet gayn'st not thanks therefore.

72

Spes tenet in tempus (semel est si credita) longum
Illa quidem fallax, sed tamen apta dea est.
Hope (if once trusted) doth us long sustain,
'Tis a meek Goddesse, though but false, and vain.

73

Non Avis utiliter viscatis effugit Alis,
Non bene de laxis cassibus exit Aper,
Saucius arrepto retinetur Piscis ab Hamo. *Idem.*
The Bird whose wings are lym'd, can hardly flie;
The Boare in'th toyls stuck Meashes fast must lie.
And hardly can the Fish, that once is strook,
Get clear again, from off the bearded hook.

Vee

74

Ver non una dies, non una reducit Hyrundo,
Multiplici vigilans surgit prudentia ab usu.

Alciat. Embl.

'Tis not one day, or Swallow, makes the Spring:
So long Experience doth true Wisdome bring.

75

Quis negat apposito Lumen de Lumine sumi. *Ovid.*

What man so void of common courtesie,
Light from his Light to any to denie?

76

Vt Pater, ut Gnati, sic nos debemus Amici,
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire, &c.

As Father, and Son, so should we (Friends) dispense,
And not fall out for every small offence.

77

Dum Furor in cursu est, currenti cede Furori. *Ovid.*

Doe not (in running) raging Fury stay,
But let it spend it selfe, (by giving way.)

78

Quo non Ars penetrat? discant lachrymare Puellæ
Quoq; volunt plorant tempore, quoq; modo. *Id.*

Where will Art stay? They learn the gracefull skill,
And Art of weeping, when, and how they will.

79

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis,
Stare Vrbem, & toto ponere Iura Mari.
Nunc mihi Tarpeias, quantumvis Iupiter Arces
Obijce, & Illa tui mænia Martis ait;
Si Pelago Tyberim præfers urbem aspice utramque
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

Pulerum Encomium Sanazarij in urbem Venetam, cujus singulos versus centenis Aureis muneravit Senatus.

Neptune

Neptune *look'd up, and seeing Venice stand*
In th' Adriac Waves, and all the Seas command,
Said (Iove) *now vant those proud Tarpeian Towers,*
And goodly walls of Mars *(that sonn of yours:)*
Though Tiber you before the Sea preferr,
Yet view both Cities well, you must confess,
That Men made that, but God himself made this.

80

* Accedat tuum Precibus quodcunque recedit
Litibus, æternum sic tibi tempus erit.
**This Distich stands upon Mr.* Martins *Tomb in the Temple Round Church.*
In devout Pray'rs, all thy Vacation spend,
So shalt thou gain a Terme shall never end.

81

Sed qui cognatos (nullo Natura Labore
Quos tibi dat) retinere velis servareque Amicos,
Infælix operam perdit, ut si quis Asellam
In Campo doceat Parentem currere Frænis. *Hor.*
Who hopes (poor man) *from those of his own blood,*
(Whom Nature makes his frends) for any good,
His labour's lost; as hee should undertake,
Of' an old shee Ass, a Hunting-Horse to make.

82

Conscia Mens recti, Famæ mendacia ridet.
The conscious mind of truth, scorns Fames lewd lyes.
Aliter.
The guiltless Conscience (free from conscious blame)
Scorns the Reports, and scandals of false Fame.

83

——— Careat successibus opto,
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat. *Ovid.*
May hee miscarry, and have bad success,
Who by th' event of things doth ever guess.

Aliter

Aliter.

Gods curſe upon them, and ill luck be ſent,
Who judge of all things alwayes by event.

84

Si ter pulſanti nemo reſpondet, abire
Non licet; urgendum eſt, ——

If at three knocks none anſwer, leave not ſo,
But knock ſtill, as the door thou'dſt overthrow.

85

(Bona Paupertas) Dominum cùm cætera mutant,
Perraro Dominum deſerit Illa ſuum.

All Servants elſe change Maſters every day,
But honeſt Poverty will nere away.

86

Scriptorũ chorus omnis amat Nemus & fugit Vrbes. *Horat.*

Poets, and Writers of all ſorts (above
The Citie) Woods, and ſhady Groves doe love.

87

Præter cætera me Romane Poemata cenſes;
Scribere poſſe inter tot curas, totq; labores. *Ib.*

Midſt ſo many troubles, cares and wants, can I,
Poems (think'ſt thou) to write, my mind apply?

88

Deniq; non omnes eadem mirantur amantq;. *Ib.*

All men are not of one ſelfe-ſame deſire,
Nor all men, all things love, which ſome admire.

89

Tres mihi Conviuæ, prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa Palato,
Quid dem, quid non dem? renuis tu, quod jubet alter,
Quod petit, id ſane inviſum, acidumq; duobus. *Ib.*

Three Gheſts (of different dyet all) I have,
Their divers Pallats divers Meats affect;

How

How shall I please them all? what hee doth crave,
You loathe; and like what th'other twain reject.

90

Multa fidem promissa levant; ubi plenius æquo,
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere Merces.
Horat.

Great Brags lessen his credit, who sets forth
His wares, (to sell them) farr above their worth.

91

Carmine tu gaudes, hic delectatur Iambis,
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, & sale nigro.

Heroicks, thou; Iambics, this; again,
Hee, most affects the Comicall strong Strain,
(Full of black salt) that hath a biting vain.

92

Singula de Nobis Anni prædantur euntes
Eripuere Iocos, Venerem, Convivia, Ludum. *Ib.*

Each yeare from us, one thing, or other steales,
Our wit, strength, mirth, and stomack to our meales.

93

—— Dirum qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali Portenta Labore subegit,
Comperit Invidiam supremo fine domari. *Ib.*

Hee, who that hideous Hydra once did tame,
And with much fatall labour overcame
Those famous uncouth Monsters, found (at length)
Envy, a conquest above all his strength.

94

Quascunq; aspicies Lachrymæ fecere Lituras,
Sed tamen hæ lachrymæ pondera vocis habent.
Ovid. Epist.

My teares have made the blots, which you see heere;
But yet these teares the weight of words doe beare.

95 De

95 *De Regina Elizabetha.*

Vna loqui te Lingua nequit, quæ laudis opimæ,
Materiam Linguis omnibus una dabas.
One Tongue in praiſe of thy great worth's too weak,
Which yeelds full matter for all tongues to ſpeak.

96

Cæpiſti meliùs quam deſinis; ultima primis,
Cedunt, diſſimiles hic Vir, & ille Puer.)
Ovid. Epiſt. Deian. Herc.
Thy laſt is worſt; thou better didſt commence,
Than thou didſt end. (Ah) what a difference
Between that Child, and this Man, doe I ſee,
And how unlike they each to other bee?

97

Humano Capiti cervicem Pictor Equinam
Iungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Indique collatis Membris ut turpiter atrum,
Deſinat in piſcem Mulier formoſa ſuperna,
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis Amici?
Hor. Art. poet.
If on a Horſe-neck (all with Fethers ſpread)
A Painter ſhould ſet to a Mans round head,
Then Womans ſhape, from ſhoulders to the loynes,
And thereto a black porcpiſs-tayl conjoynes,
Could yee (my Maſters) chuſe but laugh outright,
At ſo ridiculous an Antick ſight?

98

Qualem commendes etiam atq; etiam aſpice, nè mox
Inducant, aliena tibi peccata pudorem. *Hor. Ep. l. 1.*
Beware whom you commend, leſt you doe winn
Your ſelf the ſhame, that's due unto their ſinn.

99

Sint procul a vobis Homines ut Fœmina compti.
Ovid. Art. Am.

Theſe

These fine, effeminate, spruce men detest
Who in their garb, are like nice women dress.

100

Est aliquid plenis Pomaria carpere Ramis,
Et tenui primam deligere ungue Rosam.
Ovid. Art. Am. li. 1.

'Tis something to pluck Fruit from Boughs, top full,
And with our nayl, the fresh Rose-bud to pull.

101

Rara tamen menda Facies caret; —— *Ib.*
That Face is rare, that is in every part
Exact, and exquisite, to need no Art.

102

Anguibus exuitur tenui cum pelle vetustas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta senes. *Ib.*
Snakes cast their Age, by casting of their slough,
By mewing of their Horne, Staggs yonger grow.

103

Vestra sine auxilio fugiunt Bona; carpite Florem,
Qui nisi carptus erit, turpiter Ipse cadit. *Ib.*
But all your Beauties without help, decay;
Then crop the Flow'r, which self, els, falls away.

104

Excepto quòd non simul esses, cæterà lætus. *Hor. Ep*
I otherwise am well, save only' in this,
That I your lovely Company doe miss.

105

Accipe quo semper finitur Epistola verbo,
Vale. *Ovid. Ele.*
My usuall word, I now to you commend,
(Farewell) wherewith I all my Letters end.

106

Stulte, quid hæc faris? solatia Rustica damnas,
Rusticus ipse? (tuis malus es, tibi pessimus ipsi.)
Mant. Egl. 2.

Quam

Quàm temere in nosmet Legem sancimus iniquam ?
Horat.

Fond foole, thy selfe a Country Swaine (for shame)
Against the Country sports, thus to declame ?
(To others badd, but to thy self, much worse)
How rashly (unawares) oft men discourse
Against themselves ? and (taxing others) wee
Gainst our own sinns severely doe decree ?

107

Ah, (Puer infælix) Æstus te major in umbra
Corripuit; nudam videas ne in fonte Diânam,
Claude oculos; Blandis nèu des Syrenibus Aurem
Sors tua Narcisso similis, Narcissus in undis,
Dum sedare sitim properat, sitim ampliùs; at tu
Exteriorem Æstum fugiens, intrinsecus ardes.
Mantuanus.

Vnhappy Ladd, thou broyleſt in the shade;
Shut thine eyes close, lest thou (by them betrayd)
Diana naked in the Fountaine see;
And stop thine eares from Syrens witchery;
(Narcissus-like) who whilst hee went about
To quench his thirst, did more encrease his drought
Amid the waves. Thou, (while thou now dost ween
To coole thy outward heat) dost burne within.

108

Principijs obsta, serò medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.
prevent the cause; too late is Phisick sent,
When long delayes the Patients strength hath spent.

109

Degeneres Animi, Procerum quid quæritis Aulas ?
Dedecus ut vobis, Illis tribuatis honores,
Qui servus est, quocunq; modo, nulla esse beatus
Parte potest; Alinì est clytellâ ferre libenter. *Paling.*
Degenerate

Degenerate Minds, why doe you flock so fast
To Princes Courts? (by honouring them) to brayd
Your own dishonour, and your Meanes to waste?
Sith, in no wise, bee happy can be said,
Who is a servant (in what kind so ere)
'Tis for an Asse, (that's born and bred a jade)
Submissively, a slavish pack to beare,
And willingly, bee bored through the eare.

110

Serviet æternum, qui parvo nescíet uti,
Cui non conveniet sua Res, ut Calceus, olim
Si pede major erit subvertet, si minor urget,
Lætas sorte tua vives sapienter Aristi. *Horat.*

Hee still must serve, who little cannot use,
Whose meanes befits him not, is like to shooes,
Which run awry (if wide) & pinch the foot (if strait,)
Aristius, happy live, content with thine Estate.

111

Sed post Iacturam quis non sapit? utile non est
Consilium post facta dari, quod oportuit ante
Consilium post Facta, Imbres post tempora frugum.

But after loss, who is not wise? Counsell
After, (that should before) comes never well;
This after-counsell, (when the deed's once done)
Is Rain on Stubble, when the Corne is gone.

112

——Pauci quod sinit, Alter amat. *Ovid.*

Few men can well contented bee, to take
The Refuse, which all others doe forsake.

Aliter.

Not one amongst a thousand Men, will chuse
This, or that thing, which all men els refuse.

Aliter.

Few thinke so meanly of themselves, to love

The

The Leavings, which all others diſ-approve.

113

Nec cuſtodiri, ni velit, ulla poteſt. *Ovid.*

It goes beyond all care, and humen skill,
To keep a Woman chaſt, (except ſhe will.)

114

——Neq; enim Lex Iuſtior ulla,
Quam necis Artifices Arte perire ſua. *Ovidius.*

No juſter Law, than that, who death deviſe,
Should periſh by their own ſelf-Art, likewiſe.

115

Turba gravis paci, placidæque Inimica quieti.
Martial. Epigr. & optime quadrat. in Ieſuitas.

A traytrous Sect, that Enmity profeſs
To bleſſed peace, and ſetled Quietneſs.

116

Milo domi non eſt, peregre at Milone profecto:
Arva jacent; mulier non minus inde parit,
Cur ſit Ager ſterilis, cur Fœmina fertilis edam,
Qui fodiatur Ager non habet, uxor habet. *Idem.*

Milo's ground's barren, but his wife doth beare,
(Whilſt he from home, a far long journey's gone;)
Ile tell, (why fertile ſhee, they ſteril were)
His Wife had all her Tilths, his Grounds had none.

117

Cynthia ſola ſuis miſerum mei cepit ocellis,
Et captum nullis ante cupidinibus. *Tibullus.*

I never had of Love the ſmalleſt thought,
Till Cynthia's lovely Eyes mee captive caught.

118

Paſcitur in vivis Livor, poſt fata quieſcit.

Malice in th'minds of Living men is fed,
But ends (or ſhould end) when the party's dead.

Fortior

119

Fortior in nobis, nec tam furiosa Libido est,
Legitimum finem Flamma virilis habet. *Ovid.*
Mens Lusts are stronger, (if we them compare)
But not so ramping and impetuous are
As Womens; and (in love) mens love doth tend
Still to an honest, and a lawfull end.

120

Nec tamen indignum sit vobis cura placendi,
Cùm comptos habeant sæcula nostra viros. *Id.*
Well may the women use each meanes and way,
T'indeer their Beauties (better to entice)
When men, (unmanly) now are garish gay,
Trickt, spruce, terse, quaint, nice, soft, all point-device.

121

Vt redit, itq; frequens longum formica per Agmen,
Granifero solitum dum vehit ore cibum:
Aut ut apes saltusque suos, & olentia nactæ,
Pascua per Flores, & Thyma summa volant:
Sic ruit in celebres cultissima Fœmina ludos,
Copia Iudicium sæpe morata meum est,
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut Ipsæ,
Ille Locus casti damna pudoris habet. *Idem.*
As thick as Ants abroad doe goe and come,
Their grainy Food to forrage, and fetch home:
As swarms of Bees the fragrant Meadows haut,
On Flow'rs, and tops of Thyme to suck provant:
So thick to th' Stage the lovelyest Lasses go,
That, which to like my Fant'sie scarce doth know;
They there come to be star'd at, and to stare.
The Bane of Modesty these Stages are.

122

Tempore difficiles veniunt ad Aratra Iuvenci,
Tempore lenta pati fræna docentur Equi.

Ferreus

Ferreus aſſiduo conſumitur Annulus uſu
Interit aſſiduo vomer aduncus Humo;
Quid magis eſt durum ſaxo? quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen molli ſaxa cavantur Aqua;
Penelopen ipſam perſtes modo; tempore vinces;
Capta vides ſero Pergama; capta tamen.
Ovidius.

Time makes the ſtubborn ſteers to'th plow ſubmit;
And th' Horſes mouth with patience bide the Bit:
Continuall uſe, the Ring of Iron teares,
The Earth with uſe, the crooked Coulter weares.
Harder than ſtone? than water, what's more ſoft?
☞ *Flints are worn, (through waters-dropping oft)*
(Yea) hold but out, Time wins Penelope,
So Troy, though long firſt, yet we taken ſee.

123

Non credi labor eſt; ſibi quæque videtur amanda,
Peſsima ſit, nulli non ſua forma placet. *Ovid.*
'Tis no great paines to get beliefe; There's none,
(The fouleſt Franion, and the homelieſt Ioan)
But her own Beauty doth ſo farr approve,
As to be worthy of the beſt Mans love.

124

Delectant etiam Caſtas præconia formæ.
Yea, the moſt chaſt, and vertuous, every waies
Tickle for joy, to heare when Men them praiſe.

125

Illud quod facile eſt, faciles, ſegneſque tenemus
Quod ſpe, quodque metu torſit habere juvat,
We wont to ſleight things got with eaſie paine,
But hug, what (rackt twixt hope, and feare) we gaine.

126

Tanti eris alijs
Quanti tibi fueris.

Looke at what value thou thy self dost rate,
Others of Thee will like wise estimate.

127

Ad summum, sapiens uno minor est Iove; dives
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher, Rex denique Regum.
Horatius.

The Wise Man only unto Iove himself
Inferior is; from thought of wordly things
His mind is free; hee Honor hath, and Wealth,
With Beauty store; yea, hee's a King of Kings.

128

Non adeo cecidi (quamvis abjectus) ut infra
Te quoque sim inferius, quo nihil esse potes.
Ovid. in Ibin.

Though fall'n, I am not fall'n so low, as Thee,
Who art more base, than Baseness self can be.

129

Donec eras simplex Animum cum corpore amavi
Nunc vitio mentis læsa figura tua est.
I lov'd you, body and soule, whilst you were chast;
Now your Base mind, your Beauty hath disgrac't.

130

Anglia, Mons, Pons, Fons, Ecclesia, Fœmina, Lana.
England yields store of Bridges, Hills, and Woull,
Of Rivers, Churches, and Faire Women full.

131

Qui miser est aliena suis graviora retractet
Fortius excipiet quæ mala cunque cadent.
The wretch, who others greater grief, and mone,
Can call to mind, gains strength to beare his own.

132

Le niter ex merito quidquid patiare ferendum
Que venit indigne Pœna, dolenda venit.
Ovidius.

Deserved

Deserved pain, wee can with patience beare,
But (without cause) to suffer, that bites neere.

133

Sit licet in Natos facies austera Parentum
Æqua tamen semper mens est; & amica voluntas.
Mantuanus. Egl. 1.

How ere a Parents Browes be often bent,
Clouded, and dark; his Looks, Austeer and Stern,
With tender Love, his Heart doth yet relent,
And to his Child, his very Bowels yern.

134

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse Leoni
Pugna suum finem cùm jacet Hostis habet. *Ovid.*
When Beasts prostrate, his mercie do'n implore,
It is enough; The Lyon fights no more.

135

Lutherus decimum confecit strage Leonem,
De clava noli quærere; Penna fuit.
Luther slew Leo, the last so nam'd of ten,
With no other weapon, save his very Pen.
1. Pasquils at Rome.

136

Papa Pius Quintus moritur; (Res mira) tot inter
Pontifices tantùm quinque fuisse pios;
Fallor ego; nam Nemo pius Rex Nomine tantum
Pontifices constat quinque fuisse Pios. *2. Pasquil.*
Pope Pius the fifth's dead, (oh strange) but five
Amongst so many, pious Popes alive?
Yet, (now I think on't) pious, in name alone,
Five were; but Pius truely, and indeed not one.

137

Formicæ grata est Formica, Cycada Cycadæ
Et doctis doctus gaudet Apollo Choris.
Alciatus Embl.

Crickets, with Crickets, Ants with Ants commerce,
And learned Men love learned Mens converse.

138

Esse bonam facile est, cum quod vetat esse negatur.
Ovidius.

Spight of her heart, and even against her will,
She must be good, who wants meanes to be ill.

139

Non con la Lingua, non con la Dita, } *Italian*
Ma con il Piede, morstami la strada. } *Prover.*

Not with thy Finger, me my course bewray,
Nor with thy Tongue; (though both good meanes) I
But with thy Foot before me tread the way, (know,
And so direct me where, and how to goe.

140 *Minor esca majorum.*

Devorat Agricolam Rex; Regem Tyro; sed illum
Vsurator edit; comedit sed Præsbiter illum,
Præsbiterum Meretrix; Mereticem Lena remordet,
Lenonem Caupo; Cauponem sed Parasitus
Illum Sextipedes, Simia Sextipedem.

The King the Husbandman; the Souldier Him,
The Vsurer Him wasts, The Priest the Vsurer;
The Whore spoiles Him; the Bawd devowrs Her;
Her the Cook spends; the Parasite Him spills,
The Louse the Parasite; the Ape, the Sixfoot kills.

141

Nos quoque florumus, sed flos fuit ille caducus.
Ovid.

I flourisht once, but that flow'r soon did fade.
Aliter.
I had a springing Time, but in the Bud
My flowr was nipt, and never came to good.

142

Et documenta damus qua simus origine nati.

Our

Our very garb, and fashion, will proclaime,
How wee are bredd, and of what house wee came.

143

Nemo me lachrymis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faxit, quod volito docta per ora virum.

None Mee with teares, nor weeping, grace my Hearse
Inough, that I, in learn'd mens mouths converse.

144

Dal Medico & Auvocato,
Non deve tener Cosa celato. *Ital. prov.*

Hide from thy Leach, nor Lawyer, on no hand,
Ought of thy Body, or state of thy Land.

145

—— Hoc si correxeris unum,
Nullus in egregio corpore Nævus erit.

In all thy faultless shape amend but this
No blemish is, no, not one haire amiss.

146

Et sua spicula Apes, & sua spicula Amor.

Both Bees, and Love, have either of them Darts;
One, stings the finger, th'other woundeth Hearts.

147

Militat omnis Amans, & habet sua Castra Cupido.

Lovers are Souldiers (in their kind of warrs)
And Cupid *hath his Camp, as well as* Mars.

148

Non minor est virtus, quam quærere parta tueri.
To Keep, is no lesse Vertue, than to get.

Alias.

To keep a state's as great good Husbandry,
As 'twas in Him, the state at first to buy.

149

Luxuriant Rebus Animi plerumque secundis
Nec facile est æqua commoda mente pati. *Ovid.*
Mens minds (most what) do surfet in their Bliss,
When Fortune fan's them with a friendly gale
In our Prosperity, so hard it is
To beare an even and an equall sayle.

Distichon in Idem.

Mens minds, most what, surfets in too much Bliss;
So hard, to ballance our desires, it is.

150

Quis furor est quæ Nocte latent in Luce fateri,
Et quæ clam facias Facta referre palam?
Ovid. Art. Amand. lib. 2.
What madness is't to shew what Night hath hid,
And tell by Day, what in the Night you did?

151

O si non adeo Puer implacabilis esset
O si se facilem misero præberet Amanti
Me foret in toto nullus fælicior orbe.
Oh, were he not so very nice and coy,
Oh, would he to my Love lend gentle Eare?
None can recount the joyes I should enjoy,
Ne in the world, as I, none happy'r were.

152

Fistula dulce canit volucrem dum, decipit Auceps. *Ovid*
The Fowlers pipe sounds sweetly, all the while
He layes his Nets, the poor Bird to beguile.

153

Tollit ovem de fauce Lupi persæpe Molossus
Ereptamq; suo ventre recondit ovem.
Godfrey, Prior of Winchester
against an Abbot that dealt thus
with his Monks.

The

The Dog oft free's the Sheep from the Wolves pow'r,
And reſcu'd, then himſelf doth her devour.

154

Nec laus, nec probitas, nec honor ſuperare puellam
Sed veneris vitium vincere, Laus opus;
Vis melius ſapiens, melius vis ſtrenuus eſſe
Si venerem ſuperes, iſtud & iſtud eris
Gyraldus Cambrenſis.

No Honor is't, no Honeſty, nor Praiſe
To conquer a weake Wench; but Venus, hee
Who conquer can, deſerves to bear the Bayes:
Wouldſt thou more wiſe, then, and more ſtrong be
Maſter thine owne venerous Luſt: This is
The only way to be both That, and This.

155

——Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
Virgil. Eglog. 1.

Almighty God (of his meer grace) hath bleſt
Mee, with this peaceſull Eaſe, and bleſſed Reſt.

156

Verum inter alias tantum caput extulit urbes
Quantum lenta ſolent inter viburna Cupreſſi. *Ibid.*

Shee o're all Cities, doth her Head enhanſe,
As the tall Fyrr-tree o're yong-tender plants.

157

Impius hæc tam culta Novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has ſegetes?
Shall the rude-godleſs Souldier have (ay me)
Theſe wel-plow'd tilth's? or ſhall ſom barb'rous ſlave,
Of theſe rich crops, the bounteous Harveſt have?

158

——— En, quò diſcordia Cives,
Perduxit miſeros; en queis conſevimus Agros.

Lo, here (by our own discord and debate)
What endless miseries doon us await:
Lo, now deer Countrymen for whom we have
Sow'n all our grounds; and with such care them save.

159

Et jam summa procul villarum Culmina fumant
Majoresque cadunt altis de Montibus umbræ.

And now far off the village Chimneyes tall
Smoak high; & longer shadows from the mountains fall.

160

Vivunt Carmine insani Poetæ;
Si nugas adimas fame peribunt,
His mendacia sunt opes & Aurum;
Fingunt quæque volunt; putantq; palmam
Mentiri bene, gloriosiorem ——— *Pasquil.*

These paltry poets all, on Verses feed;
They'd starve, if 'twere not for their fooleries;
Their lying, is to them, in Riches steed:
What ere they fancie, that they doe devize;
And worthy deem themselves, the palm to gain
When they the loudest Lyes, can finely faign.

161

O curas hominum, hêu quantum est in Rebus inane? *Persius.*

(O Cares of Men) oh how great vanity
Is there in all things underneath the skie?

162

Non est Nocens
Qui sponte non est nocens. *Seneca.*

Hee rather seems to suffer than do Ill,
Who thereto is inforc'd against his will:
So Tarquins fact, can no aspersion cast
On Lucrece-honor; but she still is chast.

Consen-

163

Consentientes & Agentes
Pari Pœna puniantur. *Seneca.*

The Actors both, and they who doe consent
Deserve like share of equall punishment;
So Theeves, and their Receivers (without whom
Few Theeves would be) the Laws like pain addoom
With like severity; so Iustice deales
With Traytors, and with him, who them conceales.

164

Vbi Cadaver, ibi vultur:
Vbi Thesaurus, ibi Animus:
Vbi Dolor, ibi Digitus:
Vbi Amor, ibi Oculus.

Where Carrion is, there Vultures still resort:
Where a mans Treasure is, ther's still his Heart:
So where the Pain is, there the Hand doth ly;
And where the Love is, there still rowls the Eye.

165

Placet tibi factum Mitio? non; si
Queam mutare; nunc cum nequeam
Æquo Animo fero.

This fact (friend Mitio) doth it please thee? No,
If any meanes to helpe it I did know:
But (now I see the matter is past cure)
I must perforce, with patience it endure.

166

Non pudet vanitatis?
Minime; dum ob Rem.
Dorio the Bawd in Terence.

Art not asham'd of thy base Bawdery?
No, not a whit, so I may gain thereby.

167

Terror hic est hominum; quique hunc
Gerit est Agamemnon.

This Verse was ingraven on Agamemnons Sword.

This Sword, of Men, the terror is, and feare;
And Agamemnon's Hee, that doth it beare.

168

Invidus alterius Rebus macrescit opimis.

The Envious Man, consumes and pines kimself
Through grief, to see his Neighbour thrive in wealth

169

Quem feres? } *Terentius.*
Si patrem non feres. }

Whose fair perswasion wilt thou care to heare?
Or whose grave-sharp Reprovements wilt thou beare?
Whose Passions, Weakness, or Infirmity
Wilt thou forbear, and patiently pass by,
If not thy Father? and thy Fathers hast?
By whom, thou to this Light begotten wast.

170

AMORE,
MORE,
ORE,
RE.

On these four Wheels, great Hymens Chariot runs
To wit, on Love; on sweet Conditions;
On Beauty next; and then the fourth, on Wealth:
Som (though the least som) match for Loves deer self;
For vertuous Manners, some their match do make;
Some marry only for brave Beauties sake;
And some, (the greatest some) for Wealth do wed:
For, be shee ncre so bravely born and bred,

Imbellished

(Imbelliſhed, in all, and every part
With all the Giſts of Nature, and of Art)
Yet if the Gifts of Fortune ſhee do want,
(Though many ſeem, as Suters, her to hant)
Scarce one, yet as a Husband doth her woo;
But all her Court, her Honor to undo.
The whilſt, her Neighbour (who hath neither Birth
Nor Breeding, Face, nor Favour) and a Dearth,
Suffers of all thoſe qualities, and worth,
Which want a womans perſon to ſet forth,
A wretched withered Mortling, and a piece
Of Carrion, wrapt up in a Golden Fleece;
Yet, for her Riches ſake, and golden ſtore,
Her Imperfections, all are giulded o're,
And ſhee is flockt, and ſu'd unto of all,
And all before this filthy Idoll fall;
And every one doth ſtrive and do his beſt
Of this foule prize, to couzen all the reſt;
And praiſes, infinit on her beſtow,
As th'only Paragon on earth; but ſo,
That they belly her to her very face,
(Never bethinking how they thus diſgrace
And damn themſelves with Oathes and Lyes) to gain
Her, who (but for her wealth) they would diſdain
To accompany, to kiſs her, or to touch,
And would even loath, and ſcorn her, all as much
As to make one, amongſt that turdy ſort,
Who the Town-ſtewes, in their Night-carts export.

171

Simia quam ſimilis turpiſſima Beſtia Nobis.

How neer theſe filthy Beaſts, theſe ugly Apes
Reſemble Men, and women in their ſhapes,
Specially now, when (like ſtud-Forreſt Mares)
All Men and Womens Fronts ly hid with haires.

172 Fac

172

Fac periculum in literis, fac in Musicis, fac in
Gymnasijs, fac in Palestra, quidquid scire æquũ est,
Adolescentulum solertem dabo. *The praise of*
——— *Terence his Gentleman (young Pamphilus.)*
Try Him in Learning; Him in Musick try;
In Wrastling, and in all Activity;
In Fencing, Vaulting, Leaping, and Running,
(Ile warrant him) Hee insight hath, and cunning
In every manner Art ye reckon can,
That doth beseem a right bred Gentleman;
A full compleat, accomplish't youth Hee is,
And such, as unto whom nought comes amiss.

173

Multa rogare: rogata tenere: retenta docere:
Hæc tria discipulum faciunt superare Magistrum.
Much Asking; then fast holding what we ask;
Then what we hold, to teach; This threefold task
(Daily, and duely kept, and practis'd well)
The Scholler brings his Master to excell.

174

Virgo dum Intacta manet, tum chara suis
Tum grata Puellis
Sed cùm amisit polluto corpore florem
Nec Pueris jucunda manet
Nec chara Puellis———
Whilst Virgins, spotless, pure, untouch'd remain,
And safe preserve their sacred Chastity,
They Love and Honor of their sex do gain,
And are indeer'd to their whole Family:
But, once they suffer their flow'r of Maydenhead
Be cropt, or toucht, or in least sort betrayd,
No longer lov'd, no longer honored,
But odious prove to all, both Man, and Mayd.

Iupiter

175

Iupiter admonitus nil esse potentius Auro
Corruptæ pretium virginis ipse fuit;
Dum merces aberat, durus Pater, Ipsa severa
Ærati Postes, ferrea turris erat;
Sed postquam sapiens ad munera venit Adulter
Præbuit Ipsa sinus, & dare jussa dedit. *Ovid.*

Iove (well aware of th' pow'r of Gold) became
Himself the price, that did corrupt the Dame;
Whilst no gifts stir'd, her sire was sowr, she strange,
Barr'd with brass posts, within an Iron Grange:
But when the Letcher once to Gifts doth fall,
The Haggard strait turns head, and stoops to's call.

Alias.

But, once the crafty Lecher gives her Gold,
She to him yields, and doth what ere he would.

176

Poeta cùm primum Animum ad scribendum appulit
Hoc sibi Negoti credidit solum dari
Populo ut placerent quas fecisse Fabulas. *Terent.*

Soon as the Poet once apply'd his mind,
And set himself to write, his chiefest aym
(To which, he deem'd, his duty did him bind)
Was, that the Comedies which he should frame
Might please the world, and gaine a generall
Acceptance; and be plausible to All.

177

———Facies exorat Amorem;
O Facies oculis insidiosa meis. *Ovid.*

Your face even woo's, and doth to Love perswade,
Oh fals-fair Face, that hast mine Eyes betrayd,

178

Non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos. *Idem.*

So

So foul Conditions to so fair a Face,
Mis-seeming is, and doth you much disgrace.

179

Pacuvius was the best, and the most Ancient *Tragedian that ever wrote in Latin: Some few small Fragments of him are yet extant: Hee made his own Epitaph before hee dyed; which, for the great Modesty thereof,* Agellius lib. 1. cap. 25. *hath thus exprest:*

Adolescens etsi properas, hoc te saxum rogat,
Vt se aspicias, deinde quod scriptum est, legas;
Hic sunt Poetæ Pacuvij Marci sita
Ossa. Hoc volebam, nescius ne esses; Vale.

Epitaphium Pacuvij.

Youth, stay, for all thy haste, first view this stone;
Then it intreats thee, reade what's writ theron,
Here ly Pacuvius Bones. *This I thee tell,*
To give thee only a hint hereof; Farewell.

180

O fragilis nimium, innumerisque obnoxia vita
Casibus; omnium brevis atque incerta recedens
Fumi instar; nunc hic moritur, nunc Ille; hodie tu
Cras ego; sic demum paulatim extinguimur omnes.

Oh Mans frail state, to nameless Accidents
prone, his life short, (like smoak) soon fleeting hence:
Now this, now that man dyes; then Thou; next, I:
So, by degrees, wee, one, and one, at last, all dy.

181

Timet timentes
Metus in Authorem redit. } *Seneca.*

Tyrants, who still their people over-aw,
And Rule with Rigor, and with harsh command,
The Summum Ius, *and Title of the Law*
Exacting with their sword still drawn in hand,

The

The meaneſt ſlave and Paiſant in their Land
Dread not ſo much, their cruell Tyranny,
As they againe of them in fear do ſtand;
Full of diſtruſt, and doubtfull jealouſie;
So proves their fear to be reciprocall,
Whilſt they fear all, who feared were of all.
Safe they themſelves in no place ever find:
The earth may ſwallow them, on which they tread:
A Fly may ſtifle them, and ſtop their wind,
A Boult from heaven in pieces daſh their head:
Poyſon may mix together with their Bread:
The Phyſick (for their health) may prove their bane
By Friends, and Servants, at their Tables fed,
Or their own Children, they may ſoon be ſlain:
So Fear on th' Authors Head doth ſtill return
Like duſt, which we againſt the wind do ſpurn.

182

Odi profanum vulgus & arvo. *Matial. Epigr.*

I the prophane rude multitude diſdain,
And from my Book, do bar it, By, and Main.

183

An celebi vita Conjugium ⎫ *Palingenius*
Sit melius ——— ⎭ *in Leo.*

—— Vxor ſæpe ſuperba eſt
Litigioſa, ferox, demens & adultera ſæpe;
Adde quod & gravis eſt Natorum ſollicitudo
Nunc morbo ancipiti languent, nunc Lumina vitæ
Inempeſtivo ſublati funere linquunt, &c.

Whether Single life be better
than Wedlock.

A Wife's oft proud, curſt, ſtriſefull, dogged, mad,
A deviliſh ſcould, of Life and Body, bad:

Add

Add hereunto, how great the Charge and Care
Of Children (th'yearly Fruit of Mariage) are;
Now languishing with this; now that disease,
And now untimely death doth on them cease:
Grown-girls for Husbands, and their portion call;
Oft they prove graceless, and to folly fall,
And stain their Family; as oft the Sons,
To Thieving, Whoring, and to Roring runs,
Or prove stark Fools: Beside, the mary'd state
A Bondage seems, in all true estimate.
The maryed Man, his Manners now must change,
(Bound by th'heel) from home he must not range;
He now no more abroad must ruffle it,
His youthfull Courage he must now submit,
His stragling Iourneys he must now give ore
From Town to Town, nor proul from dore to dore
Night after night, on Wenching: But he now
To a grave-strict course of life his mind must bow;
And to'th Main Chance now have a heedfull Eye,
It not impayr'd be, by Ill Husbandry,
But still his stock to e'ek, and greater make,
Lest Poverty his old Age overtake.

But (though these things be true) better seems me
That All in holy Wedlock joyned be;
Following wise Natures Rule, who doth provide,
(As is in Birds and Beasts exemplifi'd)
The Males still with the Females to abide
To propagate; and then with equall pain
And pleasing mutuall Labor, both sustain
And feed their Brood: their Kind thus to revive,
And to the worlds end it preserve alive;
For (sith all Crearures, naturally, by kind,
To copulation, pronely are inclin'd)

A Man

A Man without a Wife must needs do worse;
For, say, he be not quite consum'd with Whores
Nevertheless, 'twill grieve him to the heart, to think
That all's goods, (got by his own sweat and swink)
Anothers Child must them inherit all:
Besides, when thou art sick, or old, who shall
Tender, or help thee, or thee comfort lend?
Will thy rich Kindred, Brothers, or thy Friend?
Nay, but (thy death expecting every hour?)
Thy Goods and Substance they in hope devour,
And long to see thy Corps on the Beare spred;
So they, thee living lov'd, to spoyl thee dead;
And all thy gold, not thee love, and admire:
Oh beastly Rage! oh infamous desire,
And thirst of having, which the world infects
Like th'plague of Leprosie, who now respects
Iustice? or who doth vertue not disdain,
Where nere so little hope appears of gain?
All, Goodness scorn, for profit sake, and wealth,
Yea, Gain more pow'rfull is, than Life it self;
Now piety and Faith, submit to Gold
All shame; and Lawes of God and Man are sold.
Wheras a Wife her Parents will forsake,
Her Country, and Religion for thy sake,
To live with thee for ever, and thee breed
A plenteous off-spring from thy fruitfull seed,
Between you to create, and multiply
A new Nation (as'twere) and family
To help, and wholy apply her to thy will:
The good, or harm of Both's, Both's good or ill;
Yea, Eithers danger, your own danger make,
And in each others profit, pleasure take;
Weakned Age, or sickness shee beguiles with
Thy woes with sweet discourse; and other whiles
Cheers

Cheeres up thy heart with kind and loving words;
Adviseth thee, releeves thee; and affords
To watch; and early and late thee looks unto;
And (what no servant will) will for thee doe:
Thy Children all, both your mixt flesh and bone,
And models of you twaine now being growne,
Will cherish thee, and with all reverent care,
And dutie towards thee themselves will beare:
And (when time comes) when thou must cease to be,
Thou wholy shalt not die; but in thy Grave
A second life in them shalt seeme to have:
But some (of Whores uncertaine Bastards bred)
Rather beget, then lawfull Wives will wed.
I, nor their course, nor their discretion praise,
A Wife a portion to her husband payes:
A Whore nought brings; she kindred brings & friends,
This, nought but Hate and Enemies attends:
With safety she, and credit is maintain'd,
Nought save disgrace, and danger's by this gain'd?
She, faithfull, fast; this faithlesse, falsely deales,
And all, she close can light upon, she steales,
Which she layes up against a ranie day,
If chance at last, she should be turn'd away:
So thine owne Goods (if thou maintaine a Whore)
In deed are Her's, thine onely in name, no more.

184

Multa diuq; tuli, vitijs patientia victa est
Cede, fatigato pectore turpis Amor.

Ovid.

Much have I borne, and long my patience lyes,
All vanquisht by thy tricks, and villanies,
Lewd lustfull love, which worried hast my Heart,
I charge thee, in the name of God, depart.

185 Sci-

185

Scilicet aſſerui jam me, fugiq; Cathenas
Quære alium pro me, qui velit iſta pati.
I have ſcap't thy Chaines, and freed my ſelfe from
Some elſe now ſeeke, to jade inſteed of me. (*thee,*

186

Deſine Blanditias & verba potentia quondam
Perdere; Non ego ſum ſtultus ut ante fui. *Ovid.*
Curſe on thy flatt'ring tongue; ceaſe, more to caſt
The witchcraft of thy words away in waſte;
Thy villanies have made me wiſe; no more
So very a Foole am I, as heretofore.

188

Vicimus, & domitum pedibus calcamus amorem;
Et quæ non puduit ferre, tuliſſe pudet. *Idem.*
The day is mine, and conquer'd Love I ſcorne,
And bluſh (what I bluſh not to beare) t' have borne.

189

Non ego ne pecces, cùm ſis formoſa recuſo,
Sed ne ſit miſero ſcire neceſſe mihi.
Ovid to his Miſtres.
I barr thee not, being fair, to play the Whore,
But loath the while, to ſtand to hold the doore.

190

Non peccat quæcunq; poteſt peccaſſe negare
Solaq; deformem culpa profeſſa facit. *Ovid.*
A Papiſt in the firſt verſe; in the
ſecond, againſt auricular
confeſſion.
They never ſin, who can their ſins outface,
For ſinners, onely ſins confeſt diſgrace.

191

Nunquam minus otioſus quam cum otioſus,
Nec minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus.

The active spirited man whose working brain
No minuts lets of Time to passe in vain:
Is ne're lesse idle, than in Idlenesse;
Nor, (when hee's most alone) alone then lest.

191

Sæpe tulit Lassis succus amarus opem.
Oft hath a bitter Medecine brought relief,
Vnto the Patients malady and griefe.

192

Luctantur pectusque leve in contraria ducunt
Hac Amor, hac odium; sed puto vincet Amor.
Ovid of his Mistresse,
Love, and Hate strive, and rack my Hrart, this way
And that; But Love (I thinke) will get the day.

193

Odero si potero, si non, Invitus amabo,
Nec Iuga Taurus amat, quæ tamen odit habet;
I'le hate her (if I can) or if not so
(Albe't against my will) I'le love her tho;
So Yokes most hatefull to the Oxen are,
Yet are they forc'd, what they most hate, to beare.

194

Nequitiam fugio; fugientem forma reducit,
Aversor morum crimina, Corpus amo.
Her tricks I flee, me backe, her Beauty prayse,
I Loath her Manners, but her person praise.

195

Sic ego nec sine te, nec tecum vivere possum,
Et videor voti, nescius esse mei.
Thus, can I live without, nor with thee well,
And which of these to chuse, I cannot tell.

196

Aut formosa fores minus, aut minus Improba vellem
Non facit ad mores, tam bona forma malos. *Ovid.*
I would

I would thou wert less fair, or els less base;
Foul manners suit not with so fair a Face.

197

Facta merent odium; facies exorat Amorem,
(Me miseram) vitijs plus valet Illa suis.
Her deeds do merit scorn, her face craves Love;
Her worth (ay me) her faults doth still improve.

198

Qui alterum incusat probri ipsum
Summe se intueri oportet ———
Who other's Faults doth tax, must chiefly see
That all be sound at home, and himself free.

199

Qui non vetat peccare
Cùm potest jubet *Seneca.*
Who can, and will not any ill withstand,
In silence seem, that evill to command.

200

Omnẽ operam Gregibus Pastorẽ impendere oportet.
Nil supereſt oti. ——— *Mantuan. Egl. 6.*
A Shepherd wholly must his Flock intend,
No rest hath he, nor Idle how'rs to spend.

201

Laudabile Carmen
Omnem operam, totumq; caput (Silvane) requirit *Idem.*
To frame prayse-worthy Verses, is a Task,
A mans best wits, and utmost Art will ask.

202

Omnia hæc nosse, salus
Est Adolescentulis. ——— *Terentius.*
Tis safe for youth to know all villany,
(The better to avoyd, and from it fly.)

205

Noli judicio tenebrosi accedere vulgi
Haud magis atq; pecus verum agnoscentis.—*Paling.*
Consent not with the multitude who know,
No more then Beasts, why they do so, or so.

206.

Les Grandeurs, les Honneurs, les Richesses aussi
Sont te dieu que chacun cerche en ce moude icy
Des hommes plus rusez ce qui est d'Avantage
N'est qu'aux poteſſes Nyais un Appast de langage
De tous ces beaux discourse du Cies du sea, da l'Ayr
Du Centre de la terre, & de la haute Mer;
Ie n'ay qu'un seul Plaisir au frui & de ceste terre
Ou Ie depite dieu & luy, & son tonnerre
Qu'ay Ie affaire de luy, de son Ciel, de sa lay?
Y'a il aucun dieu qui soit plus grand que Moy?
Qu'il face de son Ciel que l'eau sur moy degoute
N'ay Ie pas pour Logis ma grande & forte voute?
Soit qu'il face sur Moy force gresle tomber
Soit qu'une guiles il me uuelle tremper
Il ne me blesse rie'n; Ie ne m'eu fay que rire
Cor dedeus mon chasteau, soudain ie me retire:
Ou viuant plaisamment Ie gausse tout le Iour,
Ame moquer de luy, ou faire l'Amour
Ou I'aschausse le Cœur de ma haute poictrine
De quelque bon Brouet de une soveſve Cuisine.
Oeilladant devant moy le meilleur, le plus Beau
Soit d'un Agneau rosti, out soit d'un jeune veau
Soit de quelque chapon, ou d'autre gilier, ore
En me ruant soudain surluy Ie le devore.
Puis ayant la boy sou du tout amon soubait
Ie me moville au dedans de doux & soit bou lai'&
Que si I'oy Iupiter tonner dessus ma teste
Ie scay bien come luy faire tolle tempeste.

Mais

Mais ſi doler ſur moy vient nu vent d'Aquilou
Veut aſprement piquant, roydiſſant & felou
D'un ſouſle redouble a force & groſſe haleine
Pour covrir & blanchir d'une Neige la plaine.
Qu'ay Ie affaire de luy, Ie ne ſors point dehors
De belles douces peaux Ie me couvre le corps,
Et prez d'une beau clair feu repoſant auſſi n'ay-Ie
Cure de veut mordant, ne de la froide Neige
Quant au reſte, Il faut bien que la terre à foyſon
M'apporte (uneille ou non) force fruicts eu ſayſon
Pour nouvrir mes troupeaux, qu'e autre Ie n'immole
Que au plaiſir de mon ventre, & dema Pance molle.
Le plus grands de mes Dieux e l'unique plaiſir
Que Ie pren au manger, & boire a mon deſir
Auſſi eſt ce te dieu, & le ſeul bien en ſomme
Que cerche le mondain, le prudent, & ſage homme;
De ne ſe ſaucier, voire d'aucure Loy
Qui nous peut chagriner & nous mettre en eſmoy
Auſſi ay Ie pieza deboulè de vieteſſe
Ceux qui mettoyent icy les humanis eu diſtreſſe,
Pur leur diverſes Loys; car taut que Ie ſeray
En lieſſe & plaiſir a jamais Ie vivray.

The Atheiſt, under the Perſon of Polyphæmus King of Sicily, deſcribed by *Homer* and *Eurepides*, much to this purpoſe and manner; ſpeaking and vanting himſelf. Tranſlated thus out of a French Copy.

Greatneſs, Riches and Honors, theſe be they
To whom (as Gods) the worlds Wiſe Men do pray,
What's more, are Theames for tongues of ſimple Fools,
Sea's, Ayr, and Fire, to prate of in the Schools.

In

In th' Earths sweet Fruits, I all in all delight,
Where, I both God himself, and's Thunder slight;
Sith, what is Hee to Mee, his Heaven, or Law?
Can greater God, than I, Mee over-aw?
If from his Clouds his water drops do show'r,
I shrowd Mee in my vault, (as in a Tow'r)
And when his boystrous Rayns, and Hayl do fall,
They hurt Mee not; I ly and laugh at all,
For strait, I to my Castle Me withdraw,
Where I injoy my self, and spend the day
In jeering Him; or with my Wenches play,
Or row my frolick Heart within my brest
With lusty Vyands, in my Kitchin drest.
I on my Table set with princely Fare,
(Capons, Lamb, Veal, and daintiest Fowl) do stare;
Then like a Nyas-dragon on them fly,
And in a trice devour them greedily;
Then, down my throat I luschious Liquors swilk,
And bathe my stomacks inside with sweet Milk.
If Iove Mee with his Thunder think t'amaze,
I the like Thunders can against him raise;
If Boreas, his rude Northern Blasts do send
(That Heaven and Earth in sunder seem to rend,
And all the world in candid snow do clap)
In soft warm Furrs, I Me all ore do wrap:
A fig for all their Bug bears, I abide
Still within doors, fast by the Fiers side:
For Winds, nor Frost, nor Snows, care I a Fart:
And (as for all things els) spight of her heart,
The Earth each season from her foyson shall
Me Fodder yield, to feed my Flocks withall,
Which I for daily sacrifice preserve
On th' Altar of my pamper'd Panch, to serve;

For,

For, I (of all gods els) mine greateſt think.
That pleaſure which I joy in meat and drink,
Yea, all this worlds ſage Wiſe men it ſo deem,
And, as their only God, and Good eſteem,
Caring for nought, ſave how they lawleſly,
Free from all cares, and grief, may live and dy.
And, as for mee, (Mauger, who ere gain ſayes)
In pleaſures, mirth, and eaſe, Ile ravle forth my dayes.

207

Canus rogabat Laidis noctem Myron,
Tulit repulſam protinus.
Cauſamque ſenſit, & caput fuligine
Fucavit atra, candidum.
(Idemque vultu; crine, non idem Myron)
Orabat oratum prius:
Sed Illa formam, cum Capillo comparans
Similemque, non ipſum rata,
(Fortaſſe & ipſum) ſed volens & ludo frui
Sic eſt adorta callidum:
Inepte, quid me quod recuſavi rogas
Patri, jam negavi tuo. *Anſon: locus ſuſpectus.*

Old Myron did of luſtfull Layis crave
One nights repaſt: ſhee ſcornfull, him denyes.
He finds the cauſe, and like a crafty Knave,
His milk-white Locks in ſable colour dyes.
And thus diſguis'd, his firſt ſuit doth revy:
Shee, face, with hair comparing did him find,
If not the ſame, yet ſo like phiſnomy,
That ſhee prepar'd to fool him in his kind.
And thus the ſubtle dotard doth deride:
(Fond Gull) 'tis the laſt thing, I thy Dad deny'd.

208

Fæmina nulla bona eſt; Vel (ſi bona contigit ulli)
Neſcio quo fato, Res mala, facta bona eſt.

No Woman's good; or, if good may be said,
I know not how, a bad thing, good is made.

207

Chi marita per Amore,
Di Nocte ha piacer, di Giorno dolore.
Proverb. Itall.

Who wed for Love, have sorrow all the day,
But nights in pleasure, sweetly passe away.

Aliter.

Who takes a Wife, meerly for Loves delights,
Hath Turtle's dayes, and Philomela's nights.

Aliter.

Who, for pure Love alone, doth chance to wed,
Sigh's at his board, and laugh's when hee's in bed.

208

Bella Famem, Pestemq; Fames, Mortalibus affert,
Est igitur Bellum pejus utroque Malum:
Omega nostrorum Mors est, Mars Alpha malorum
In Bello distant, Omega, & Alpha parum.
Iohn Owen Epigr. lib. 1.

Famin breeds Pestilence, Warr doth Famin breed,
So Warr, them both in illnesse doth exceed.
Mars, our Alpha: Mors the Omega is
Of all our woes, and wretched miseries.
Thus then wee see, how slender odds in Warr
Betwixt our Alpha, and Omega are.

209

Si prolixa facit sapientem Barba, quid obstat
Barbatus possit, quin Caper esse Plato?
If a long Beard a grave-Wise Man can make,
Why may wee not a Goat for Plato take?

210

Roma Orbem domuit; Romam sed Papa subegit,
Viribus Illa suis, Fraudibus Iste suis:

Quanto

Quanto Iſto major Lutherus, major & Illa
Illum Illamq; uno qui domuit Calamo?
I nunc Alcidem memorato Græcia mendax
Illius ad Calamum ferrea clava Nihil. *Paſquil.*

Rome tam'd the World, The Pope did Rome ſubdue,
Shee, by fine force; Hee, by devices trim:
How great was Luther then? who overthrew
Alonely, by his Pen, both Her, and Him:
Go, Lying Greece, vaunt thine Alcydes Hill,
His Iron Club's a Ruſh, to Luther's Quill.

Ovven Epigram.

The Heaven's praiſe, is it's mobility;
The Earth's commended for her Conſtancie,
All, for Shee ſteddy holds her firm eſtate;
Sith Phillis then, doth nought prticipate
With Nature of the Earth.
Thus is the cauſe Marinus ſtill doth call
Phillis, Divine, and all Cœleſtiall.

211

Vino Forma perit; vino corrumpitur Ætas.
Ovid. de Rem. Amo. lib. 2.

Exceſs of Wine, Beauty and Youth conſumes,
And taints with Dropſies, and with rotten Rheum's.

212

Pœnitet Ingenij, ſi quid mihi, pœnitet Artis.
Ovidius.

My Wit, if Wit I any have, or Art;
If e're it did offence to any give,
I now repent, ev'n from my very heart,
And for the ſame, unfaignedly do grieve.

213

Avertor morum Crimina; Corpus amo.
Ovid, of his Miſtris Corynn.

I love her Perſon; But her Manners hate.

214

——————Floribus Austrum
Perditus & liquidis immisi fontibus Apros.
Virgil. Ægl. 2.

My Flow'rs Keeper the South wind I have made,
And to the Boare, my Christall Stremes betray'd.

215

Pro molli Viola, pro purpureo Narcysso
Infælix lolium, & steriles dominantur Avenæ.
Ægl. 5

Sted of the soft nap't velvet Violet,
And Daffodillies sweet (in purple di'd)
The ungracious Thistle, now there growes unset,
And the base Bramble, with his prickly side.

216

Cùm poteram recto transire Ceraunia velo,
Vt fera vitarem saxa monendus eram,
Nunc mihi Naufragio quid prodest dicere facto,
Quà mea debuerat currere cymba via. *Ovid.*
Ere those Ceraunian Mountaines I did passe,
Of perillous Rocks, I to be warned was:
But, shipwrackt once, to tell me what avail'd,
Where my misguided Barke should safe have sayl'd.

217

Aurea Nobilitas, Luteam si vestiat ollam,
Non ideo sequitur, hanc minus esse lutum.
A pot of earth (though goodly gilded o're)
Is still but durt, no less then twas before.

218

Sic iterùm, sic sæpe cadunt, ubi vincere aperte
Non datur insidijs, armaq; tecta parant.
Tis usuall, where the Lyons skin doth faile,
To have recourse unto the Foxes taile.

219 Omnia

219

Omnia si perdas, famam servare memento
Qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris.
Though all be lost, yet thy good name preserve,
Which lost, thou shalt but as a Cipher serve.

220

Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu.
How easie 'tis (alacke) even by the Looke,
To reade a fault, as plaine as in a Booke.

221

Munera crede mihi capiunt hominesquè deosq;.
Ovid Ar. Aman.
Gifts and Rewards (beleeve me) doe surprise,
Both gods and men: and Bribes can blind their eyes.

222

Pannorum veterum facile contemnitur usus,
Non sic concilium Posthumiane senum.
Godfery prior of Winchester.
Use of old clothes, wee in contempt doe hold,
But must not so, the Councell of the old.

223

Pius Pulsator plerumquè invenit
Quod timerarius Scrutator, invenire non potest.
The zealous Knocker still discernes a doubt,
Which the rash Scrutinist can nere find out.

224

Quis furor est, quæ nocte latent, in luce fateri,
Et quæ clam facias facta referre palam.
What madnesse i'st, to tell what night hath hid,
And blab abroad, what you in private did.

225

Consule de gemmis, de tincta murice lana,
Consule de facie, corporibusq; diem;
Nocte latent mendæ, vitioquè ignoscitur omni.

Scarlet, and Gems, the Face and Body trie,
And judge by day-light: for small spots are hye
And all faults (pardon'd) in the night doe lye.

226

Pedo Albin. Ovanus, *in praise of* **Mæcenas,** *favorite to* **Augustus.**

Omnia cum possis tanto tam charus Amico,
Te sensit nemo posse nocere tamen.
Though all in all thou couldst with thy great Friend,
Yet it to no mans hurt did ever tend.

227

——nam tu sub Principe duro
Temporibusque malis ausus es esse bonus.
Ovid. ad Pisonem.

'Tis no God 'have mercy, in an honest Age
Under a vertuous Princes patronage;
But thou in rugged times, and in the Raigne
Of a hard Prince, thy Goodness dar'st maintaine.

228

Scire volunt omnes, Mercedem solvere Nemo.
Iuvenal. Sat.

All would fain learn, and Knowledge most admire,
But none will pay the learned Man his hire:
All affect Learning, but none will impart
One Penny to the maintenance of Art.

229

Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in Ignibus Aurum,
Tempore sic duro est inspicienda fides. *Ovid.*
As yellow Gold is in the fire tryde:
So, in hard times, true Love, and Faith is spide.

230

Cum fueris felix, multos numerabis Amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. *Idem.*

In

In happineſs, thou many Friends ſhalt tell;
But if the Times prove cloudy, then farewell.

231

Aurea ſunt nunc vere ſecula; plurimus Auro
Venit honos; Auro conciliatur Amor. *Ovid.*
This is the right gold Age; for Love it ſelf,
And Honor now, is got with gold, and wealth.

232

Verſes of Doctor Iohnſon, Phyſician in Oxford, being intreated to make ſome Congratulatory upon the Mariage of the two Princes.

Quid Calamus prodeſſe meus? Quid linea poſſit
Elizabetha tibi vel Frederice tibi?
Ampla & certa vobis ſalus eſt; mihi que Magiſter,
Hippocrates; ſanis non opus eſt medico.
What Service may my Pen, or barren Quill,
Great Princes both, Eliza, Frederick,
Do you, or you? Injoying health at will,
Both ſafe, and ſound, ne likely to be ſick?
Maſter of Mee, and my Profeßion
Is Hippocrate. The ſound need no Phyſician.

233

Paſtor, Arator, Eques, Pavi, Colui, Superavi
Capras, Rus, Hoſtes; Fronde, Ligone, Manu. *Vir.*
I ſhepherd, plow-man, knight, have fed, till'd put to flight
My goats, my farm, my foes, with brows, with plow, with
234 *might.*

Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, cõmiſſa tacere qui nequit
Hic niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caveto.
Who things, nere ſeen, can faign, and ſecrets tell,
This is a devill; buy not with him, nor ſell.

Aliter.

Who Leazings faign, and councell do'n diſcloſe,
Theſe are all black, have nought to do with thoſe.

235

Omnibus esse Lupis licet in Regione Luporum.
In Woolfland, where wolves only beare the sway,
All may be wolves, where's none to say them nay.

236

In sublime volans tenuem sæcat Aera Falco
Dum pascuntur humi; Graculus, Anser, Anas.
Alciatus in Emblem.
The towring Falcon, cuts the subtle Ayr,
And proudly clambers to her haughty pitch,
Whilst Choughs on earth for wormes still poring are,
And Ducks and Geese, ly mudding in each Ditch.

237

Medeæ statua est; Natos quid credis Hyrundo?
Fer alias, vide'n mactet ut Ipsa suos? *Borbonius.*
This is Medeas Tombe: Why, Swallow, here
Dost thou thy young ones trust? Them hence convay:
Dost thou not see how her own Children deer,
With her own murtherous hands her self doth slay.

238

Frigoris impatiens, patiens operisque famisque,
Ecce rudes Asinus dat rudis ore sonos. *Alciat. Em.*
Of cold impatient, patient of thirst and pains,
Lo, the rude Ass, his throats rude brayes forth strains.

239

Pulchrè Comæ, pulchro digestique ordine frondes,
Sed fructûs nullos, hæc Coma pulchra gerit.
Fair Leaves, and Boughs; in order goodly green,
But no fruit bear, as goodly as they been.

240

Quam male inequales veniunt ad Aratra Iuvenci
Tam premitur magno Conjuge Nupta minor. *Ov.*
Ill goes the plough, drawn by unequall steers:
So Man, and Wife, of different Birth, and Yeers.

Crede

241

Crede mihi rara eſt, quæ non ſit Adultera, quando
Legitimus fraudata Thoro ſua gaudia perdit
Saltem Animo, ſi non conceſſum eſt corpore peccat
Labitur in vitium vitio irritata voluntas.

Truſt mee, ris rare, ſhee proves not whoriſh, who
Doth (couzen'd) loſe her loyes of lawfull Bed.
At leaſt, in mind, though ſhee no action do,
Shee luſtfully to ſinning is miſled.
Sith when as Sin doth once the will intice
Eſtſoones the will, doth ſlip into that vice.

242

Semper eris pauper, ſi pauper es (Æmiliane)
Dantur opes nullis, nunc niſi divitibus.

Once poor, and ever (Æmilian) thou muſt be:
Rich gifts, to none now, but the wealthy ſee.

243

——— Civilia Bella.
Geſturi, metuunt ne non cum ſanguine vincant.
Lucanus.

In Civill wars, Men, in their deadly mood
Fear, leſt their conqueſts ſhould be without Blood.

244

Hos ego Verſiculos feci: tulit alter honores:
Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis Apes:
Sic vos, non vobis, nidificatis Aves:
Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis oves:
Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra Boves.

I made theſe Verſes: others had the praiſe:
So Bees, not for your ſelves, yee Honny make:
So Birds, yee Neſtle, not for your own ſake:
So Sheep, not for your ſelves, ye Fleeces wear:
So Bulls, not for your ſelves yee Yooks do bear.

245

Si mihi quem cupio, cures, Mildreda, remitti,
Tu bona, tu melior; tu mihi sola soror:
Sin, male cessando, detines, vel trans mare mittas,
Tu mala, tu pejor; tu mihi nulla soror.

Mildred, if whom I wish, you send mee home again,
My good, my better; my sole Sister be:
But if o're Sea, you send, or trifling, him detain,
My bad, my worst; no Sister, you to mee.

These four Verses were made in Latin by Mistris Killegrey, to her Sister Mildred (wife to the old Treasurer Cecil) to intreat her to cause her Husband to be kept from being sent Embassador into France.

These two were old Sir Anthony Cooks Daughters, and were excellent Schollers in Latin and Greek, in Prose, and Poetry.

246

Impastus stabulis sævit Lupus; ubere captos
Dilaniatq; ferus miseris cum matribus Agnos.
Reusnerus de Tyranno.

The hungry Wolfe doth break into the Fold,
And teares and ravageth both young and old;
Devouring mercilesse, the little Lambs
As they stand sucking th'udders of their Dams.

247

Quàm Platanus rivo gaudet, quàm Populus unda,
Et, quàm limosa, Canna palustris, aqua,
Tam Venus otia amat: qui finem quæris Amori,
Cedit Amor rebus, res age, tutus eris. *Ovid.*

As Plain-tree, Rivers, Popler, loves the Flood,
And fenny Reed, the slimy Mire, and Mud,
So Venus, doth: would'st win of Love the Field?
Work, and prevayl; Love doth to labour yield.

148

niſi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt, nulla futura tua eſt. *Ovid.*
None, if but ſhee, whoſe face may merit thee,
Muſt be thy wife, thy wife muſt ever be.

249

Natura fierot laudabile Carmen an Arte
Quæſitum eſt; Ego nec ſine divite vena
Nec rude quid proſit video Ingenium; alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem Res & conjurat Amice. *Horat.*
'Tis queſtion'd, whether Art or Nature frame
The better Verſe; I ſay, that neither Wit
Which wanteth wealth, did ought, which ere became,
And witleſs wealth, doth profit nere a whit:
So mutually, my Friend, they Both indeed
Each others help do'n, even conjure and need.

250

Qui pote plus urget, Piſces ut ſæpe minutos
Magnu'comeſt, ut Aves enecat Accipiter. *Ovid*
As great Fiſh eat the Fry, ſo Men of Pow'r
The Poor oppreſs, as Hawks do Birds devour.

251

Pauper eget Gemmis, Cereali munere dives,
Sed cum egeant Ambo, Pauper egens minus eſt.
The Poor want wealth, the Rich want Ceres gift;
But, ſith both want, the Poor can better ſhift.

252

Aſperius mihi eſt humili cum ſurgit in altum.
No Arrogance, nor Inſolence, like his,
Who from baſe Birth, to Greatneſs raiſed is.

253

——— Ingenuas didiſſe fideliter Artes
Emollit mores; nec ſinit eſſe feros.
Ovidius.

With

253

With faithfull paines to learne ingenuous Arts,
Doth mollifie, and tame our stubborne hearts.

254

Ipse decor recti, facti si præmia desint
Desinit, & gratis pænitet esse probum.
Even vertue selfe, without due recompence,
Growes slacke, and gratis Honesty repents.

255

Emptis quòd libris tibi Bibliotheca referta est
Doctum & Grammaticum te (Philomuse) putas:
Hoc genere, & chordas & Plectra, & Barbata corde,
Mercator hodie, cras Cytharædus eris.

Mart. Epigr.

Cause of thy full fraught Book-booke-Library,
Thou deemst thy selfe a learn'd Grammarian;
As well thou maist, if Strings, Harps, Lutes thou buy,
Of a Merchant, prove a rare Musician.

256

Curia pauperibus clausa est, dat census honores,
Census Amicitias, Pauper ubiq; jacet.
The Court shuts out the poore; wealth honour gaines,
And wealth wins friends, the poore each one disdains.

257

Parvula si tentes superadiecisse pucillis,
Idquè frequens peragas, magnus cumulatur acervus.
Little to little if thou try to add,
And doe it oft, huge heapes may soone be had.

258

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Allicit, Immemores nec sinit esse sui.
Our native soyle, tickles us with a kind
Of strange delight, and still runs in our mind.

259

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una ſede morantur
——Majeſtas & Amor. *Ovid de impari conjugio.*
Love and Majeſty hardly ever well
Accord, ne peaceably together dwell.

260

Corpus opes, animam, conſortia, fœdera famam
Debilitat, perdit, necat, odit, deſtruit, aufert.
Of luxurious Intemperance.
Body and Soule, Wealth, Friendſhip, Faith, good name.
It weakens, waſts, ſlaies, hates, ſpoyles, quite doth (*maime.*

261

Nec quæ præterijt curſa revocabitur unda.
Nec quæ præterijt Hora redire poteſt
Vtendum eſt Ætate; cito pede labitur Ætas,
Nec bona tam ſequitur, quam bona prima fuit.
Ovidius.

262

Nor can the Houres paſt returne againe,
Ne can recalled be the paſſed Flood:
Vſe time, for time with ſwift foot runs amaine,
Ne (as the firſt) is after time ſo good.

263

Tu qui hinc tranſieris, ſta, perlege plura,
Sum ut eris, fueramq; quod es, pro me precor ora.
An Epitaph on an old Toomb.
Paſſenger, ſtand, reade; I am as thou ſhalt be,
I was ſuch as thou art; O pray for mee.

264

Fortior ad venerem quo ſit quoq; prælia clerus
Fœmineoquè Gregi longe ſit charior, omnes
Papa jubet ſummo crines de vertice radi:
Redditur ætate affectus ſic maſculus Anſer,
Vtilis ad venerem vulſis de vertice plumis.

The

That Prieſts to Lechery more ſtrength might have,
And more to Women acceptable be,
The Pope injoins them all, their crowns to ſhave;
So Huſwives pluck their Ganders aged head,
That hee more luſtily their Geeſe may tred.

265

Alleviat Corpus Coitus, moderamine ſumptus
Quibus ſit licitus, quibus non, valde nocivus.
Et Genus & Formam Regina Pecunia donat. *Hor.*

Be ſhee as ſoul as Sin, as baſe as Earth,
To her Queen Mony, Beauty adds, and Birth.

266

Terra ſalutiferas Herbas, eademq; nocentes
Nutrit, & urticæ proxima ſæpe Roſa eſt. *Ovid.*

The Earth, both ſoveraign herbs, and baneſull brings;
So, cloſe oft to the Roſe, the Nettle ſprings.

267

Si tuus ad ſolem ſtatuatur Naſus hyante,
Ore bene oſtendas dentibus hora quota eſt.
Sir Thomas More Epigr.

If open mouth'd, thy Noſe to the Sun did ſtand,
Wee by thy Teeth, the houres might underſtand.

268

Rara Avis in Terris nigroq; ſimilima Cygno
Fœmina caſta volat.

A Bird, like ſable Swan, as ſtrange and rare
A chaſt Wife is, if Young ſhee be, and Fair.

269

—Magnum Iter aſcendo, ſed dat mihi Gloria vires,
Non juvat ex facili lecta, corona Iugo.
Propertius.

My Iourney's high, but Glory makes mee mount,
A Crown too eaſie gain'd, I nought account.

270

270

Eheù intuta manet undique debilitas.

Alciatus Emblem.

The Poor, like Cock-boats toſt 'twixt wind and tyde,
Are ſeldom ſafe; but wrong'd on every ſide.

271

Parva necat morſu ſpacioſum vipera Taurum
A Cane non magno ſæpe tenetur Aper. *Idem.*
A Viper ſmall, the Bull to death can bite,
And a ſmall Dog, o'recome the Bore in fight.

272

Veritas temporis Filia.

Let none diſpair, though long they down are caſt;
Ne none preſume, in Ill to perſevere:
Sith, though Time long do travell; yet, at laſt,
Shee's brought to Bed of Truth, her daughter deer.

273

Bis venêre novem Iuvenes ad Mænia noſtra
Exalijs huc ad Nos rediere Locis;
Conſpicui Forma pariles, Florentibus Annis
Attamen his minime par decor Oris adeſt.
Nil eſt egregiæ quod dicas deeſſe Cohorti
Quam quòd non potis eſt, edere Lingua ſonos;
Non Illis vox eſt; ſed ſecum quinque ſodales,
Ducunt; ex his verba loquantur habent:
Submoto nullum dicunt Interprete verbum
Orbe ſed eſt toto gloria magna virum.

Riddle my Riddle.

Eighteen Young Men here at our City Wall,
From Forraign parts, to us returned are,
All goodly fair; in years, all Peregall,
Though, 'bout the Mouth they be not all ſo fair,
You cannot ſay, wherin this lovely Train
Perfection want, ſave that they cannot ſpeak:

Voice

Voice they have none; But with them doe remaine
Companions five, who helpe their Organs weake,
With words at will, that else all speechlesse bin,
But all together endlesse glory win.

274

Multorum manibus grande levatur onus.

A heavie Load that passeth one mans might,
With helpe of many hands, is made full light.

275

——Non omnibus Annis
Omnia conveniunt.

All Fashions for all yeares not fitting be,
What well with Youth, with Age will not agree;
All things, both sexes will not well beseeme:
This Her becomes, that would disfigure Him,
And that with credit may a man befit,
Which shames a woman, by the doing it.
Let each degree, and sexe then walke the path,
Which Nature, and their present Fortune hath
Them chalked out, and still hold punctually
This comely Law of faire conveniencie;
Which all Estates of Man, and Womankind
Doth (or should) to their good behaviour bind:
So Youth, like Youth; and Age like Age shall bene,
And either Sexe distinguisht rightly seene;
Each estate in garbe, and habit like it selfe:
Not Citie Wives (because of their great wealth)
Like Countesses, nor Kirk-mens Spouses goe,
With bared Brests, wide ope to common show,
And fether'd Bevers on their short shorne Manes
Nor Handy-crafts, whose mean trade them maintaines
To march about the Towne so goodly clad,
As if they gentlest Birth, and breeding had;

But by this Theame of mine well warned bee,
That all things doth not with all ſorts agree.

276

Tu quoque fac timeas; & quæ tibi læta videntur
Dum loqueris, fieri triſtia poſſe puta.
Ovid. 4. de Ponto.

Even thou, who now ſecurely ſeem'ſt to ſtand
With all things proſperous, about thee round,
Yet fear, and think, in th'turning of a hand
The waves may riſe, and thou therein be drown'd.

277

Si Fortuna favet, caveto tolli
Si Fortuna tonat, caveto mergi— } *Periander.*

If Fortune ſhine upon thee, then beware,
Leſt envious Cloud her ſhining do impeach:
And if ſhee thunder once, have ſpeciall care
Thou be not ſunk: So danger is in each.

278

Vixq; tenet Lachrymas, quia nil lachrymabile cernit
Alciatus de Invido.

The Envious Man from weeping ſcarce can hold,
When Hee nought to be wept for doth behold.

279

Tuta frequenſque via eſt per Amici fallere nomen
Tuta frequenſque licèt, ſit via crimen habet.
Ovid. Art. Am. lib. 2.

A ſafe and uſuall way hath been 'long while
Vnder the cloak of Friendſhip to beguile:
But how e're ſafe, and uſuall it bee,
'Tis Villany, in the higheſt degree.

280

Omne ſolum Forti Patria eſt, ut Piſcibus Æquor,
Vt volucri vacuo quicquid in orbe patet.
Ovid. de Faſt. 2. lib.

The Valiant Man, each Land, and Countrey's his,
As th' Ayr, and Sea's, to Birds, and Fishes is.

281

Fertilior seges est alieno semper in Agro
Vicinumq; pecus grandius uber habet.
Still Richer crops grow in our Neigebours Field,
And still more Milk, their Cattels Udders yield.

282

Sic titulo obsequij quæ mittunt Hostibus Hostes
Munera venturi præscia Fata ferunt. *Alciat. Embl.*
Foes mutuall Gifts, cloak'd with great shews of Love,
Bode always mischief, and still fatall prove.

283

Glorior hoc uno, quod nunquam vidimus unum
Nec potuisse magis, nec nocuisse minus.
This was writ by a Poet of that
time in Honor of Henry the
2 King of England.
In this one thing wee joy, that heretofore
Wee no one Man have known, who could do more,
That yet hurt less; none that such power had
To be extremely Ill, yet was less bad.

284

Quisquis amat dictis Absentem rodere vitam
Hanc mensam vetitam noverit esse sibi.
This Distick hee caus'd to be written
over his Table where hee din'd.
Who speaks of th' Absent one defaming word,
Know, I forbid him, comming to my Board.

285

Lete procul lati; cernant mea funera tristes
Non similis toto mœror in orbe fuit;
Bis septem Natos peperi; bis Pignora septem
Me miserum, divûm sustulit Ira mihi:

Derigui

Derigui demum Lachrymis, & marmora manant
Sic mihi Mors dolor est, sicmihi vita dolor:
Discite mortales, quid sit turgescere fastu
Et quid sit magnos posthabuisse deos. *Ovid.*

Baptistæ Gy. de Ni. & Aul. Gel de Numero Filiorũ.
Farewell all joys, yee mournfull souls, come see
My Funerals; no Grief, mine equall may.
I twice seven Children bare; twice seven (ay mee)
The Gods fierce Wrath hath reaved all away.
Now, stiff with teares, I Marble all abide;
So Grief's my death, and my whole life is Grief:
Learn Mortals, hence, what 'tis to swell in pride,
And fight the Gods, in Majesty, the chief.

286

Paree Puer flimulis, & fortius utere Loris.
Ovid. de Phaetonte. Metam. lib.
Forbear thy whip, my Boy, and do restrain
Thy ramping steeds with hard, and stronger reign.

287

Qui Hosti minatur, dat quo sue }
sibi telo jugulet —— —— }
Who threats to kill his Enemy, doth put
A Sword in his hand, his own throat to cut.

288

Qui statuit aliquid parte inaudita altera
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit. *Plaut. Amph.*
Who hath, one side unheard, a Cause discust,
Though hee determin just, yet hee's unjust.

289

Vt Corpus redimas, ferrum patieris & Ignem
Arida nec sitiens ora lavabis Aqua:
Vt valeas Animo quid quam tolerare negabis?
At pretium pars hæc corpore majus habet.
Ovid. lib. 1. de Rem. Amo.

Thou

Thou, Fire, and Lancing bid'st for th' Bodies wealth
Ne wilt thy thirsty mouth with water turch:
And canst think ought too much for thy souls health
Which doth the bodies worth excell so much?

290

A Bove majore discit arare minor.
The Elder Oxe doth teach the Younger, how
To bend their Necks, and gently draw the plough:
So strong example is; as low wheels move
By motion of the upper wheels above,
So apt Inferiors are to swerve, or sway,
As they their Greaters see tred forth their way.

291

Fortuna multis nimium dedit, Nulli satis
Et cùm possideant plurima, plura petunt.
Fortune too much hath given oft to many,
But never yet, enough could give to any,
So boundless be Mens minds, the more they have,
The more, unsatisfi'd, they still do crave.

292

Ætas prima canit veneres, Postrema tumultus.
Mans first Age, sports, delights, and pleasures sings:
His last, of toyls, and tumults only rings.

293

Martinus jacet hic; quæras, si cætera nescis,
Interea Tumuli, sis memor ipse tui.
On Master Martins Monument in the Temple Church.
Here Martin lyes, if more of Him thou'dst have,
Enquire; meane while remember thine own Grave.

294

Nomen Amitiæ Barbara Corda movet. *Ovid.*
The sacred name of Friendship doth affect
Most barbarous hearts, it kindly to respect.

In

In Zant, right o're the place of Iudgment, this
Distick, in Golden Letters written is.

295

Hic locus Odit, Amat, Punit, Conservat, Honorat,
Nequitiam, Pacem, Crimina, Iura, Bonos.
This place doth Hate, Love, Punish, Conserve, do good
Wickednes, Peace, Vice, the Lawes, unto the Good

296

Ita dijs placitum est, ut voluptati comes
Mœror consequatur ——— } *Plautus, in Amphit.*

It is the Righteous God's most just decree,
That pleasure should with grief still suited be.

297

Perfida cognato se sanguine polluit Ales
Officiosa alijs, exitiosa suis. *Alciat. de Anat.*
Convenit in patriæ proditores.

The Duck, that faithless Bird, her self defiles
With death of her own Kindred; thus, the whites,
Officiously, to strangers shee doth good,
Shee doth betray her own deer flesh, and Blood.

298

Quale Manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, Pariusve Lapis conjungitur Auro.
The Prince that Wisdom, matcht with Learning has,
Like polisht Ivory, is to behold,
And glorious shawes, like Parian Alablas,
Or Silver, set in sockets of pure Gold.

299

——— Nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos Edicta valent, quam vita Regentis.
Virgil Æn. li. 4.

No Lawes, nor Proclamations so do sway
As Kings own Lives, their Subjects to obey.

Non

300

Non sic Excubiæ, non circumstantia Pila
Quam tutatur Amor.
Not Swords & Spears; not all the Watch & Ward
So safe the King, as Subjects Love doth guard.

301

Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse licebit
Occurrat, Mentemq; domet respectus honesti.
Claudianus ad Commodum Imper.
Not what thou mayst do, but think before hand,
If once a thing be done, how it will stand
With Equity, and still see, that thy Mind
Be within Bounds of Honesty confin'd.

302

Cornibus in Cervum mutatum Actæona sumptis
Membratim proprij diripuere Canes.
Anulus in Picta Poesi.
Actæon chang'd into a horned Stag,
His own Hounds tear him, piece-meale, like a rag.

303

Turpe est quod nequeas Capiti submittere pondus
Et pressum inflexo mox dare Terga genu.
Propertius de Pygmeis Herculem invadentibus.
'Tis shame, with such a weight to load thy Crown,
Which with bent knees, thy back must straight sling down.

304

Tunc sumus Incauti, studioq; aperimur ab ipso
Nudaq; per Lusus pectora nostra patent;
Ira subit deforme malum, Lucriq; cupido
Iurgiaq; & Rixæ, sollicitusq; dolor
Crimina dicuntur, resonat clamoribus Æther
Invocat iratos & sibi quisque Deos.
By Play, wee are surpriz'd, and open layd.
Our very hearts, stark naked are displayd:

Then

Then thirſt of Gain, and Anger, that foul Sin,
Quarrels, and Brawls, and carefull Grief ſlips in;
All Faults are told, and in an uprore, all
The angry Gods, do unto witneſs call.

The Miſchiefs that accompany Gaming, and Play.

305

——— Nec te lucunda Fronte Fefellit.
Luxuries, prædulce malum, quæ dedita ſemper
Corporis Arbitrijs, hæbetat caligine ſenſus
Membraque Cyrcæis effœminat acrius Herbis.
Claudianus ad Imperatorem Commodum.

That luſcious Sin, fair-fronted Luxury,
Still a ſworn Servant to the Bodies will,
That with a Miſt, doth dull, and ſtupefie
The ſenſes, and the Members all doth ſpill,
And worſe than Cyrces charms effeminate,
Could nere inchant thy heart with her deceit.

306

Auſonius de viro Bono Edylion. 18.

Non prius in dulcem declinat Lumina ſomnum
Omnia quam longi reputaverit acta diei
Quæ prætergreſſus; Quid actũ in tempore? Quid non?
Cur iſti facto decus abfuit, aut Ratio Illi
Quid mihi præteritum? Cur hæc ſententia ſedit
Quam melius mutare fuit? Miſcratus egentem,
Cur aliquam fracta præſenſi mente dolorem?
Quid volui, quod nolle bonum fieret? Vtile honeſto
Cur malus anteruli? Num dicto aut denique vultu
Perſtrictus quiſquam? Cur me Natura magis quam
Diſciplina trahit? Sic dicta, & facta per omnia
Ingrediens, ortoque veſpere cuncta revolvens
Offenſus malis, dat palmam, & Præmia rectis.

The

The Good Mans daily Practice.

The Good Mans Eyes, in sleep do nere relent
Till hee recount, how all the day hee spent,
What thing hee did to halves; what hee forgot,
And what in their due time were don, what not?
Why this work was unComely? or why that
Senseless, to Reason was repugnant flat?
VVhy he thought thus, when better 'Iwas think so?
VVhy his compassion prompted him to do
Some good to that poor man? why hee did will
The thing which was much better him to nill?
VVhy profit hee to honesty prefer'd?
Or had don any wrong, in Deed or VVord?
VVhy unto Nature hee did more incline
Than to Instruction, and true Discipline:
So thus araigning all his words and deeds
From morning unto night, hee thence proceeds:
Griev'd for the Ill, the Ill hee disavowes,
And all the Good applaudeth, and allowes.

308

At nunc desertis cessant sacraria Lucis,
Aurum omnes, victa jam Pietate colunt
Auro pulsa fides, Auro venalia Iura
Aurum Lex sequitur, mox sine lege Pudor. *Prop.*
The Woods are leaft; The holy Altars ceaft;
All worship Gold; Religion's quite decreaft;
Self-Honesty for Gold is set to sale;
The Laws, and shame (grown Lawless) now will fayl.

309

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies:
(Ætas Parentum pejor Avis) tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Davou-

Devouring time, what doth it not empare?
Our Parents Age, worſ-Bird, than which it bred;
Hatcht us, worſ than it ſelf, likely a far
Worſ Brood, to leave behind us, in our ſted.

309

——— Pauci quod ſimit Alter amat. *Ovid.*

None, but can like what all Men els approve,
But few Men can all others Leavings love.

310

——— Mukos dabit uxor Amicos
Gratia ſic minimo magna labore venit.
A Wife brings many Friends; ſo with ſmall pain
And little coſt, wee many Favours gain.

311

——— Caſta eſt quam nemo rogavit.
If onely ſhee, who never tempted was,
Be chaſt, how few this ſtrict account can paſs?

312

Non bene ſuccedit Culici Elephantem mordenti
Nec ſcarabæo Aquilam ſequenti.
The Gnat thrives not, that bites the Elephant,
Ne the bold Dor, that dares the Ægle hant.

313

Rurſus Amor Patriæ ratione valentior omni.
The Love, due to our Countrey dear, tranſcends
All by-reſpects, both parents, State, and Friends.

314

Cauſa Patrocinio non bona major erit.
A bad Cauſe, juſtifi'd, is Impudence
In th'high'ſt degree; and doubles the Offence.

315

Negligere quid de ſe quiſq; ſentiat non ſolum
Arrogantis eſt, ſed & diſſoluti.

The Man that so much common sense doth want
Not what the world thinks of him, to regard,
Not only proud hee is, and arrogant,
But's heart is desperat, dissolute, and hard.

316

——Solus usus facit Artifices.

'Tis only use, and practice makes a Man
His Craft's-master, and perfect Artizan.

317

Placet inconcessa voluptas.

Pleasures that from our reach are most remote,
We gape most after, and most on them dote.

318

Animo dolenti non oportet credere,
& è contra
Animo dolenti magis oportet credere.

There is no heed to take, what discontent
Men's grieved minds, in passion wont to vent.
Yea, rather it deserves our more Belief,
When sad afflicted Minds speak in their grief.

319

——Vincit qui patitur.

Who can with patience bear their Martyrdom,
Make it more easie, and so overcome.

320

Cernis ut ignavum corrumpunt otia corpus
Vt capiant vitium, in moveantur Aquæ.
As standing waters gather mud, and soyle,
So sluggish Bodies, sloath, and ease defile.

321

Ædificare domos multas, & pascere Multos
Est ad pauperiem semita laxa nimis.
The broad High-way to Poverty and Need,
Is much to build, and many Mouthes to feed.

These

Theſe Verſes were ingraved upon King Henry the ſecond of England his Tomb, in Frontevaux in Normandy, where hee was buried.

322

Sufficit Huic Tumulus, cui non ſuffecerat orbis,
Res brevis ampla ſatis, cui fuit ampla brevis;
Rex invictus eram, mihi plurima Regna ſubegi,
Multipliciq; modo duxq; comeſq; fui.
Cui ſatis ad votum fuerant haud omnia terræ,
Clymata, terra modo ſufficit octo pedum.
Qui legis hæc penſa diſcrimna mortis, & in me,
Humanæ ſpeculum conditionis habe;
Quod potes inſtanter operare Bonum; quia Mundus
Tranſit, & incautos Mors inopina rapit.

Whom th' world could not, this Tomb doth hold him all.
Small now ſeems much, to whom much once ſeemd ſmall;
A King invincible, I Kingdomes gain'd,
Dukedomes, and many Earldomes I obtain'd:
Whoſe ſateleſs Mind the whole Earth could not bound,
Now's Body takes but up eight foot of ground.
Weigh Reader, Death's miſchances; and in Mee,
As in a glaſs, Mans frail Condition ſee.
Do good then, while thou mayſt; ſith Life doth paſs,
As in a trance, and Death, as mowes, like graſs.

323

Nam vitijs Nemo ſine naſcitur; optimus Ille
Qui minimis urgetur.

No Man or Woman's faultleſs born; they'r beſt
Who with the few'ſt, and leaſt Sins are poſſeſt.

324

Nonnè libet medio ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio, cum jam ſexta Cervice feratur
Hinc, atque inde patens, ac nuda pæne Cathedra
Et multum referens de Mæcenate ſupino

Signator falso qui se lautum atq; beatum
Exiguis tabulis, & gemma fecerit uda? *Iuven. Sat. 1.*
Would it not make a very Saint inveigh
And hang up Pasquils in each four wend-way,
To see an arrogant proud Upstart ride
Vpon a Chair, to all eyes open wide,
On six mens shoulders born, in pomp, and state,
Like to Mœcenas, that effeminate;
Who to this Port, and happiness of wealth,
By signing false forg'd wils, hath rais'd himself?

325

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & Carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquid; Probitus laudatur & alget.
Dare some thing, if thou wouldst prove eminent,
Worthy of Gyaros, or Imprisonment;
For Honesty, in these degenerate dayes
Cold comfort finds, yet all sorts can it praise.

326

——— ——— Quis feret istas
Luxuriæ sordes? quanta est Gula? quæ sibi totos
Ponit Apros, Animal propter convivia natum?
But oh, the baseness of this Luxury?
Oh throat, oh gulf, that swallowes privately
By'himself alone, a whole Bore, once a Beast
Deviz'd at first to furnish a whole Feast.

327

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major Avaritiæ patuit sinus?
When were there ever such rank crops of vice?
When such wide gulfes of greedy Avarice?

328

Nil est ulterius, quod nostris Moribus addat
Posteritas; eadem cupient, facientq; minores,
Omne in præcipiti stetit vitium.

Nought

Nought can our Heyres add to our sinns or shame;
What wee desire or doe; the very same,
Our Children after us will also doe;
Vice (head-long high) no higher now can goe.

329

—— Rubet Auditor, cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa,
The faulty frozen-minded Auditor
Grows red, and sweats about his Heart-strings, for
Horror of sins, which bosom'd close do ly.

330

—— Tecum prius ergo voluta
Hæc Animo ante tubas; Galeatum serò duelli
Pœnitet.
Ere Trumpets blast, consider well th'event;
Once ready arm'd, for present Battell bent
Too late is then, the Duell to repent.

331

Vltra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet & glacialem
Oceanum; quoties aliquid de moribus audent
Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt. *Sa. 2. lu.*
Beyond Sarmatia's frozen Ocean quite,
I am resolv'd, from hence to take my flight,
When I heare some dare boast their Holiness,
Who Curij seem, yet Bacchus-like profess.

332

Castigas turpia cum sis
Inter Socraticos notissima Fossa Cynædos? *Ibid.*
Rayl'st thou at filthiness, and vices, which
Are noted for the comman dirty Ditch
For all Socratick Sodomits?

333

Rarus sermo Illis, & magna libido tacendi
Atque supercilio brevior coma.

Men of few words they seem, and silence vow,
Their head short-hair'd, no longer than their Brow.

334

——Sed perores, qui talia verbis
Hercules invadunt; & de virtute loquuti
Clunem agitant.

But they are worst, who others vices beat
With high Herculean Terms, and words of threat,
And evermore, to speak of vertue chuse,
Yet still their unclean Agitation use.

335

Loripedem Rectus derideat, Æthiopem Albus;
Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione loquentes?
Quis Cœlum terris non misceat, & mare cœlo?
Si Fur displiceat verri, Homicida Miloni?
Clodius accuset Mœchos; Catilina Cethegum.

Let Strait, the Crooked; Fair, the Foul deride;
Who can the Gracchi's Invective abide
Against sedition? who would not blend
Heaven, and Earth? and Seas to Heaven send
When Milo, Murders; Verres, those that steale,
And Clodius doth Incontinence appeale?

336

Nonne igitur Iure at merito vitia ultima fictos
Contemnunt scauros; & castigata remordent?

Shall not the ugliest Sins all blameless been
To scorn these scaurie, these Saint-seeming men;
And being beat, to turn and bite agen?

337

Ad quem subridens, felicia tempora, quæ te
Moribus opponunt, habeat jam Roma Pudorem
Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. *Saty. 2.*

To whom Shee smiling, saith,
O blessed Age, which so grave Censor hath

As

As thee t'oppoſe th'ill manners of the times,
Rome now may ſhame of all her beaſtly crimes
Tho her third Cato, fall'n from Heaven is.

338

——— faciunt hi plura; ſed Illos
Defendit Numerus; junctæq; umbore Phalanges. *Ib.*

Many are their Miſdeeds ———
But them their number ſaves, who like a Band
Of cloſe joyn'd Targets in a Phalanx ſtand.

339

Magna inter Molles concordia; non erit ullum
Exemplum in noſtro tam deteſtabile ſexu.

In wondrous concord theſe Men-minions fare,
But no ſuch tricks in our Sex ſampled are.

340

Dives erit magno quæ dormit tertia lecto
Tu nube, atque tace; donant Arcana Cylindros?
De nobis poſthac triſtis ſententia fertur,
Dat veniam Corvis vexat cenſura Columbas.

She may be rich, who with ſome great rich Man
Sleeps as his third, together in his bed,
Learn to keep councell, and ſo chuſe to wed,
For coſtly Iewels come from ſecreſie,
Wheras, poor wenches, if wee tread awry,
With rigor of the Law wee ſtrait are bit.
So Doves are damn'd; and Carr'on Crows are quit.

341

——— dedit hanc contagio labem,
Et dabit in plures, ſicut Grex totus in Agris
Vnius ſcabie cadit; & porrigine Porci
Vuaq; conſpecta livorem ducit ab uva.

Others contagious life hath tainted thee,
As others all's by thee will tainted bee;

So one scab'd Sheep, the whole flock soon infects;
So Hogs, each other with their Measly specks;
So sickly Grapes, meerly by their aspect,
With rottenness, the Clusters sound infect.

342

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus. *Saty. 2.*

Extremely bad, none on the sudden are.

Ibidem in homines effœminatos & turpissimos.

Ille supercilium madida fuligine tactum
Obliqua producit Acu; pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos; vitreo bibit Ille Pryapo
Reticulumq; comis auratum ingentibus implet
Cærulea indutus scutulata, aut Galbana rasa
Et per Iunonem domini jurante Ministro. *Saty. 2.*

That Pimp, his Brows, and hairs of's twinckling Eyes
With crooked Pencil, in black Fucus dyes
This Mynion drinks in Pryapus of Glass,
And on his Head a golden Wyer has,
O'relayd with his long Perrywig of Hair,
Lapt in Skie-colour'd Net-work Cawl, full rare;
Which compass, like indented Targets stand,
And hath his Sycophant, ready at hand,
By his Lords Iuno, at ev'ry turn to swear.

343

Ille tenet speculum, Pathici gestamen Othonis,
(Actoris-Arunci spolium) quo se Ille videbat
Armatum, cum jam tolli vexilla Iuberet.

Hee, in his hand, a Looking-glass doth bear
The doubty Arms, which Bawdy Otho wielded,
(Like Actors spoyl) when hee so Turnus yielded;
Wherin himself hee gaz'd, and pickt, and proyn'd
Still, e're hee (forth advancing) Battell joyn'd.

344

344

Res memoranda novis Annalibus, atque recenti
Hiſtoria, ſpeculum civilis ſarcina Belli. *Ibid.*

Strange ſure it is, and worth the Memory
Of ſome new Annals, and freſh Hiſtory,
That e're a Looking-glaſs ſhould be among
The Implements that unto Mars belong.

345

O Proceres, cenſore opus eſt, an Aruſpice nobis?
Scilicet horreres, majoraq; monſtra putares
Si Mulier vitulum, vel ſi Bos ederet Agnum?

Yee Peers and patrons of our Country deer,
Needs us a Cenſor, or a Prophet here?
For, (as more monſtrous) would yee ſtartle more,
If that a Woman ſhould a Calf have bore:
Or a Cow, a Lamb?

346

——— (O) Pater urbis.
Vnde Nefas tantum Latijs Paſtoribus? unde
Hæc tetigit (Gradive) tuos urtica Nepotes?
Traditur ecce viro, clarus Genere, atq; opibus vir
Nec Galeam quaſſas, nec terram Cuſpide pulſus?
Nec quereris Patri, vade, ergo, & cede ſeveri
Iugeribus campi, quem negligis, &c. *Ib.*

Say, thou great Patron of our City, whence
Proceeds this ſo notorious Impudence
Amongſt thy Latian Shepherds? Mars, a reed
Of this prodigious Luſt, the Nettle ſeed?
A Man of wealth, and noble Parentage
Link'd to another Man, in Marriage,
And thou thy Helmet, never once to ſhake?
Nor with thy brandiſht ſpeare the earth to quake;
Nor one complaint to thy great ſire to make?

Henceforth, for thy, that severe Field of thine,
Which thou now slight'st, for evermore resign.

347

Nil Animis in Corpora Iuris
Natura indulget.

But the best is, Nature doth nere incite
The Mind t'incroach upon the Bodies right.

348

Esse aliquos Manes, & sub terranea Regna
Et Contum, & stygio Ranas in Gurgite nigras
Atque una transire vadum tot millia Cymba
Nec Pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum Ære lavantur,
Sed tu vera puta, &c.

Th' Infernall Kingdom, Goblins, ougly Toads,
Which in the Stygian Lake have their abodes,
The stretcher, and that single boat, wherin
Souls, cross the Foard, by Millions, wafted been,
(Except young Babes, not fit yet to Baptize)
All, even Children, think them all but Lyes,
But as thy Creed, do thou them all believe.

349

Sed quæ nunc Populi fiunt victoris in urbe
Non faciunt Illi quos vicimus.

But in the victor-People's City be
Notorious villanies; which they, whom wee
Have conquer'd, never did.

350

Aspice quid faciant commercia.

Lo, here's th' effect of cursed Company.

351

Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas? horrere Incendia lapsus
Tectorum assiduos & mille pericula sevæ
Vrbis & Augusto recitantes Mense Poetas.

sith

Sith what ſo poor, ſo miſerable ſtate,
What place ſo lonely, or diſconſolate,
But may be deem'd a princely Paradice,
Compar'd to where wee live, Rapes, Robberies,
Firing of Houſes, and Walls, tumbling down,
And thouſand Miſchieves in this wicked town:
Beſides a Crew, in Auguſt-ſoultry times
Of Horn-pipe Poets, bawl their naſty Rimes.

352

Omnis enim Populo Mercedem pendere Iuſſa eſt
Arbor, & ejectis mendicat ſylva Camænis
In vallem Ægeriæ deſcendimus; & ſpeluncas
Diſſimiles veris. *Saty. 3.*

Each Tree payes toul, the Muſes forth are thrown,
And the whole Wood the hant of Beggers grown,
To thoſe Ægerian Dales, and Caves below
Vnlike to what they were, wee now do go.

353

—— quanto præſtantior eſſet
Numen Aquæ, viridi ſi margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec Ingenuum violarent Marmora tophum.

Oh, how more venerable (mee ſeemeth) were
The Numen of that place, if (as white're)
The Margent of the ſtream were fring'd with graſs?
How hath the Ranſe, and poliſht Alablaſs,
The native roughneſs ſpoil'd with needleſs Art,
Which was more lovely by the thouſand part.

354

—— Quando Artibus inquit honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta Laborum,
Dum nova canicies, dum prima, & recta ſenectus
Dum ſupereſt Lacheſi quod torqueat; & pedibus me
Porto meis, dextrum nullo ſubeunte Bacillo
Cedamus Patria.

Sith

——— (*Sith here's with ke*) *no place.*
For honest Arts, no recompense, no grace?
Whilst hoary haires, and Age yet first begin,
And Lachesis hath some yarn yet to spin;
Whilst mine owne Leggs can steddy yet and straight,
Without a staffe support my bodies weight,
Ile travell hence. 355

——— Cum sint
Quales ex humili, magna ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna Iocari. *Sat.3.*

——— *A sordid sort*
Of Baselings, such as Fortune (for her sport,
And pastime) raiseth meerly from the durt.
356

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio; librum
Si malus est nequeo laudare, & poscere; motus
Astrorum Ignoro; Funus promittere Patris
Nec volo, nec possum; Ranarum viscera nunquam
Inspexi, ferre ad Nuptam quæ mittet Adulter
Quæ mandant norint Alij; Me nemo ministro
Fur erit; atquè ideo nulli Comes exeo, tanquam
Mancus, & extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.
What should I doe at Rome? I cannot lye;
To praise a Booke, and beg it fawningly,
I cannot for my heart (if it be bad:)
I cannot promise death of any dadd,
Ne would (if could.) Stars motion I ken not;
Frogs Entrals I ne're pore upon (God wot;)
Ne I envie these Others, who are seen
In pandring skilfull messages between,
The Dalliard and his Whore: Ne any one
Hath turned Theef, by my perswasion:
This is the cause that I got forth of Rome,
My selfe alone, at whom no man doth come,

like

Like a lame Member, or a wither'd Hand
Vnto the Body, ſo I uſeleſſe ſtand.

357

Quis nunc diligitur niſi conſcius? & cui fervens
Æſtuat occultis Animus, ſemperq; tacendis. (glow
Who's now in grace, ſave conſcious minds, that
With ſome cloſe ſecrets, which none elſe may know.

358

Nil tibi ſe debere putat, nil conferet unquam
Participem qui te ſecreti fecit honeſti.
He holds himſelfe no way engag'd to thee,
Who thee imparts his honeſt ſecrecie.

359

Charus erit verri, qui verrem tempore quo vult
Accuſare poteſt.
Verres, even hugs, and courts him that hath power
To bring his life in queſtion every houre.

360

——Santi tibi non ſit opaci,
Omnis Arena Tagi, quodq; in mare volvitur Aurum
Vt ſomno careas; ponendaq; præmia ſumas,
Triſtis & a magno ſemper timearis Amico.
Not all the ſands, that in rich Tagus creep,
Ne all the Gold, that tumbles in the deep,
Let breake one pleaſant winke of thy ſweet ſleep,
Ne make thee ſad at Bribes, that ſome thee ſend,
Ne make thee awefull to thy potent friend.

361

Ingenium velox, Audacia perdita; ſermo
Promptus, & Iſæo torrentior.
Prime nimble wits, but monſtrous impudent;
And tongues more voluble, ſmooth and eloquent,
Then ſelfe Iſæus, &c.

362 Edo

362

——— ede, quid Illum
Esse putes? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Scæmbates, Medicus, Magus; omnia novit,
Græculus esuriens, in Cœlum Iusseris ibit.

——— *What manner wight do you deem*
That Man to been? who hither brings with him
All Men, and Arts, Grammer, Geometry,
Logick, Rhetorick, Physick, Magick, Augury,
Painting, Tumbling, Fencing; Hee kens by heart
The skill of every Mistery and Art,
Say but the word, a hungry Greek will fly,
Whip, in a trice, hee's gone up to the sky.

363

Quid? quòd Adulandi Gens prudentissima—
What should I tell their monstrous Flatteries,
Wherin they'r exquisite, and passing wise?

364

Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare; sed Illis
Creditur.
These things wee can extoll as well as they,
But they'r believ'd, in all, what e're they say.

365

Natio Comæda est rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur; flet, si lachrymas conspexit Amici,
Nec dolet; igniculum Brumæ si tempore poscas
Accipit Endromidem; si dixeris Æstuo, sudat;
Non sumus ergo pares.

This Nation naturally's all comicall;
Smile, and hee'l laugh; laugh, and hee strait can fall
To laughter, as hee'd break his spleen in twain:
Weep, and hee'l weep, though without grief or pain:

Speak

Speak but of fire in winter, ſtrait hee ſhakes,
And his Rug gown, about his ſhoulders takes:
Say you are hot, eſtſoons hee gins to ſweat:
The odds between us therfore's very great.

366

—— nam cum facile ſtillavit in Aurem
Exiguum de Naturæ, Patriæq; veneno
Limine ſummoveor; perierunt tempora longi
Servitij; nuſquam minor eſt Iactura Clientis.

For having to his open eares inſtill'd,
And them with's own, and Countries poiſon fill'd:
I out of doors, am inſtantly thruſt forth,
My long and faithfull ſervice proves nought worth,
My time's all loſt; ſith loſs of Servants old,
Leaſt loſs of all, wee here in Rome do hold.

367

Divitis hic ſervi claudit latus Ingenuorum
Filius.

The Beſt Mens Sons, here give priority
To Rich Mens Servants, when they go them by.

368

Da teſtem Romæ tam ſanctum quam fuit Hoſpes,
Numinis Idæi, procedat vel Numa, vel qui
Sertavit trepidam flagranti ex Ædе Minervam
Protinus ad Cenſum; de moribus ultima fiet
Quæſtio, quot paſcit ſervos, quot poſſidet Agri
Iugera, quam multa, Magnaq; Paropſide cænat.

Bring mee a Witneſs, juſt as was the Hoſt
Of Ida's God, come Numa; or hee that loſt
His eyes, to ſave Minerva's Rood from fire.
Yet firſt his ſtate, and ſubſtance wee inquire,
Of's Houſ-keeping, his Servants, and his Land,
His Goodneſs is the laſt thing wee demand.

369

369

Quantum quisq; sua Nummorum servat in Arca
Tantum habet & fidei.

Looke how much coin a Mans Chest hath in store,
So much his credit's worth, not one doyt more.

370

——— Iures licet & Samothracum
Et Nostrorum Aras, contemnere Fulmina Pauper
Creditur atq; deos, dijs ignoscentibus Ipsis.

So the world censures of the poor
in all Ages.

Sweare thou by all the Samothracean powers,
And all the sacred Altars (theirs and ours)
Wee ne're give heed to what the Poor doe sweare,
Who nor the Thunder, nor God selfe doe feare:
Such, as (what ere they doe or say) doe deem,
Because they'r poor, the gods will pardon them.

371

Quid quod materiam præbet causasq; Iocorum
Omnibus hic Idem, si fœda & scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, & rapta calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atquè recens linum ostendit non una Cicatrix
Nil habet Infælix Paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit.

Matter of Iest, and subject of each scorn,
The poor Man is; if thred-bare, old, and torn
His habit been; If chance his shoos be ript,
And many a rent in them about be whipt
With gouty thred, that every stitch appeare;
Nought is in Poverty so hard to beare
(Vnhappy state) as that it doth expose
A man ridiculous, where ere He goes.

372 Quis

372

Quis Gener hic placuit censu minor atq; Puellæ
Sarcinulis impar ? quis pauper scribitur Hæres ?
Quando in concilio est Ædilitas.

What Son in Law here pleaseth ? if he be
Less then the Bride in portion, and degree ?
Was ever any poor adopted Heire,
Once call'd to be a privie Counseller.

373

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

Vnto preferment here they hardly come,
Whose vertues are eclipst with want at home.

374

——Sed Romæ durior Illis
Conatus, magno Hospitium miserabile, magno
Servorum ventres ; & fragi cænula magno,
Fictilibus cænare pudet.

But worst, of any place the poor thrive here ;
House-keeping's chargeable, and very deer,
And servants Bellies, and the simplest Cates
Are not maintain'd, but at excessive rates ;
Yet our poor scorn to eate in earthen Plate, &c.

375

Hic ultra vires habitus Nitor, hic aliquid plus
Quam satis est, interdum aliena sumitur Arca,
Commune id vitium, hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes ; Quid te moror ? omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.

Here's Bravery without Meanes, and here, the most
Their needlesse waste maintain at others cost :
This vice here's common (as the high way durt :)
And wee (I tell thee) of the poorer sort,

In

In all ambitious poverty do live;
All things at Rome, are now, for what'l you give.

376

——— Accipe, & Illud
Fermentum tibi habe; præstare tributa clyentes
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.
Take this one piece of Levin more by th'way,
That wee poor Clients here, are faign to pay
A yearly Tribute, to each great Mans slave,
And at our charge, maintain their Buffins brave.

377

Vive Bidentis amans, & culti villicus Horti;
Vnde epulam possis centum dare Pythagoreis.
Come take a Fork, and Country life profess,
And with thine own hands thine own Garden dress,
Whence on the sudden thou at once mayst feast
A hundred pythagoreans at the least.

378

Plurimus hic Ager moritur vigilando; sed illum
Languorem peperit cibus imperfectus, & hærens
Ardenti stomacho.
By over-watching many Men here dy;
The cause and reason of their Malady,
Is unconcocted meat, which broyling lyes
For want of sleep, and in the stomack fryes.

379

——— Rhædarum transitus arcto
Vicorum inflexu, & stantis convicia Mandræ
Eripiunt somnum Druso, vitulisq; Marinis.
Such now with Coaches, ratling in the street,
And foul-mouth'd raylingCarmen, when they meet
In th'strangled passages of narrow Lanes,
That, sooth these uprores, would wake Drusus self,
Or the Sea calves, upon the sandy shelf.

380

380

Si vacat officium, turba cedente vehetur
Dives, &c.

If any buſines forth a rich man call,
Each man flies off; and yeelds to Him the wall.

381

Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit
Dat pœnas; Noctem patitur lugentis Amicum
Peleidæ; cubat in faciem, mox deinde ſupinus
Ergo non aliter poterit dormire? quibuſdam
Somnum Pixa facit.

A drunken, lewd, debauch'd, unbeveld ſlave,
Except he in his drunken humour have
Done ſome man wrong, in one or other kind,
Is ſicke, and rackt, and tortur'd in his mind,
And all night doth in griefe and ſorrow ſpend,
(As once Achilles *did for his ſlain Friend)*
Turning and toſſing (ſometime on his Face,
And ſometimes on his Backe, from place to place)
And can He elſe not ſleepe? Indeed ſome Men
Of ſuch a rugged-rough-heaw'd Nature been,
That they ſleep beſt, when they have ſwaggerd moſt.

382

Nil mihi reſpondes? aut dic, aut accipe Calcem.

What? haſt no Tongue? or ſpeake, or thou ſhalt feele
The churliſh Kicke of my diſdainefull Heele.

383

——Libertas pauperis hæc eſt
Pulſatus rogat, & pugnis conciſus adorat
Vt liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

And this is all the poor Mans liberty,
To cry men mercy, ſtill for injury:
And (being boxt) this ſpeciall favour pray
T'have leave, with ſome teeth yet to ſcape away.

384

Fœlices Proavorum Atavos, fœlicia dicas
Sæcula, quæ quondam sub Regibus, atque Tribunis,
Viderunt uno contentam Carcere Romam.

Happy our Grand-sires, and great Grand-sires saye,
Bless wee the dayes of that thrice blessed Age,
Vnder our Kings, and Tribunes Regiment,
When with one Prison Rome was well content
When one Bridewell was more than all the Ill
Dispos'd-rude roaring Boyes in Rome could fill.

385

——— Monstrum, nulla virtute redemptum
A vitijs, æger, solaquè libidine fortis. *Saty.* 4.

This Monster, this so slavish minded man,
Whom, from his vice, no vertue ransom can,
A weakly wretch, in nothing strong, but Lust.

386

Nemo malus fœlix.

No vicious person, truly happy is.

387

Sed nunc de factis Levioribus; & tamen Alter
Si feciſſet Idem, caderet sub Iudice morum;
Nam quod turpe Bonis, Titio, Sejoq; decebat
Crispinum.

——— *But this,*
And such like Peccadelio-sins of his
Are not worth speaking of: should any yet
Save hee, these triviall-veniall Sins commit
Vnder the Censors hand, they'r sure to dy.
What Good Men dare not, in meer honesty,
Crispinus dares, and's magnifi'd therby.

388

——— Quid Agas? cum dira & fædior omni
Crimine persona est.

How

How canst thou then contain, or once connive
At such a villain, so superlative,
Filthy and beastly, above all degree
Of viee? Sin-self not half so base as Hee.

389

Si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato
Quidquid conspicuum pulchrum, ex Æquore toto
Pes Fisci est, ubicunq; natat.

If Armillatus, or Palfurius word
Wee may believe, what ever rarity
In any part is found of all the Sea,
'Tis Checker-work; and (sooth) a Royalty
Peculiar to his sacred Majesty.

390

——— Iam Lethifero cedente pruinis
Autumno, Iam sperantibus Ægris.

Now in the end of Autumns frosty cold,
When Quartan Agues scare both young and old.

391

——— tunc Picens, Accipe (dixit)
Privatis majora focis; Genialis agatur
Iste dies; propera stomachum, laxare saginis,
Et tua servatum consume in sæcula Rhombum,
Ipse capi voluit; Quid apertius?

Then Picens to the Emperor saith thus:
Receive (great Cæsar) here this Fish from us,
Too rare, too great for any private Herth;
This day, let be, 'stead of thy day of Birth.
Release thy stomack from all courser meat,
To make new Rome more freely this to eat:
And feast thy self on this rare Fish of thine,
Which kept it self of purpose, till thy time,
And willingly, now offred to be tane:
Oh, palpable-grosi Flattery in grain.

392

——Nil est quod credere de se
Non possit, cùm laudatur dijs æqua Potestas.
Nothing so grosse, but with an open Eare
They of themselves beleeve, when they men heare
Their power extoll, with prayses peregall
(Vnto the gods) and by Gods Name them call.

393

Proceres, quos oderat Ille
In quorum facie miseræ, magnæq; sedebat
Pallor Amicitiæ.
He deadly hates his Nobles, in whose face,
Paleneſſe of Friendship (miserably great)
Sits, and distraction now takes up her seate.

394

——Quorum optimus atque
Interpres legum sanctissimus, &c. *Pegasus.*
A sincere upright honest Man, the best,
And Iustest-learned Lawyer of the rest.

394.

——Omnia quanquam
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Iustitia.
How ever in these direfull times, He saw
He must deale Iustice weakely, not by Law.

396

——Venit & Crispi Iucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores qualis Facundia, mite
Ingenium, Maria & terras, Populosq; regenti
Quis Comes utilior? si clade, & peste sub illa
Sævitiam damnare, & honestum adferre liceret
Consilium. *Crispus.*
Then Crispus follow'd (lovely for his Age)
A sweet condition'd peerleſs personage,

A gra-

A gracious ſpeech, an eloquent ſmooth Tongue,
Humble of mind, as in his Iudgement ſtrong;
Where is there ſuch a Sociat to be found,
Fit for the whole Worlds Monarke? if that ſound
And honeſt counſell more be entertain'd,
Or cruell tyrannie (which then ſo raign'd,
Vnder that plague, and Monſter) lawfull were
Proceed againſt, with puniſhment ſevere?

397

Sed quid violentius Aure Tyranni?
Cum quo de pluvijs, aut Æſtibus, aut nimboſo
Vere loquaturi, Fatum pendebat Amici.

But whats more tender then a Tyrants Eare?
VVhich can not brooke of Raine, or Heate to heare,
Or of a cloudy ſpring, from his beſt friend,
But tis enough to bring him to his end?

398

——Sed olim
Prodigio par eſt in Nobilitate ſenectus,
Vnde ſit ut malim fraterculus eſſe Gygantum.

VVhilome it was a miracle to ſee,
An aged Man mongſt the Nobility;
So that much rather would I chuſe to be
Some younger Brother of the Giantry.

398

Montani quoque venter adeſt Abdomine tardus,
Montanus

Then gan Montanus-dropſie Panch to goe
(VVith draffy durt, and greaſie Taſſow) ſlow.

400

Et matutino ſudans Criſpinus Amomo,
Quantum vix redolent duo Funera——

Criſpinus all with Eaſt-Amomus-Rhewm
Sweating enough, two Funerals to perfume.

401 Omen

401

——————Ingens
Omen habes inquit magni, clariq; Tryumphi
Regem aliquem capies; aut de Temone Brytanno
Excidet Arviragus, peregrina est Bellua, cernis
Erectas in terga sudes? Hoc defuit unum
Fabricio Patriam ut Rhombi memoraret & Annes.
Fabritius his prophecie.

Fair thee befall this lucky chance of thine,
The happy Omen of some mighty Good,
Or conquest of some Prince of Royall Blood,
Or great Arviragus before thee shall,
From his swift Brittish Chariot deadly fall:
See Sir, the Beast, out-landish is, and strange,
Marke well the speares, that on his backe do range;
Yet one thing wants Fabritius us to tell,
How old, and where this Turbut first did dwell.

402

——Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate mea, Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo,
Ostrea collebat primo deprendere morsu
Et semel adspecti littus dicebat Echini.
——— *No man in any time*
More cunning was, in this same Eating-craft,
Whether from Circe, comes your Oysters draught,
Or from Lucrinus Rocks, or Rutupine;
He at first taste, his tallage is so fine,
Distinguish can; and tell you at first view,
Vpon what Coast, your Crabs, and Lobsters grew.

403

Sic te propositi nondum pudet? atq; eadem mens,
Vt bona summa putes alienæ vivere Quadra? *Sat. 5.*

And

And do'ſt (for ſhame) yet in thy purpoſe ſtick,
From others Trenchers ſtill thy life to lick?

404

Sic potes iſta pati, quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas
Cæſaris ad menſas, nec vilis Galba tuliſſet?
Quamvis Iurato metuam tibi credere teſti
Ventre nihil novi frugalius.

And canſt thou brook theſe jeeres, and bitter taunts,
Which none of theſe two ſcurrill Sycophants,
Sarmentus, nor vile Galba, would induce
At Cæſars board? I cannot think it, ſure
(Albe, thou vow, and ſwear it never ſo)
Nought frugall, like the Belly, that I know.

405

——— Hoc tamen ipſum
Defeciſſe puta, quod inani ſufficit Alvo
Nulla crepido vacat? nuſquam Pons? & tegetis pars
Dimidia brevior? tantine Injuria Cœnæ?
Tam Iejuna fames? Quin poſſis honeſtius Illic
Et tremere, & ſordes farris mordere Canini?

But put the caſe, that thou haſt not enough,
Even frugally, thy empty Panch to ſtuff;
Is there no rocky hole upon the ſhore,
No Bridg, no Hovell, half broke down, and more?
Canſt ſwallow meat with ſo much injury?
And canſt theu rate a hungry meale ſo high?
Yet, with more credit, Beg, thou quaking mayſt,
Courſe Barly-cruſts, which to the Dogs are caſt.

406

Primo fige loco, quod tu dilcumbere Iuſſus
Mercedem ſolidam veterum capis officiorum,
Fructus Amicitiæ magnæ Cibus; Imputat hunc Rex
Et quamvis rarum, tamen imputat.

Now first mark this; If once Hee thee invite,
Receive this, as an absolute Requite.
Of all thine ancient service, and long suit;
Meat, is of all's great kindness, th'only fruit:
This thy proud Patron bits still in thy teeth,
And, though it is but seldom, twits thee with.

406

Quale coronati Thrasea Helvidiusq; bibebant
Brutorum & Cassi Natalibus.

Such wine as noble Thraseus drank whilere,
And good Helvidius; when as every year
With Garlands crown'd, to Brute, and Cassius soul
On their Birth-dayes, they lusty Health's did trowl

407

Flos Asiæ ante Ipsum pretio majore paratus
Quam fuit aut Tulli Census, pugnacis & Anci
Et ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia Regum
Frivola.

But for his page, thy Patron hath a Boy,
The very Prime-rose of all Asia;
For whose brave Purchase, hee hath layd more forth
Than Tullus, or brave Ancus both were worth:
Yea, in a word, all the seven Kings of Rome,
Their whole Exchequer would not reach the sum.

408

—— Nescit tot millibus emptus
Pauperibus miscere Puer, sed forma, sed Ætas
Digna supercilio.

A Boy that cost so dear, will much disdaign
To come at calling of so mean a Swain:
It well becomes Him; yea, it is allow'd
Vnto his Youth, and Beauty to be proud.

409

409

Maxima quæq; domus servis est plena superbis
Ecce Alius quanto porrexit Murmure panem
Vix fractum, solidæ jam mucida frusta Farinæ
Quæ Gingivam agitant, non admittentia morsum.
Full of proud Servants, all great Houses be;
Mark some of these spruce Knaves, how doggedly
They to thee toss their crusts of broken bread,
So hard with mould, and being sinowed
That it quite tires thy lawes, and will admit
Of no Impression, in the chewing it.

410

Ipse venufrano Piscem persundit; at Hic, qui
Pallidus effertur, misero tibi Caulis olebit
Lucernam; Illud enim vestris datur Alveolis, quod
Canna Mesipsarum prora subvexit acuta
Propter quod, Romæ cum Boccare nemo lavatur
Quod tutos etiam facit a Serpentibus Afris.
Your Patrons Fish swims in Campanian oyle;
But in Lamp oyle, thy wither'd worts do boyle:
For to thy Dish, that only they do fling,
Which in Mesipsa's Barks they hither bring;
Whose loathsom savour's such, that none in Rome,
Will in the Bath, with a Numidian come:
Yea, such a sent it yields, that it doth serve,
From Serpents Bane in Africk to preserve.

411

——— Namque & titulis, & Fascibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria; solum
Poscimus ut cænes civiliter; Hoc face, & esto
Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper Amicis.
For in their dayes, more glory did proceed
By far, from Bounty, and frank-handedness,
Then from great Titles, and rich Offices:

This only thing I beg, That thou wilt daign,
Thy Clients civilly to entertain:
Do this, and be (as now, most Men of wealth)
Poor to thy Friends, and Rich unto thy self.

412

Duceris planta, velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus
Et ponere Focis, si quid tentaveris unquam
Hiscere tanquam habens tria Nomina —

Like Cacus, slain by Hercules, so hee
Will drag thee by the heels, and baffle thee,
And kick thee (like a base Rogue) from his board,
If (as thou hadst three names) thou speak one word.

413

——— Quando propinat
Virro tibi? sumitq; tuis contacta Labellis
Pocula? quis vestrum temerarius usq; adeo? quis
Perditus, ut dicat Regi Bibe? plurima sunt quæ
Non audent homines pertusa dicere Lena.

When drinks Virro to thee? when doth hee sip
The Cup, if once but touch'd with thy base Lip?
Which of you all's so rude, and Impudent,
A Health, once to your Patron to present?
Or say I drink to you, Sir? many things are,
Which Men in simple Habit must not dare.

414

Quadraginta tibi si quis deus, (aut similis dijs)
Et melior Fatis, donaret, Homuncio quantus
Ex nihilo fieres? quantus Virronis Amicus?
Da Trebio; pone ad Trebium; ni frater ab istis
Il.bus? O nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem
Vos estis fratres.

If God, (or some good Man in stead of God,
Better than Fortune) to thy state should add

Ten

Ten thouſand Crowns, from nothing; oh, how ſoon
Of a poor Snake, how great wouldſt thou become?
How deare would Virro love thee then, like Pye,
And court thee with a deale of Flattery?
Give Trebius this; That, up to Trebius ſet:
Is ought, dear Brother, here, that you can eat?
Oh Gold, th'art th'Idoll which hee honors thus;
Thou art his Brother, and not Trebius.

415

——— Dominus tamen, & Domini Rex
Si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus Aula
Luſerit Æneas, nec Filia dulcior Illo;
Iucundum, & carum ſterilis facit uxor Amicum.

But if thou wouldſt indeed be thought a Lord,
And be thy Patrons King at every word,
Hee in thy Hall muſt no Æneas ſee,
Ne Daughter, deerer unto thee than hee:
A Barren wife, welcome, and Friendſhip wins.

416

Virro ſibi & reliquis Virronibus Illa jubebit
Poma dari, quorum ſolo paſcaris odore;
Qualia perpetuus Pheacum Autumnus habebat
Credere quæ poſſis ſurrepta ſororibus Aſtis.

Virro, thoſe dainty Apples doth afford
T'himſelf, and's fellow Virro's at his Board,
Which whilſt they munch up, thou muſt be content
Only to feed upon their fragrant ſent:
Such, no where found, ſavd'mongſt the Pheacans,
Wheras perpetuall Autumn ever raigns:
And ſuch, as for their Beauty, one would ſwear,
From thoſe Heſperian Siſters rifled were.

417

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam
In terris, visamque diu.
I deem that Chastity, while Saturn raign'd
Long visible on Earth, 'mongst Men remain'd.

418

Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo Cœloq; recenti
Vivebant homines; qui rupto Robore nati
Compositiq; Luto nullos habuere parentes,
Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan
Aut aliqua extiterant & sub Iove; sed Iove nondum
Barbato, nondum Græcis Iurare paratis
Per Caput alterius; cum Furem nemo timeret
Caulibus, & Pomis, & aperto viveret Horto;
Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hac Comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
For in the Nonage, and the world's new Birth,
When Men from riven Okes, and from the Earth
Without all Parents means, did first proceed;
Many, at least, some slender tracks, indeed
Some shew of Modesty appear'd in Men,
Even under Iove, though sickerly, 'twas then
When Iove was young, before his Beard was grown;
E're 'mongst the Greeks, the Custom yet was known,
To swear by'nothers Head; when no man fears,
The Thief, for's pot-herbs, Apples, or his Pares;
In's open Orchard, hanging on his Trees:
But just Astræa to heaven, by degrees,
And, with her Chastity her self withdrew:
So both these Sisters, hence together flew.

419

Antiquum & vetus est, alienum, (Posthume) lectum
Concutere; & sacrum Genij contemnere Fulcrum.
The Custom's ancient (posthume) and old

Men

Men, with their Neighbors sheets to bee too bold,
Slighting, without all reverence, or dread,
The Genius of the sacred Mariage-bed.

420

Viderunt primos Argentea sæcula Mæchos,
Omne aliud Crimen, mox Ferrea protulit Ætas.
The Iron Age brought forth each other Sin,
And Whoring did in th'Silver Age begin.

421

Certe sanus eras, uxorem Posthume, ducis?
Dic qua Tysiphone, quibus exagitate Colubris
Ferre potes dominam, salvis tot restibus ullam?
Well in thy wits, and sober once thou wast,
And must thou needs now marry in all hast?
Say, what Tysiphone? what Furry's snakes
So frantick, and so Bethlem mad, thee makes?
Amongst so many halters, silly soul,
Canst thou submit t'a Mistris base controwle.

422

Quid fieri non posse putas, si Iungitur ulla
Vrsidio; si Mæchorum notissimus olim
Stulta maritali jam porrigat ora Capistro
Quid? quod & antiquis uxor de Moribus, Illi
Queritur: O Medici, mediam pertundite venam
Delicias hominis, Tarpeyum Limen adora
Pronus, & auratum Iunoni cœde Bidentem,
Si tibi contigerit capitis Matrona pudici.
What may seem impossible in this Life,
If any woman will become his wife?
If hee, that all his life long, hath been known
The most notorious palliard in the Town,
In wedlock now shall halter his Fools head?
Yea, and the slave effects such wife to find,
A rare choise piece, well tew'd in every kind,

With th'ancient Manners of the wives of old,
Phisicians, on Visidius lay fast hold,
Strike him in th'middle-vain; Oh delicate,
Delicious, dainty, fine-mouth'd Man prostrate
Adore Tarpeyus Temple; and likewise
A guilt-horn'd Heyfer, see thou sacrifice
To Iune-self, if thou be blest, to wed
A modest Matron with her Maydenhead.

426

Paucæ adeo Cereris vittas contingere dignæ
Quarum non timeat Pater oscula; necte Coronam
Postibus, & densos per limnia tende corymbos;
Vnus Iberinæ vir sufficit; ocyus illud
Extorquebis ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.

So few the well deserving Women are,
Who merit Ceres, sacred Fillets wear,
Whose kiß, the Father, fearless, may receive;
Crown the Posts round, with Garlands do thē weav;
The porch with thick Bay-berry clusters strow.
Thy Sweet-heart Iberina will I know,
With one Man be content; as easily
Perswade her be contented with one Eye.

427

Magna tamen suma est Cujusdam Rure Paterno,
Viventis viv at Gabijs ut vixit in Agro
Vivat Fidenis, & Agello cedò Paterno;
Quis tamen adfirmet nihil actum in Montibus? aut in
Speluncis? adeon senuerunt Iupiter, & Mars?

But in her Father's country Farm, doth won
A Lass, they say, chast as the Morning Sun;
Ah, let her live at Gabij, or Fiden,
'Long as shee liv'd at home, and tell mee then:
And yet, who dare affirm that in that Hill,
Those Mountains, and close Caves, was don none Ill?

Were

Were Iupiter and Mars now grown ſo old?

428

Accipis uxorem, de qua Cytharedus Echyon
Aut Glaphyras fiat Pater? Ambroſiuſq; chorantes,
Longa per anguſtos figantur Pulpita vicos
Ornentur Poſtes, & grandi Ianua Lauro
Vt teſtudine tibi Lentule, Canopæo
Nobilis Euryalum Mermillonem exprimat Infans.

Thou wedd'ſt a Wife, whoſe ſire ſome Harpican
Echyon is, perhaps; or Glaphyrus,
Or the quaint Fidler, ſpruce Ambroſius.
Let's in the narrow ſtreets long Scaffolds build,
Crown wee our poſts; and let our Gates be fill'd
With large broad Branches, and wide ſpredding-ſprays
Of luſty Laurel, and Triumphant Bayes,
To ſee, at laſt, the noble Infant ly
Vnder his Cradle's wreathed Canopy;
Liker the Fencer, rude Euryalus,
Than thee, his Mother's Husband, Lentulus.

429

Immemor Illa domus, & Conjugis atq; ſororis
Nil Patriæ indulſit; plorantes Improba Gnatos
Vtq; magis ſtupeas, Ludos, Paridemq; reliquit;
Contempſit Pelagus; Famam contempſerat olim
Cujus apud molles minima eſt Iactura Cathedras.

Regardleſs of her Houſe and Family,
Siſters, and Husband, moſt unnaturally,
Her crying Infant's this fallacious Iade
Forſook, and from her deereſt Country ſtraid;
Yea, and the thing moſt to be wondred at,
Shee left the Playes, and Paris-ſelf forgat.
Ne wonder is, the Sea ſhee ſo deſpiz'd,
For, ſhee before, her credit meanly priz'd,

Which these voluptuous high-fed Minions care
Not much to lose, ne lost, care to repair.

430

——————Iusta pericla
Si ratio est & honesta, timent pavidoque gelantur
Pectore nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis,
Fortem Animum præstant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
If on just cause, such danger be to pass,
Their hearts congeale with Feare, and Icy cold,
Their trembling Ancle's scarcely them uphold
In any Lewdness, stout, and daring, they
Been as a Lyoness is at her prey.

431

Si Iubeat Conjux, durum est conscendere Navem
Tunc sentina gravis, tunc summus vertitur Aër,
Quæ Mæchum sequitur, stomacho valet; illa maritum
Convomit, Hæc inter Nautas praudet, & errat
Per Puppem, & duros gaudet tractare Rudentes.
To Sea, if Husbands do their wives request,
With twenty excuses, they with them contest:
Tis hard for them, bred up so tenderly,
Within a Ship, to sayl upon the Sea,
The troubled Ayr will make their Brains turn round,
And th' Pumps foul stench, their Stomacks all con-
But, who to Sea, doth with her Palliard pass, (found.
Shee hath an able Stomack, strong as Brass:
Shee loathes her Husband, but doth nere repine,
Amongst the Mariners, each meale to dine:
And on the Hatches, joyes to walk, and stand
And grasp the boystrous Cables in her hand.

332

Qua tamen exursit Forma? qua capta Inventa est Hippia? quid vidit propter quod Ludia dici Sustinuit.

Nom

Now, what fine ſhape, what Youth? what Beauty (rare
Inflamed Hippia, and did her enſnare?
What ſaw ſhee in him worthy, for which ſhee
Could be content, a Fencer's Trull to be?

433

Præterea multa in Faciem deformia, ſicut
Attritus Galeæ, mediſque in Naribus ingens
Gibbus, & acre malum ſemper ſtillantis ocelli.

His Face that is full of deformities,
A gibbous Fleſh, doth in his Noſe ariſe:
His Forehead with his Helmet, all is ſcar'd,
And a ſalt Rheum, his dropping Eyes hath mar'd.

434

Sed Gladiator erat; facit hoc Illos Hyacinthos
Hoc pueris, Patriæque, hoc prætulit Illa ſorori,
Atque viro.

But hee a Fencer is: This doth him make
A ſecond Hyacinth; For this cauſe ſake,
Children, and Siſters ſhee forewent, for this,
Husband and Country ſhee abides to miſs.

435

Optima ſed quare Cæſennia teſte Marito?
Bis quingenta dedit, tanti vocat Ille pudicam.
Cur deſiderio Bibulæ ſertorius ardet?
Si verum excutias, Facies non uxor amatur.

But why then doth Cæſennia's Husband ſay
Shee is ſo good, ſo vertuous every way
Shee brought a portion of ten thouſand pound,
This, why hee cals her good is th'only ground.
But why then doth Sertorius deſire
His Bibula, and her ſo much admire?
Will'yee the Truth? The Face, and not the Wife,
Hee loves her Beauty, not her Honeſt life.

436

Tres Rugæ subeant, & secutis arida laxet
Fiant obscuri dentes, oculiq; minores
Collige sarcinulas, dicet Libertus, & exi
Iam gravis es nobis, & sæpe emungeris exi
Ocyus, & propera; sicco venit altera Naso.

But, have shee once three wrinkles, and her skin
Caper, and dwindle; and her teeth begin
Be black, and scaly, and her hollow eyes
Contracted inward to a lesser size:
Her freed man strait bespeaks her, Mistris mine,
Truss up your Trinkets, and your room resign,
No more ado; pack, hence, away, be gone;
You now to every one are loathsome grown,
With often blowing of your glander'd nose,
Another comes, that hath a dryer Nose.

437

——— Hunc dedit olim
Barbarus incestæ; Dedit hunc Agrippa sorori
Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata Reges
Et vetus indulget senibus clementia Porcis.

Herod-Agrippa, that Barbarian King,
To his Incestuous Sister, gave this Ring
In Palestina, where, with bare naked Feet,
The Kings, their sacred Sabbaths wont to keep;
And where the Hogs, by an'ancient Custom, hold
The privilege, To live till they are old.

438

Quis ferat uxorem cui constant omnia? malo
Malo venusinam, quam te Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum; si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote tryumphos.

Who, with a Bride can live thus qualifi'd?
Rather would I, a thousand times be wed

To

To a poor Venusian Lasse, then unto thee
Cornelia (mother of the Gracchi) be
If with thy glorious vertues, rich Array,
Insolent Behaviour thou bewray,
And supercilious pride dost with thee bring,
And with thy portion, thy great Triumphs sing.

439

Quæ tanti gravitas, quæ Forma? ut se tibi semper
Imputet? Hujus enim fari, summiq; voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties Animo corrupta superbo
Plus Aloes quam mellis habet.

What comfort is't? or to a man what good,
All beeing ne're so beautifull and chast,
That he should suffer himselfe to be debast
With often Imputation? and herewith
Be hit still every hower in the teeth;
Sith, of this rare, and blessed happinesse,
No pleasure is at all (as I can guess)
When as corrupt, and tainted with a mind,
Full of self-surquedry, and pride, wee find
More Gaull, than Honey.

440

Quædam parca quidem, sed non toleranda Mariti,
Quam quid raucidius, quam quòd se non putat ulla
Formosam, nisi quæ de Thusca Græcula facta est,
De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis, omnia Græce
Cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine.

Some chast (I grant) and frugall in their lives,
Yet been they most intolerable Wives;
Sith what more raucid is, more hard to beare,
Then when a Lady thinkes her selfe not faire,
But of a Thuscan born, and Sulmonist,
She turn's a Grecian, and meer Cecropist,
All's done in Greeke;

When

When for our Women, farre more shame (I wiss)
Our Latine not to understand, it is

441

Hoc sermone pavent, hoc Iram, gaudia curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt Animi secreta; Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Græce.

In this affected language, they doe vent
The inmost secrets of their hearts intent; (squeek,
They feare, they laugh, they weep, they mourn, they
Well, and what else? They play the Whores in Greek.

442

——Dones tamen Ista Puellis,
Tunc etiam quam sextus & octagesimus Annus,
Pulsat adhuc Græce? non est hic sermo pudicus
In vetula.

Yield we this Folly unto youth: But thou
Old riveldtrot, upon whose wrinckled Brow,
Eighty sixe yeares, as on an Anvill streek,
Still to affect this mincing lisping Greek?
This Language doth not old folkes mouthes beseem.

443

——Dicas hæc mollius Hæmo, (annos.
Quanquam & Carpophoro, facies tua computat
Though thou pronounce, more soft, more delicate,
Affected more, and more effeminate
Then Hæmus selfe, or feate Carpophorus,
Thy face computes, and summs thy yeares to us.

444

Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Est Animus, submitte caput, cervice parcat
Ferre Iugum; Nullam Invenies quæ parcat Amanti
Ardeat Ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet Amici
Et spolijs; igitur longe minus utilis Illi
Vxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusq; Maritus.

But if thou canst affect the wedded life,
And canst bequeath thy mind to one sole wife,
Submit thy Head then, and thy neck prepare
To beare the yoke; None shalt thou find will spare
Her Lover, though she doe Him dearly love,
She joyes to vexe, and anger (Him to prove)
To a good natur'd man, therefore (God wot)
No gaine is by a wife, or profit got.

445

Nil unquam invita donabis conjuge, vendes
Hac obstante nihil, nihil hæc si nolit emetur;
Hæc dabit Affectus; Ille excludetur Amicus
Iam senior, cujus Barbam tua Ianua vidit.

Nought must be given by him, bought, sold, or lent,
But with her privity, and first consent;
All her Affections she must oversway;
His ancient Friend, that in his bosome lay,
Whose Beards first Mosse, his houshold Gates did see,
Now waxen elder, must excluded be.

446

——————Audi
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa.

Heare first the party, and the cause well weigh,
Sith no cunctation, or discreet delay,
Can ere be thought too long, which we ought make
When once a Mans dear life lies at the stake.

447

O demens, ita servus, homo est? fecerit, esto;
Sic volo, sic Iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.

O Foole, as though a Servant were a man?
But be he so, and faultlesse too, what then?
This is my pleasure, and I thus command,
It shall be so; my will for pleasure stand.

Despe-

448

Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru,
Illa docet spolijs nudi gaudere Mariti,
Illa docet missis a corruptore Tabellis
Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere, decipit illa
Custodes, aut Ære domat.

Hope for no peace, while thy Wives Mother lives,
Rules, how to spoyl thee, she her Daughter gives,
And learned answers prompts Her to endite
Vnto her Sweet-hearts letters, which they write,
She can her Keepers cousen, or with Gold
Dandle them daintily their peace to hold.

449

Scilicet expectes ut tradat mater honestos
Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet? utile porro
Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

For can yee look that any Mother should
Breed up her Daughters otherwise, or mould
Her mind or manners, other then her own,
Which she hath by her education?
Besides, tis for a whorish Mothers wealth,
To have a Daughter whorish, like her selfe.

450

Nulla fere causa est, in qua non Fœmina litem
moverit.
Componunt Ipsæ per se formantq; libellos
Principium, atq; Locos Celso dictare paratæ.

Scarce is a suit in Law, but women are
The Tinder, and first Trumpets to the warr,
No Lawyers drawes their Bookes, nor them peruse,
So formally their Bills they can compose,
That Celsus selfe-judgement they dare oppose,
And dictate to him, how he should, and whence
Begin his speech, and raise his Arguments.

451 Quem

451

Quem præſtare poteſt mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit a ſexu? vires amat; Hæc tamen ipſa
Vir nollet fieri, nam quantula noſtra voluptas.
Theſe armed women, oh, what modeſty
Can they performe, who from their ſexe doe fly?
They'r all for ſtrength, yet nould they though they (might,
Be turn'd to men.

452

Hæ ſunt, quæ tenui ſudant in cyclade, quarum
Delicias, & panniculus Bombicinus urit.
Theſe are the Nicelings, who ſo ſcald with heate,
That in a linnen Waſt-coat they doe ſweat,
Whoſe delicate fine dainty limbs, even fry
In a looſe Mantle of ſilke Bombacie.

453

Semper habet lites, alternaq; Iurgia lectus,
In qua Nupta jacet, minimum dormitur in illa.
That Bed hath ever civill wars and ſtrife,
Small reſt, and ſleep, wherein there lies a wife.

454

——Nihil eſt audacius Illis,
Deprenſis Iram atq; Animos a crimine ſumunt.
Nothing more bold, and full of Impudence,
Then is a Whore, ſurpriz'd in her offence;
She ſtoutneſs, and couragious wrath together,
Doth from her villainies and lewdneſſe gather.

455

Præſtabat caſtas humilis Fortuna latinas
Quondam; nec vitijs contingi parva ſinebat
Tecta labor, ſomniq; breves, & vellere Thuſco
Vexatæ, duræq; manus.
Whilome, the Latines humble Fortune made,
Their women chaſt, no vice durſt then invade

Their

Their simple Cottages, where nought did keep,
Save daily labour, paines and little sleep,
And where their hands were brawny, hard within,
With Tuscan Woolt, which they did card and spin.

456

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala, sævior Armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumq; ulciscitur orbem,
Nullum crimen abest, facinusq; libidinis ex quò
Paupertas Romana perit.

Sick now with surfeit of long peace, we pine,
Now (worse then warrs) doth cruell luxury
Breake in upon us, and doth quittance cry,
And venge the conquer'd World; no vice, no sinne,
Ne, no notorious lust hath wanting been,
Since old Romes ancient poverties decay,

457

Prima peregrinos obscæna pecunia mores
Intulit, & turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu,
Divitiæ molles.

This cursed money forrain fashions first
Brought in, and wanton riches have quite burst
All the whole World, and made it soft and nice,
With excess Ryot, and a flux of vice.

458

Pone seram, cohibe, sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes?

Lock the doors fast, and curbe their Liberty,
Set Keepers over them; but who the while
These Keepers selves shall keepe?

459

Iam eadem summis pariter minimisq; libido est,
Nec melior pedibus silicem quæ conterit atrum
Quam quæ longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.

For

For now both rich and poor, like luſtfull been,
As well, who bare-foot, tread the Black-flint ſtone,
As who long Syrians necks, be born upon.

460

Multis res anguſta domi eſt, ſed nemo pudorem
Paupertatis habet; nec ſe metitur ad Illum
Quem dedit hæc, poſuitq; modum.

Many at home their ſtate is very poor,
But modeſty and ſhame, which ever-more
Companions wont to been of Poverty;
None have, ne care to have, ne them apply
Vnto that Meane, to keep within thoſe bounds,
And diſcreet meaſure, which ſhe them propounds.

461

——————Vtile quid ſit
Proſpiciant aliquando viri, friguſq; famemq;
Formica tandem quidam expavere magiſtra.

But ſometimes yet, ſome Man in time foreſee,
What for them may moſt profitable be;
And by the Aunts example, before hand,
Have cold and hunger feared in the Land.

462

Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem fæmina cenſum
At velat exhauſta, redivivas pallalet Arca,
Nummus & è magno ſemper tollatur acerbo,
Non unquam reputant quanti ſua gaudia conſtant.

The Prodigall Wife feels not her Husbands loſs;
As if new heapes of Gold he could ingroſs,
And as an unexhauſted ſpring did flow,
And ſtill within his Cheſt revive and grow;
She never cares (no more then doth the poſte)
So ſhe them have, how dear her pleaſures coſt.

463

Dic mihi nunc quæso, dic Antiquissime divûm,
Respondes his (Iane Pater) magna otia cœlo,
Non est ut video, non est quod agatur apud vos.
Say (O thou ancient God of gods) O say,
Do'st (Father Ianus) answer, when they pray?
Certes great leisure in Heaven is, and yee
Have little, or no employment there, I see.

364

——Faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio sexus, minimumq; libidine peccant.
For much more villany lewd women do'e,
Through strong coaction, and fierce tyrannie
Of their Imperious sexe, through jealousie,
Envie, Anger, Malice, then through th'sin
Of Lechery (which if compar'd) herein
Is but a Peccadelio Fault, so small,
That it may seem no fault of her's at all.

465

Tum gravis illa viro, tunc orba Tygride pejor.
She scoulds and railes, and more outragious is,
Then a rob'd Tyger, that her whelps doth miss.

466

Aut odit pueros, aut ficta Pellice plorat,
Vberibus semper lachrymis semperq; paratis
In statione sua, atq; expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo, tu credis amorem.
Or she his Children hates, or doth surmise
VVith teares abundance, ready in her eyes,
Expecting her command, both when and how,
From their full Stations to showre downe and flow,
That thou a VVhore kept'st underneath her nose:
And all this from pure love thou dost suppose.

467 Vici-

467

Vicinos humiles rapere & concidere loris
Exorata ſolet; nam ſi latratibus alti
Rumpuntur ſomni, Fuſtes huc ocyus inquit
Adferte, atq; illis dominum jubet ante feriri
Deinde canem; gravis occurſu, teterrima vultu.

Paſt all entreaty, on each ſmall diſtike,
Her meane poor Neighbours ſhe wont beat & ſtrike;
For in her ſleep, if chance a Dogg to baule,
Eſtſoone for whips and cudgels ſhe doth call;
And firſt the Maſter, then the Dogg doth beate;
Anger and wrath, have in her face their ſeat,
And in her eyes, Revenge her dwelling hath.

468

——Sic tanquam alta in dolia longus
Deciderit ſerpens, bibit, & vomit, ergo Maritus
Nauſeat, atq; oculis Bilem ſubſtringit opertis.

Thus, juſt like Vipers, fall into VVine Buts,
Deep guſling downe the licker to their Guts,
VVhich they, eft from their Bowels ſoon conſtrain
Shee drinkes, and ſpewes, and ſpewes, and drinks again,
VVhereat her Husbands Nauſeon doth ariſe,
And hides his anger in his cloſed eyes.

469

Illa tamen gravior, quæ cum diſcumbere cæpit
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoſcit Elizæ,
Committit vates, & comparat inde Maronem,
Atq; alia parte in trutinæ ſuſpendit Homerum.

But ſhe is yet incomparably worſe,
VVho in her Bed, begins a learn'd diſcourſe,
Doth Virgil praiſe, and fairely pardoneth
Poor Dido, for her voluntary death,
Poizeth the Poets, (Homer in one ſcale)
In th'other Maro *Him to countervaile.*

470 Cedunt

470

Cedunt Grammatici, vincuntur Rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet, nec Causidicus, nec Præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier———

Grammarians yeild, all Rhetoricians fly,
Each mouth is stopt, all Lawyers tongues doe lye,
No Cryer, no, nor other woman's heard.

471

———Verborum tanta cadit vis,
Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari; Iam nemo tubas, atq; Æra fatiget,
Vna laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ,
Imponit finem sapiens & rebus honestis.

So infinite a storme of words is rear'd,
As if so many Bels and Basons ring,
Needs now no Pipes nor Brass pans tinckling:
For she alone can well releeve the Moon.
And from her passion (with her noyse undone;
Shee Philosophically propounds an end,
And Summum-Bonum, whereto all should tend.

472

Non habeat matrona tibi, quæ juncta recumbit
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat Enthymema, nec Historias sciat omnes;
Sed quædam ex libris, & non intelligat.

Be not thy Bride, that lies with thee in Bed,
In fluent Rhetorick, nor in Logick read;
Ne round her Argument, wheel her Theme,
In compass of a curtayl'd Enthymeme;
But somewhat let her reade, in Bookes by roat,
The sense whereof she understandeth not;
Nor let her know all manner Histories.

473 Hanc

473 ——Odi
Hanc ego quæ repetit, volvitq; Palæmonis Artem,
Servata ſemper lege, & ratione loquendi,
Ignotoſq; mihi tenet Antiquaria verſus,
Nec curanda viris, opicæ caſtigat Amicæ
Verba, Soloeciſmum liceat feciſſe Marito.

My blood at her, even with diſdain doth riſe,
Who reades, and ſtudies, and doth con by heart,
And ſpeake by Method of Palæmons art;
Who heapes of abſolute old antick verſes,
Which I ne're heard of, unto me rehearſes;
And home-ſpun words (which wiſe men nere intend)
Doth taxe, and critick of her opick Friend,
Though ſhort (I hope) her Husband ſhee'l not take,
If chance him many Soloeciſme's make.

474
Nil non permittit mulier ſibi, turpe putat nil
Cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit,
Auribus extentis magnos commiſit Elenchos.

The Wife, that once her long Swans neck beſets,
With Emralds, and rich coſtly Carkanets,
And hangs her long extended perſed eares
With ovall perles, and precious Cylinders,
Lets looſe the Reins to her unbevel'd will,
And thinkes that nothing can miſſeem her ill

475
Intoler abilius nihil eſt quam fæmina dives,
Interea fœda aſpectu, terrerrima vultu,
Pane tamet facies, aut pinguia Poppæana
Spirat, & hinc miſeri viſcantur labra mariti
Ad mœchum veniet lota cute.

Nothing ſo harſh, as a rich Wife to brook.
Her face at home moſt naſtely doth look;

Bebawd'd

Bedawb'd all ore with Milke, and Breaden crums,
And Poppæan salve, that when her Husband comes,
His lips in kissing (as with Lime) stick fast;
But to her Sweet-heart, she comes glaz'd & washt.

476

——————Mæchis Foliata perantur,
His emitur quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.

For these her Pallards comming, are prepar'd
The fragrant leaves of savory senting Nard,
For them is bought, what ever precious thing,
Yee slender timberd-Indians hither bring.

477

Sed quæ mutatis inducitur atq; fovetur
Tot medicaminibus, coctæq; siliginis offas
Accipit, & madidæ, facies dicatur, an ulcus?

But she that is thus overlaid, and spread
VVith Oyntments, Salves, and Papp of boyled Bread,
May we her face, a face, or Vlcer say.

478

Præfectura domus Sicula non mitior Aula.
O cursed House, thus govern'd in this sort,
More tyrannous then the Sicilian Court.

479

Componit crinem laceratis ipsa capellis
Nuda humeros Psecas infælix nudisq; mamillis
Altior hic quare cincinnus? Taurea punit
Continuo flexi crimen, facinusq; capilli,
Quid Psecas admisit? quænam est hic culpa puellæ,
Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus:

VVith her bare Brests, and naked shoulders taw'd
VVith whipping, and her towzed-rusled haires
Torne, and disorderly about her eares,
Poor Psecas stands her Mistris head to dress,

Much

Much finer then at erſt; the Lyoneſs
Her Miſtris, thus her queſtio'ns by the hair,
Why doth this Lock above the fellowes ſtare?
Eft ſoons, for this unpardonable ſinne,
A long Bulls-pizzle laps about her skin;
I'ſt the poor Wenches fault, if thy long Noſe
Diſpleaſe thee, as thy Glaſſe it to thee ſhowes.

480

——— Tanquam famæ diſcrimen agatur.
Aut animæ; tanti eſt quærendi cura decoris.
So endleſs is the care for Beauties ſake,
As if their life, or honour lay at ſtake.

481

——— Andromachen a fronte videbis
Poſt minor eſt, aliam credas; cedo ſi breve parvi
Sortita eſt lateris ſpacium, breviorq; videtur
Virgine Pygmæa, nullis ſubnixa cothurnis
Et levis erecta, conſurgit in oſcula planta.
Forward, you'd thinke you ſaw Andromache,
Behind, ſome other lower Wife you ſee;
And reaſon good ſhe here be born withall,
If ſhe of ſtature be ſo very ſmall:
And ſhorter then a Dwarfiſh Pigmy ſhe
Without the helpe of her Choppenies be,
And on her tip-to'es ſhe be fain to skip,
To take her Riſe, to kiſſe her Lovers lip.

482

Nulla viri cura interea, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum; vivit tanquam vicina Marito,
Hoc ſolo propior, quòd Amicos conjugis odit
Et ſervos; gravis eſt rationibus.
Meane while ſhe of her Husband hath no care,
And not a word how great his charges are;
To him, in all the carriage of her life,

She is more like a Neighbour then a Wife;
Onely herein a Wife she personates,
That she her Husbands friends and servants hates;
In her expences she no meane will use,
But is immesurably, most profuse.

483

Grande sonat, metuiq; jubet Septembris & Austri
Adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis,
Et Xerampetinas veteres donaverit Ipsi,
Vt quicquid subiti, & magni discriminis instat
In tunicas sat, & totum simul expiet Annum.

The knavery of the Popish Priests deciphered in these Heathen Priests.

Lowd he proclaimes, and threatens them to feare
The Southern winds, which he estsoons can reare;
And Saint Septembers comming instantly,
To light upon them, if they doe not buy
Out all their sinnes, and Expiation make
With a hundreth Eggs; and unto him betake
Their changeable silk Coats; for then, no chance
Shall them surprise, nor suddain mischevance;
But all misfortunes, and what hurt so ere,
Shall pass into those Coats, for one whole year.

484

Hibernum fracta glacie descendet in Amnem,
Ter matutino Tyberi mergetur & ipsis
Vorticibus tumidum caput abluet; Inde superbi
Totum Regis Agrum nuda & tremebunda cruentis
Brepet genibus, si candida Iusserit Io.

Barefoot, these women on sharp broken Ice,
Will bouldly walke; By breake of day, they thrice
Their fearfull heads, ore head and eares will thrust
In midst of Tyber (if he say they must)
Thence nak'd, and quaking, they'l nere stick to creep;

On

On their bare bloody Knees, all o're Mars-street,
If Isis say the word.

485

Ille petit veniam, quoties non abstinet uxor
Concubitu, sacris observandisq; diebus;
Magnaq; debetur violata pœna cadurco.
If any Wife those sacred dayes profanes,
That are exempt, and which the Law restrains,
With lust, and carnall copulation,
He prayes for pardon, of the violation
Of her chast wedlock Bed; and th' penalty
Which grievously she hath incur'd thereby.

486

Qualiacunquè voles Iudæi somnia vendunt.
The Iewes will sell you for a little hire,
Lies of all sorts, what ere you can desire.

487

——Faciet quod deferat Ipse.
These Southsayers much villany will use,
Which yet in others they will first accuse.

488

——Quicquid
Dixerit Astronomus credent de Fonte relatum
Ammonis; quoniam Delphis oracula cessant.
As sure, what's spoke by an Astronomer,
They verely beleeve, as if it were
From Ammons sacred well; by Iove expresst,
Sith now at Delphos, Oracles are ceast.

489

Illius occursus etiam vitare memento
In cujus manibus, seu pinguia succina tritas
Cernis Ephemerides.
Of such like women also doe beware,
Whom thou still wandring to and fro the street

With, her Ephemerides in hand do'st meet,
Worn with much handling, which she often reades
Glistring and smooth, as her fat Amber Beades.

490

——— Quæ castro viro, patriamq; petente
Non ibit pariter; numeris revocata Thrusilli
Ad primum lapidem vectari cum placet, hora
Sumitur ex libro, si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspecta Genesi collyria poscit,
Ægra licet jaceat, capiendi nulla videtur,
Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosyris.

She neither companies her Husband out,
Nor comming home (if she have any doubt,
Or scruple in her mind) till she orelook
The fatall Numbers of Thrasyllus Book;
If chance the corner of her left Eye-lidd
Doe itch, or (being rub'd) look somewhat red;
Ere thereto any Medicine she apply,
She first calculates her Nativity;
And be she deadly sick, she will not eat,
To save her life, this or that soveraign meate,
Till through all Petosyris leaves she rake,
For the just minute, fittest it to take.

491

Hæ tamen & partus subeunt discrimen, & omnes
Nutricis tolerant fortuna urgente labores,
Sed jacet Aurato, vix ulla Puerpera Lecto
Tantum Artes hujus, tantum medicamina possunt
Quæ steriles facit, & homines in ventre necandos
Conducit.

Yet each of these meane women undergoes,
Danger of Child-birth, and those painfull throes;
And (though but poor) are for their Childrens sake
Content the Nurses, endless pains to take;

But seld' in Bed of Gold, a Mother lyes,
So powerfull are her Arts, and Poyson'ries
To barren women, and a man destroy
In's Mothers Wombe.

493

Stat fortuna improba noctu
Arridens blandis Infantibus; Hos fovet omnes
Involvitq; sinu; domibus tunc porrigit altis,
Secretumq; sibi mimum parat; Hos amat; his se
Ingerit, atq; suos ridens producit Alumnos.

Blind-Owle-Ey'd Fortune, all night long abides,
Smiling by these meane Infants naked sides,
And some close Mimus chuseth to her selfe
On whom she dotes, and empties all her wealth,
And honour on them (till her store be spent)
She fosters them, and hugs them in her Brest,
And plants in Families above the best.

Oderunt natos de Pellice, nemo recusat,
Nemo vetat?
Vos ego Pupillos moneo, cuique amplior est res
Custodite Animas, & nulli credite mensæ;
Livida materno fervent adipata veneno,
Mordeat ante aliquis, quicquid porrexerit Illa
Quæ peperit.

Wives naturally doe hate their Husbands Whores,
And hate and drive their Bastards from their doors,
Who can them blame? But (yee young Orphants all)
To whom your Fathers rich Revenues fall,
Be carefull of your lives (I you aread)
Trust no mans Table, and suspect his Bread;
No Mothers Banquets trust, for every where,
Is poyson mingled with their dainty cheare:

What ere's before you on the Table plac'd,
By her who bare you, let some other taste.

495

Tune duos una, sæviſſima vipera Cœna?
Tune duas? ſeptem, ſi ſeptem forte fuiſſent.
Vile Viper, and didſt thou two ſonnes butcher?
Two, thine own ſons, murder at one ſupper?
Yea, two, and two; and three to them again,
Yea, ſeven would have, if had been ſeven, ſlain.

496

——— Minor admiratio ſummis,
Debetur Monſtris quoties facit ira nocentem
Hunc ſexum.
Theſe Monſters of this ſexe we leſs admire,
Who ſin through heate, of vengefull angry fire.

497

Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, & ſcelus in-
Sana facit. (gens.
But I abhorr that woman, that revolves,
And with her ſelfe computes; and then reſolves
Vpon ſome damnable deſign, when ſhe
Is in cold blood, and from all paſſion free.

498

Occurrent multæ tibi Belidæs, atq; Eryphilæ,
Mane Clytemneſtram nullus non vicus habebit.
Store of ſuch Wives, as vile Eryphyle,
And Belus Daughters thou each morn maiſt meet,
And many Clytemneſtras in each ſtreet.

499

Et ſpes & ratio ſtudiorum in Cæſare tantum;
Solus enim triſtes hac tempeſtate Camænas
Reſpexit. *Sat. 7.*
My only hope, and meanes of ſtudy is,
In Cæſar ſelfe; ſith he alone in this.

Hard

Hard niggard times, when all sorts them neglect :
The poor decayed Muses doth respect.

500

——Cum desertis Aganippes
Vallibus, esuriens migraret in Atria Clio.

For now poor hungry Clio doth forsake
Fresh Aganippes vallies, and doth haunt (vant.
Rich Churles, base Courts, for scraps, and bare pro-

501

Si qua aliunde putes rerum expectanda tuarum
Præsidia, atquè ideo croceæ membrana Tabellæ
Impletur, Lignorum aliquid posce ocyus & quæ
Componis, dona Veneris Thelesine marito
Aut claude ; & positos tinea pertunde libellos.

But if else-where with any else to speed,
Thou hope to be relieved in thy need,
And to endeer thy selfe to their good will,
With verses, thou thy Crocean Parchment fill :
First buy a Fagot (gentle Telesine)
And unto Venus Husband them resign,
Or shut thy Bookes, and bind them up for meat
For Mothes, and Mouldwarps to consume and eat.

502

Ferange miser Calamos, vigilataq; prælia dele,
Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella.

Dash now thy Pen ; Thy watchfull Battailes blot,
Who lofty verses mak'st in thy poor Cot.

503

Spes nulla ulterior ; didicit jam dives Averus
Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos
Vt pueri Iunonis Avem.

There's no more hope; Churles in these durty dayes
Have got a trick t'admire alone, and praise
The learned crew, as Birds, wont now and then
At Iuno's Fowls- eye-spotted Golden-fan.

505

——— Sed defluit Ætas
Et Pelagi patiens, & Cassidis atq; Ligonis.
But that hard age, that wont take pains at plough,
And patient was of Seas, and Helmets, now
Is vanisht quite.

505

Ipse facit versus, atq; uni cedit Homero
Propter mille Annos.
Himselfe makes verses, and doth yield to none,
Save Homer selfe, for a thousand yeares agone.

506

Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuiquè in pulvere sulcos
Ducimus, & litus tenui versamus Aratro.
Yet still we run this course, and all in vain,
Furrow the dust, and plough the sandy Main.

507

——— Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi Cacoëthes, & ægro in corde senescit.
Many this long and languishing disease,
Of scribling much, incurably doth seize;
And on their sickly hearts doth take such hold,
That it cleaves close, and with them waxeth old.

508

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena
Qui nil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feri at carmen triviale moneta
Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum
Anxi etate carens, Animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, capidus sylvarum, aptusquè bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum.

But

But the right Bard (that hath no publicke vain,
Who with no trash, the world doth entertain:
Ne stamp his trivi'all verse with common coin,
Ne with course words his stately web doth weave,
Such one, as in my fancie I conceive,
Though cannot well expresse what one I meane,
His vacant mind from anxious thoughts is cleane,
Of cares, and crosses most impatient;
He joyes the Groves, and Forrests to frequent,
And is squar'd out th' Aonian streames to drinke.

509

——Nequè enim cantare sub Antro
Pyerio, Thyrsumve potest contingere sana
Paupertas, atquè Æris inops, quo nocte dieq;
Corpus eget; satur est cùm dicit Horatius (Ohe.)

Forsooth, haile poverty must never thinke
To have the hap her learned layes to chant
On mount Pyerius, where the Muses haunt,
Nor th' Ivie Garlands touch, whose coin is scant,
Ne can supply his bodies daily want;
Horace is rich, and full of all good things,
When in a Rapture, He his (O he) sings.

510

Quis locus Ingenio? nisi cum se carmine solo
Vexant, & dominis Cyrrhæ Nysæq; ferũntur
Pectora nostra (duas non admittentia curas?

What place is there for wit, and fine conceit,
Save who are vext, but with their verses waight?
And where our minds (which brook no double care,
With Cyrrha and Nysa-Lords transported are.

511

Nam si Virgilio Puer, & tolerabile desit
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hydræ
Surda nihil generet grave Buccina,

For Virgil-selfe, had his estate been scanted,
And servants, and a house convenient wanted;
Those Hydra's hairy locks had fain to ground,
And that Grave-awefull clanging Trumpets sound,
Had nere been hard, but deafe and dumbe had dy'd.

512

Non habet Infælix Numitor quod mittat Amico,
Quintillæ quod donet habet.

Base Numitor, hath nought to give his Friend,
But to his Whore, he hath enough to send.

513

Contentus jaceat fama Lucanus in hortis,
Marmoreis; & serrano, tenuiquè saleio
Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum?

In's marble Walkes, Lucan must spend his dayes,
Content with fame, and gales of puffy praise;
What good is Glory, be it nere so great,
To Bassus, or Serranus, without meate?

514

Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
Thebaidos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,
Promisitquè diem, tantaq; dulcedine captos
Afficit Ille animos, tantaquè libidine vulgi.
Auditur, sed cum fregit subsellia versu
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.

All the whole Town in Statius doth rejoyce,
At his set day, they flock to his sweet voice;
With his dear Thebais they even ravisht were,
So eager were the vulger, him to heare;
Yet he, who with his verse their Benches cracks,
Is hungry, and his stomack victuals lacks,
Nigh starv'd, but he had for some little gold,
To Paris his untouch'd-Agave sould.

518 Quis

518

Quis tibi Mæcenas? quis nuncerit aut Proculeius
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta ferus? quis Lentulus alter?
Tunc par Ingenio pretium.

For, where now of Mæcenas wilt thou ſpeed?
Or where a ſecond Proculeius find?
An other Fabius? or a Cotta, where?
Or ſuch like Lentulus, as was whilere?
Then dainty wits were guerdoned indeed
With Recompenſe, and anſwerable Meed.

516

Quis dabit Hiſtorico, quantum daret Acta legenti?
Sed genus ignavum, quod tecto gaudet & umbra.

To th beſt Hiſtorian, who the Tythe will give?
Of what to one, who by the Lawes doth live?
All, for men hold them for a lazie Trade,
Who never ſtirr abroad, and love the ſhade.

517

Tunc immenſa cavi ſpirant mendacia Follis
Conſpuiturque ſinus.

His hollow Bellowes breath forth heapes of lyes,
That on his Breſt the very ſlaver flies.

518

Et tamen hoc ipſum eſt utile, purpura vendit
Cruſidicum, vendunt Amathiſtina, convenit illis;
Et ſtrepitu & facie majoris vivere cenſus.

This kind of courſe much profit doth them draw
Their Purple, and their Iewels ſell their Law;
So needfull tis, with greater noice to live,
And greater ſhow, that men large Fees may give.

519

Sed finem Impenſæ non ſervat prodiga Roma,

But Prodigall Rome, in all, that all doe uſe
Is infinite expenſefull, and profuſe.

520

Rara in tenui Facundia Panno.
Sweet eloquence is seld lapt up in Frees.

521

——— ——— ——— Accipit te
Gallia, vel potius Nutricula Causidicorum
Africa, si placeat mercedem imponere linguæ.
Get thee to Gallia, or to Africa,
The Nurse of Lawyers, if thee list to lay
Thy Tongue to pawn, and plead for mickle Meed,
And hire thy voice out at good price indeed.

522

Declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vecti,
Cum perimit sævos classis numerosa Tyrannos.
O Vectius brazen Lungs, and Iron sides,
Who to teach Schollers to declame, abides
A trade of life, the gods may seem t'invent,
For their lewd lives, great Tyrants to torment.

523

Occidit miseros Crambe repetita Magistros.
Repeated Crambes kill a Teachers heart,
Like twice-sod Coleworts, still to heare one part.

524

Quis color, & quod sit causæ genus, at ubi summa
Quæstio, quæ veniant diversa parte sagittæ?
Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
What Tropes, what Figures, and what ornaments
Of speech? what kind of cause? what Arguments,
Reasons, and Arrowes shot from the adverse Foe,
How is the Question stated? all would know,
All affect Learning, but none it reward.

525

——— ——— ——— Culpa docentis
Scilicet Arguitur, quod læva in parte mamillæ
Nil satis Arcadio Iuveni.

Thus

Thus is the Maſters Induſtry reprov'd,
And all his labour held not worth a pin,
Becauſe in'th young Arcadian Aſſe within
The left ſide of his pap, one only grain
Of ſalt, nor underſtanding doth remain.

526

Quanticunq; domus ; veniat qui fercula docte
Componit, veniet qui Pulmentaria condit,
Has inter ſumptus ſeſtertia Quintiliano
Vt multum, duo ſufficiunt, res nulla minoris
Conſtabit Patri quam Filius.

Nothing's too much that on his houſe is ſpent ;
Come curious Cooks, or any excellent
Quaint-Paſtry Man, who well can play their parts,
And make all dainty Diſhes curious Tarts,
Strange ſavoury Sauces, and nice Rarities,
Beyond all charge, he doth them rate and prize,
Mongſt all this laviſh coſt, Quintilian yet,
But two Seſtertia's, at moſt can get,
So nothing ſtand theſe Fathers in leſs coſt
Then Children ; on whom, what ere's ſpent, is loſt.

527

——————Exempla novorum.
Fatorum tranſi ; Fælix, & pulcher, & acer,
Fælix, & ſapiens, & nobilis, & generoſus,
Appoſitam nigræ, lunam ſubtexit Alutæ,
Fælix, orator quoquè maximus, & Iaculator,
Et ſi perfrixit, cantat bene.

Preſs not theſe ſamples of new upſtart Fate,
He's faire, he's valiant, who ere's fortunate ;
The fortunate born man is generous,
Wiſe, and diſcended from a noble Houſe,
And ties the Halfe-moon on his ſable ſhooe,
All's conſtru'd to the beſt what ere he doe :

The lucky Man's an acute Disputant,
A learned Orator; and though he want,
Both tune and temper, and his voice be shrill,
Yet passing sweet, the lucky man sings still.

528

——Distant enim quæ
Sydera te excipiant, modo primos incipientem
Edere vagitus, & adhuc a matre rubentem.
So much it differs, and importeth thee,
What stars doe welcome thy Nativity,
When first thou to the world with teares do'st come
All red, and blushing from thy Mothers womb.

529

Si Fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Consul,
Si volet hæc eadem, fies de Consule Rhetor.
If Fortune please, from Prætors meane degree,
Thou to a Consulship shalt highed be:
And if the selfe same fortune so adoom,
From Consull, thou a Pretor shalt become.

530

Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud quam
Sydus, & occulti miranda potentia Fati.
For, what is Tullius? or Ventidius, what?
Save th' strong influence of hidden Fate?

531

Servis Regna dabant, captivis fata tryumphos,
Fælix ille tamen corvo quoquè rarior albo.
Kingdomes to servants, Tryumphs unto slaves,
Fate to and fro, disposeth oft, and waves,
Nath'less these kind of lucky men, they been
More rare, and seldome, then white Ravens are

532

Dij majorum umbris tenuem, & fine pondere terram
Spirantesq; Crocos, & in urna perpetuum ver,

Qui

Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco.

Yee gods, to our Forefathers shadowes daign
A light, and waightless earth them to contain,
And make their urnall dust still florishing,
With savoury Saffron, and perpetuall spring,
Who painfull Schoole-masters have well decreed,
Should to us stand in our dear Parents steed.

533

Quis Gremio Enceladi doctiquè Palæmonis adfert,
Quantum Grammaticus meruit labor?

But who now unto learn'd Palæmon i'st,
Or to Encelades, brings equall gains
Vnto the merit of their Grammar paines?

534

———Sed vos sævas imponite leges,
Vt præceptori verborum regula constat,
Vt tegat historias, Authores noverit omnes
Tanquam ungues, digitosq; suos, &c.
Exigite ut mores teneros, seu pollice ducat,
Vt si quis sera vultum facit.

Againe, harsh Lawes, and hard Conditions,
All men enjoyn to Tutors of their sons,
That they must know the very Entity,
The rules of words, and strict Analogy;
And that they must, so well their Children tend,
That they must have all Histories at fingers end,
And that all sorts of Authors they doe know,
And have, and say by hart, as their Crosse row,
Their manners so in print, that nothing lacks,
As one would limb a curious face in waxe.

535

Non est leve tot puerorum
Observare manus, oculosque in fine trementes.

Tis no slite thing (tis true) to cast an Eye
On every side, on such a company,
T'obscure their hands, and eyes, &c.

536

Hæc inquit cures; & cum se verterit Annus,
Accipe victori populus quod postulat Aurum.

Pray (quoth the Father) have a care of these,
And first, or last, your paines you shall not leese,
And take at last, when th' yeare hath done his task,
Much Gold as th' people for the victor aske.

537

Quis fructus Generis tabula jactare capaci,
Fumosos equitum cum dictatore Magistros,
Si coram lepidis male vivitur? effigies quò
Tot Ballatorum? si luditur Alea pernox. *Sat. 8.*

These Martiall mens so many Monuments;
What grace, or profit done they them dispense?
If the now Lepidi, debaucht doe live,
And unto dice, themselves and ryot give.

538

Tota licet veteres, exornent undiquè ceræ
Atria, nobilitas sola est, atquè unica virtus.

But be his Courts, all round imbellished,
With old waxe Statues of his Grandsires dead;
Yet only vertue, is that All in All,
Which we Nobility can truely call.

539

Paulus, vel Cossus, vel Drusus moribus esto
Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum.

Paulus, or Cossus manners represent,
Or noble Drusus, 'fore the Monument,
Or Images of any Ancestor,
As samples of thy life, doe these preferr.

540

Prima mihi debes Animi Bona; sanctus haberi
Iustitiæque tenax, dictis factisque mereris
Agnosco procerem, salve Getalice; seu tu
Silvanus, quocunq; alio de sanguine, rarus
Civis, & egregius Patriæ contingis ovanti.

The Riches of the mind I chiefly love;
Then doe thy selfe in word and deed approve;
A strict, entire, just, honest man to be,
And I will hugg thee; and acknowledge thee,
Right-worthy Nobleman to been indeed:
Be thou Getulian, or else of the seed
Of great Silvanus, or what strain so ere,
All haile (great Lord) for whom thy Countrey dear,
Triumphs with very Ioy, for having got
So rare, so exc-[illegible] a Patriot.

542

Quis enim Generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus Genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis?

For who accounts them gentle ay the more?
Who from the stately stock, that them first bore,
Doe quite degenerate, and nought retain,
But their bare Names, and heapes of Titles vain?

542

Nanum cujusdam Athlanta vocamus
Æthyopem Cygnum; partam extortamq; Puellam
Europam.

Some Pigmie, we mote Atlas call as well,
The Blackmoor Swan, as rightly parallel
Distorted Urchin to Europa's shape,
Or painted Berries with the living Grape.

543 Ca-

543

——Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta
Levibus, & siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ;
Nomen erit Pardus, Tygris Leo.

We, nasty Curs, with their shag'd staring haire,
Through Age, and stincking mange, that nought worth
Save Candles ends to eat, and lick the spit, (are,
May Lyon, Pard, or Tygre call us fit.

544

Vos humiles (inquis) vulgi pars ultima nostri,
Quorum nemo queat Patriam monstrare Parentum,
At ego Cecropides.

Thou (with contempt) thus all art wont to brand;
Yee dunghill Brats, base Fæces of our Land,
Your Fathers Countrey no man ever kend,
Whilst I from ancient Cecrops descend.

545

——Vivas, & originis hujus,
Gaudia magna feras.

Long maist thou thrive, and joy come to thy heart,
Of this thy high discent, not worth a——

546

——Tamen Ima Plebe quiritem
Facundum invenies, solet hic defendere causas
Nobilis indocti, veniet de plebe togata
Qui Iuris nodos, & legum Ænigmata solvat.

From these vulgars, whom thou do'st so disdaine,
Many a wise Citizen, and ripe-quick brain;
So eloquent of speech, we oft doe find,
That with their wit, and knowledge of their mind,
They wonted are the causes to defend;
Of base bred Lords, who Learning never kend,
The various sense, and intricate sage sawes,

And

And miſty Riddles of the knotty Lawes,
Some of theſe gowned vulgars can diſſolve.

547

——————At tu

Non niſi Cecropides, truncoq; ſimillimus Hermæ
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quàm quòd
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit Imago.
Thou canſt doe nought (ſave in an idle vain)
Brag of thy Gentry, and Cecropis vaunt,
Full ſib to Hermes trunk, with life doth want,
Sith elſe no difference can ere be ſaid
Twixt thee, and it, ſave that his head is made
Of maſſie Marble, and thine Image ſees,
And lives; elſe fitly both in all agrees.

548

Dic mihi Teucrorum Proles Animalia muta,
Quis generoſa putat niſi fortia?
Tell me (young Trojan, whom do'ſt ever ſee,
Hold thoſe Beaſts generous, ſave which fortiall be?

549

——————Nempe volucrem
Sic laudamus Equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet, & exſultat rauco victoria circo
Nobilis his, quocunq; venit de gramine, cujus
Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in Æquore pulvis.
The ſwifteſt Horſe, that oftest wins the Prize,
And mens hoarſe throats applaud his victories;
Who gets the ſtart, and holds it all the Race,
Caſting ſtill duſt, in his next feſtowes face,
Matters not whence his Countrey, or his Breed,
We praiſe and prize according to his deed.

550

Sed vexale Pecus Corythæ poſteritas, &
Hyrpini, ſi rara Iugo victoria ſedet;

Nil

Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Vmbrarum, dominos pretijs mutare jubentur
Exiguis; tritoq; trahunt Epyrhædia collo,
Segnipedes, digniq; molam versare Nepotis.

Whereas (sith all be bred of Bonny Bay,
Hirpinus, or of light hee'ld Corytha;
Yet, if the Chariot which he runneth in,
Doe by his slowness, seld or never win,
He's not respected for his Damme one jot,
Ne for his Sire regarded, who him got,
Nor for the strain and goodness of his Race,
But he is sould for dulness of his pace;
And many Masters changing every day,
For little price, is set to drag the Dray,
Or with his collord neck, the Ground to till,
Or (nought worth else) to grind in Nepos-Mill.

551

Ergo ut miremur te non tua, primum aliquid da
Quod possim titulis inscribere præter honores
Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

Wherefore, that we may thee, not thine admire,
Vnto some noble Enterprise aspire;
Which with thy statues, and thy titles gay,
As thine own Right, we may most justly say,
Besides thine honours, which I needs must call
Theirs, and them give, to whom thou ow'st them all.

552

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa;
Fortuna.

Full rare it is, scarce common sense to find
In rich Nobility, or reason in their mind.

553

——Sed te censeri laude tuorum
Pontice noluerim, sic ut nihil ipse futuræ

Laudis

Laudis agas; miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ.
I would not (Ponticus) *be rul'd by me,*
Thou shouldst (*like others*) *a meer Tenant be,*
To all thine Ancestors renown and praise,
Nought doing of thine own, thy name to raise
To future times; no greater misery
On others fame, then wholly to relye.

554

Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis,
Stratus humi Palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.

The studs once faine, the House soon overwhelms;
Earth-crawling Vines, crave helpe of th' widdow (*Elm's.*

555

——————Arbiter idem
Integer, ambiguæ, si quando citabere testis
Incertæq; rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
Falsus, & admoto dictet perjuria Tauro,
Summum crede nefas Animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Pretius Councell, well worthy the mouth of a Heathen, and the heart of a Christian.

If should thee chance be sommon'd by the Lawes,
To testifie in some hard doubtfull cause,
All be selfe Phalaris should thee command,
And (*but thou wilt be false*) *threats out of hand*
Into his Brasen Bull, to have thee hurl'd,
Deem it the basest thing in all the world;
More of thy life, then honesty to make,
And lives dear causes loose, for lives poor sake.

556

Expectata diu tandem Provincia cum te
Rectorem excipiet, pone Iræ fræna modumq;

Pone

Pone & Avaritiæ, miserere inopum sociorum,
Ossa vides Regum vacuis exhausta medullis,
Respice quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,
Præmia quanta Bonos maneant.
If after long expectance, thou do'st gain
Charge of some Province, doe thy wrath restrain,
Bridle thy passion, Avarice refrain;
Weigh, and with pitie doe commiserate
The poor Provincials, Fellowes of our State;
Seeing great Kings have cut of all been thrown,
Suckt dry to th' very marrow in the bone;
Wrest not the Lawes, the Senates will regard.
Still call to mind, how they the Good reward, &c.

557

——Referebant Navibus altis
Occulta spolia, & plures de pace Tryumphos.
Close hidden spoyles, in Ships they doe convey,
And over Peace triumphed many a way.

558

Curandum inprimis ne magna injuria fiat
Fortibus & miseris; tollas licet omne quod usquam
Auri atquè Argenti, scutum gladiumq; relinquis est,
Et Iacula & Galeam, spoliatis Arma supersunt.
But specially, beware to wrong and wrest,
Great manly minds, with miseries oppress;
For though thou strip them bare unto the skins,
Thou leavest them their Swords and Iavelins,
Their Targets, and steeld Helmets be their own,
Albe their Gold and Silver quite be gone.

559

Omne Animi vitium tanto conspectius in se,
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.
The greater Hee, or Shee, that doth amiss,
So much the vice the more notorious is.

560 Nocte

560

Nocte quidem, ſed Luna videt, ſed ſydera teſtes
Intendunt oculos.

Indeed 'twas night, when no man him bewrayes,
The Moon yet ſees; the Stars upon him ſtare,
And the Cloud witneſſes againſt him are.

561

——— Breve ſit quod turpiter audes.

Be't ſhort, what ever evill act thou doe.

Alias,

If ere thou d'ſt commit unworthy deed,
Be it yet ſhort, perſiſt not I aread.

562

Quædam cum prima recenſentur crimina barba
Indulge veniam Pueris.

Some faults, with our firſt Beards be ſhav'd away,
And youth (if any) pardon merit may.

563

Vos Trojugenæ vobis ignoſcitis, & quæ
Turpia Cerdoni, Voluſos Brutoſq; decebunt.

But noble Troyans, yee your ſelves can flatter,
What Cerdon doth is held a hainous matter;
If Voluſus, or Brutus doe like fact,
Oh tis a brave, and honourable Act.

564

Libra ſi dentur populo ſuffragia, quis tam
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni?

More all men ſpeake their Conſcience, who's ſo baſe,
But Seneca, for Nero would embrace?

565

Malo Pater tibi ſit Therſites, dummodo tu ſis,
Æacidæ ſimilis, Vulcaniaq; Arma capeſſas,
Quàm te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles.

Ide

I'de rather thou Therſites ſonne be held,
So thou be like Achilles, and can weeld
Thoſe his Vulcanian Arm's; then that thou been
Achilles child, and like Therſites ſeen.

566

Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut Paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

The firſt of all thine Anceſtors of yore,
Was but ſome Shepheard, or (I ſay no more.)

567

Nos colaphum incutimus lambenti cruſtula ſervo.
We boxe our boyes for licking our ſweet meat.

568

Deprendas Animi tormenta, latentis in ægro
Corpore; deprendas & gaudia; ſumit utrumque
Inde habitum facies.

The comforts, and diſcomforts of mans mind,
Lodg'd in a fickly Body, we may find
Symptomes of both, the face it doth partake.

569

Quid tamen ulterius Monſtrum, quam mollis Avarus.
What baſer, or more beaſtly Monſter i'ſt,
Then a ſoft Churle, and wanton Mammoniſt?

570

——Quid Agam Bruma ſpirante? quid oro?
Quid? dicam ſcapulis ſervorum menſe Decembri
Et pedibus durate, & expectate cicadas.

What wilt I doe in winter? think'ſt thou it meet,
That I ſhould preach unto my ſervants feet,
And ſhoulders in December? Slaves, hold out,
Expect, till Graſhoppers skip round about.

571

Quid enim dubitant componere crimen

In

In dominos, quoties rumoribus ulciſcuntur
Balthea?

For what Aſperſions will they not deviſe
Againſt their Maſters? when with Tales and Lyes,
They'r once reſolv'd to be reveng'd on him
For all the Bangs, wherwith hee cougell'd them?

572

Vivendum recte; cùm propter plurima, tum his
Præcipue cauſis, ut linguas Mancipiorum
Contemnas; Nam Lingua mali pars peſſimi ſervi.

For many reaſons wee ought well to live;
But ſpecially, that wee no vantage give
To ſlaves baſe tongues: forſooth bad Servants tongue
Is the worſt part, that doth to them belong.

573

——— Feſtinat enim decurrere velox
Floſculus, anguſtæ, miſeræque breviſſima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum certa, vuguenta, Puellas
Poſcimus, obrepit non intellecta ſenectus.

For, our Youths Prime-roſe doth ſo quickly ſhed,
Yea, and ſo ſmall and ſlender is the thred
Of our unhappy Life, that whilſt wee drink,
Of Wooing, Garlands, and ſweet Baths do think,
Vnawares, inſenſibly, Age on doth creep.

574

Parvi noſtrique Lares, quos thure minuto
Aut Farre, aut tenui ſoleo exorare Corona,
Quando ego figam aliquid, quo ſit mihi tuta ſenectus
A Tegete, & Baculo?

Oh my poor Lares, whom, with ſome ſmall deal
Of Frankincenſe I wont preſent, or Meal,
Or flowry Coronets; ah, when ſhall I
Faſten upon ſome little Certainty?

From Crutches, and a homely Hermitage,
Me to defend, and sheeld my feeble Age.

575

——Nam cum pro me fortuna rogatur,
Affigit ceras Illa de Nave petitas
Quæ Siculos Cantus effugit Remige surdo.
When ever I to Fortune make my pray'rs,
She fill with some of that waxe stops her eares,
Fetcht from his Ship, whose deafe sayles did avoid,
From being by those Sicilian Songs destroy'd.

576

——Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera Bona, atq; illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula. *Sat.* 10.
Few Iudgements, clear from Clouds of Error, can
Distinguish right, the Flower from the Bran,
Things truely good, from things, but good in show,
And things directly, neither so, nor so.

577

——Quid enim Ratione timemus
Aut cupimus; quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pæniteat?
For what with Reason doe we wish or feare,
What so great hopefull Busines is there,
Which once obtain'd, we doe not soon repent;
Our many pray'rs, and paines therein misspent.

578

——Torrens dicendi copia multis
Et sua mortifera est Facundia; viribus ille
Confisus perijt, admirandisq; lacertis.
A Tide of wit and eloquence, their Bane
Hath prov'd to some; and unto some again,
Their tory Armes, and strength, which they oreween,
Hath unto them full deadly fatall been.

579 Rarus

579

——Rarus venit in Cænacula Miles.

Seldome or never doo'n, these Souldiers come
Vp to the poor mans bare Cenaculum,

Pauca licet portes Argenti vascula puri,
Nocte Iter ingressus Ferrum, contumq; timebis
Et motæ ad lunam trepidabis Arundinis umbram.

Yee dare not out of doors, at night step forth,
With nere so little coin, or monies worth,
For feare of swords, and staves to misbeeve yee,
The stirring of a straw will startle yee;
And each Reeds dancing shade against the Moon,
As from so many Theeves, will make yee run.

580

Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone viator.

The emptie Travailer doth feareless fare,
And sing before the Thiefe, at all houres dare.

581

Prima fere vota, & cunctis notissima Templis,
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes; ut maxima toto
Nostra sit Ara Foro.

The first chiefe thing, and the most usuall
In every Temple, for which men doe call,
Is to be rich; and that our full stufe Chest
May in the Forum prove the wealthiest.

582

——Nulla Aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus; tunc Illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, & lato setinum fulgebit in Auro.

Men seldome drink the deadly Aconite
In earthen cups; feare that in Goblets bright,
Of burnisht carved Gold, which goodly shine,
With sparkling radiant Rayes of Setin-wine.

583

——— Cujus Prudentia monstrat
Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturos
Ver tecum in patria, crassoque in Aere nasci.

In Wetherland, under dull foggie Climes,
For Learning, and Example to all times,
That deep Wise men, and excellently-rare
May well be born, his wisdom doth declare.

584

Quosdam præcipitat subjecta Potentia magnæ
Invidiæ.

Too great Affecting much Authority,
Which breeds much Envie, many doth destroy.

585

Iam stridunt Ignes; Iam Follibus atque Caminis
Addet odoratum, populo caput, & crepat ingens
Sejanus; deinde ex Facie toto orbe secunda
Fiunt Meoti, Pelves, sartago, Patellæ.

With Bellowes blast, the Cauldrons now do rore;
And that same Head, which all Men did adore
Now seeth's and boyls; and now Sejanus great
Quite foundred is in his own Liquors heat:
And of that Face, which erst in so great grace
Through the whole world, did hold the second place:
They Pitchers make, and Pots, and small brass Cans,
Kettels, and Dishes, and some Frying pans.

586

——— Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur Fortunam, ut semper, & odit
Damnatos.

But what now saith the Multitude? Faith, they
Hate, as they'r wont, the weaker side alway.

587

587

——— Qui dabat olim
Imperium Faſces, Legiones, omnia, nunc ſe
Continet, atque duas tantum Res anxius optat
Panem & Circenſes.

The people now, that wont in Peace and War
Diſpoſe all Offices, quite careleſs are:
Their main Ambition, and their utmoſt amy's
Are but theſe two, Bread and th' Circean-games.

588

Viſne ſalutari ſicut Sejanus? habere
Tantundem? atque Illi ſellas donare curules?
Illum exercitibus præponere?

Would'ſt thou (Sejanus-like) be lowted to,
Be Rich as hee, have power to beſtow
Here, Conſuls, and there Captains places, and
The Curul'an ſeats of Juſtice to command?

589

——— Qui nolunt occidere quenquam
Poſſe volunt.

Some loath to kill a Man with their own hand,
Yet wiſh, that hee did at their Mercie ſtand.

590

——— Sed quæ præclara & proſpera tanti
Vt Rebus lætis par ſit menſura Malorum?

But what doth all this proſp'rous Glory skill,
If ballanc'd with an equall weight of Ill?
What pleaſure yields theſe ſugred Cakes at all,
If malgam'd with like quantity of Gall?

591

——— Qui nimios poſcebat honores
Et nimias poſcebat opes, numeroſa parabat
Ex celſæ turris tabulata, unde altior eſſet
Caſus, & imdulſæ præceps immane ruinæ.

When too great honour, and excessive wealth
He thirsted, and contracted to himselfe,
What did he else therein, but gloriously
Arear a lofty Tower unto the sky,
Whence more impetuous mote been his fall,
And headlong more to break his neck withall,

592

Ad Generum Cereris sine cæde & sanguine pauci
Descendunt Reges, & sicca morte Tyranni.
Few Kings unmurdred, or unbloody were,
Ere known to Ceres Sonne in Law descend,
Nor Tyrants by dry death their dayes to end.

593

O Fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.
O happy Rome, that ever thou wert born,
Just when by me the Consulship was born.

594

Antonij Gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
Omnia dixisset, Ridenda poemata malo
Quam te conspicuæ divina Philippica Famæ,
Volveris a prima quæ proxima.
He fearelesse, might have scorn'd Antonius sword,
Had he then thus, nere spoken wiser word;
Better like I these foolish Rhimes of thine,
Then thy famous last Philippicks, so divine.

595

Eloquio sed uterq; perit orator, utrumque
Largus & exundans Letho dedit Ingenij fons;
Ingenio, manus est, & cervix cæsa; nec unquam
Sanguine causidici maduerunt Rostra pusilli.
But eloquence was both their Bane, a tide
And surplusage of wit, them both destroy'd;
It was his too much wit, that forfeited
Vnto his Enemie, his Hand and Head:

But

But ſeldome ſhall you ſee the Roſtra red,
With common pleaders blood, upon them ſhed.

596

——Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt quam
Virtutis; quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam
Præmia ſi tollas?

The thirſt of fame, ſo infinitely great,
Paſt that of vertue is; For who regards
Vertue, if not attended with Rewards.

597

——Patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido
Hæſuri ſaxis cinerem cuſtodibus.

Private Ambition of ſome few men,
Hath of their Countrey, oft deſtruction been,
Meere thirſt of praiſe, and dear deſire to have,
Titles upon the Marbles of their Grave,
Wherein their Aſhes ſafe aſſied be.

598

Quandoquidem data ſunt ipſis quoq; fata ſepulchris.

Even Tombs themſelves been ſubject unto Fate.

599

Expende Hannibalem, quot libras in duce ſummo
Invenias.

Take Hannibal, and try how many pound,
That mighty Warriors weight may now be found.

600

Additur Imperijs Hiſpania; Pyrænæum
Tranſilit, oppoſuit natura Alpemq; Nivemq;
Diduxit ſcopulos, & montem rupit Aceto
Iam tenet Italiam.

Now Spain be to his Empire added has,
And proudly doth the Pyrenæan paſs;

Then Italy, (which Nature, with a Wall
Of th' Alps, and snow hath parted from the Gaul)
Hee doth possess; the Rocks doth levell lay,
And through the Hills, with Tartar eates his way.

601

Vnus Pellæo Iuveni non sufficit orbis
Æstuat Infœlix angusto limite Mundi.

One VVorld pellæus child cannot content;
In this world's narrow nook, poor Lad, hee's pent,
And pineon'd; that, half stifled, hee unneath
For want of Elbow room, cannot fetch Breath.

602

Cum tamen a Figulis munitam intraverit urbem
Sarcophago contentus erit; mors sola fatetur
Quantula sunt hominum Corpuscula.

Babylon, where hee was poysoned by Cassander.

But soon as hee that brick-wall'd Town shall win,
A Coffin must content him for his Inn:
So only Death, doth to the world profess
How poor contemptible a thing Man is.

603

Has toties optata exegit Gloria pœnas.

So deadly dangerous, the pain and hire
Of Glory is, which hee did so admire.

604

Da spacium vitæ; Multos da Iupiter Annos,
Hoc, recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optat.

Long Life, great Iove, and many years vouchsafe;
This only thing, both sick and found do crave.

605

Sed quam continuis, & quantis longa senectus
Plena malis? deformem, & retrum ante omnia vultum
Dissimilemque

Dissimilemque sui; deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentesque genas, &c.

But, oh, how lamentably full of all
Manner of Ill, and cares continuall
Is long old Age? and specially the Face
It miserably deforms, and doth disgrace
From what it was; instead of soft-smooth skin,
A rough-hard Hide, and hanging Cheeks are seen.

606

Plurima sunt Iuvenum discrimina; Pulchrior Ille
Hoc; atque Ille Alio; longe Hic robustior Illo.

In Youth's much odds, and difference every way;
Hee Fairer is than this; That, Fairer far
Than others is; Some, than some, Stronger are.

607

Senum una facies; cum voce trementia Membra,
Et jam leve caput; Madidique Infantia Nasi:
Frangendus misero Gingiva panis Inermi.

All old Folks look alike, their voice doth break;
And, as their Members trembles, and is weak,
Their Head, unsteddy, full of Palsie grones,
And like a Child, hath still a dropping Nose:
These poor old-soul's do mumble their bread Crums,
For want of Teeth, and bruize it with their Gums.

608

Quid refert magni sedeat quæ parte Theatri
Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum
Concentus; clamore opus est, ut sentiat Auris,
Quem dicat venisse Puer quot nunciet horas?

On which side of the Play, what matters it,
Vpon the thronged Theater hee sit?
Who not the noise of chockling Coughs doth hear,
Nor Trumpets loud Report? and in whose Eare,

Him needs his Boy to whoop, and him proclaime,
The time of day, and every Commers name.

609

Præterea, minimus gelido jam corpore sanguis,
Febre calet sola, &c.

Besides, small blood's in's bodies frozen Keel;
And doth no heat, save in a Fever feel.

610

——————Circumfilit Agmine facto
Morborum omnes genus, quorum si nomina quæras
Promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippia mæchos.

Thousand diseases do's him overflow,
Whose names if you of me desire to know,
As well, how many pandring Rogues I may
Recount, have laine with pockie Hippia.

611

Ille humero, his lumbis, hic coxa debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luscis invidet, hujus
Pallida labra cibum digitis capiunt alienis.

This of his Shoulder, he of his Loynes and Reines,
A third of the Sciatica complains;
That man with Age, is blind of both his eyes,
And as more happy, th' one ey'd man envies;
This mans pale Lips, from others hands doth eat.

612

——————Sed omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, &c.

But the distemper of the mind doth pass,
What ever bodily, both crosse and loss.

613

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, & pulla veste senescant.

Lo, here the penance of long-living men,
That in their houses, ever now and then,
Some sad mischance or other them pursues;
That still their dolefull drerement renewes,
Till to a Habit, griefe and sorrow waxe,
And they grow old, in daily mourning Blacks.

614

Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia videt
Eversa, & flammis Asiam ferroq; cadentem.
What good then did his long life him afford,
Who saw all Asia spoyl'd with fire and sword?

615

Ruit ante Aram summi Iovis, ut vetulus Bos
Qui domini cultris tenue, & miserabile collum
Præbet, ab Ingrato jam fastiditus Aratro.
He soon at Great Ioves Altar, lost his life,
Much like an aged Oxe, who to the Knife
Of's thankless Owner, doth his neck submit;
Which for the Plough, is now no longer fit.

616

——————Quid Illo Cive tulisset
Natura in terris? quid Roma beatius unquam
Si circumductor captivorum Agmine, & omni
Bellorum pompa, animam exhalasset opimam
Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru. *Cinavius.*
What thing more blessed, then that Citizen,
In all the Earth, had Rome or Nature seen;
If then with warlike Pomp, and with a Rout
Of his Teutonian Captives fring'd about,
From his Triumphant Chariot he did light,
His happy soule, had bid the World good night.

617

Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cum Veneris Fanum videt anxia Mater,
Usq; ad delitias votorum.

The carefull Mother doth but softly pray
In Venus Temple, for her sons, that they
Full goodly may, all lovely prove and faire;
But for her daughters when she makes her prayer,
She prayes aloud, and even to delight,
Her vowes delicious are, and exquisite.

418

——————Filius autem
Corporis egregij, miseros, trepidosq; Parentes
Semper habet; Rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atquè pudicitiæ.

Tall proper goodly Sons doe alwayes make
Their Parents hearts, with feare and care to ake;
So rare, or never doe we Beauty see,
And Chastity, together well agree.

619

Præterea castum Ingenium, vultumq; modestum
Sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna,
Larga manu, quid enim puero conferre potest plus
Custode & cura, natura potentior omni?

Besides, though bounteous Nature of her Grace,
Give a meek spirit, and a bashfull face,
Sith, what can nature, more potentiall farre,
Then all Schoole-masters diligence, and care,
More blessed portion give unto a Child,
Then Modesty, and Inclination mild?

620

——————Mulier sævissima tunc est,
Cum stimulos odio Pudor admovet, &c.

Outragious then, and most despighteous
A woman fares, when shame which makes her mad,
Sharpe spurs doth to her deadly hatred add.

621

——————Interea tu

Obse-

Obſequere Imperio, ſi tanti eſt vlta dierum
Paucorum, quicquid melius; leviuſq; putaris,
Præbenda eſt gladio, pulchra hæc, & candida cervix.

In th' interim, commanded be by her,
If thou a few dayes life do'ſt ſo preferre;
Yet whether of theſe two Evils ere thou chooſe,
Thou'rt ſure thy delicate white Neck to looſe.

622

Nil ergo optabant homines? ſi concilium vis
Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſq; ſit utile noſtris,
Nam pro Iucundis aptiſſima quæq; dabunt dij.

But ſhall we then to God for nothing pray?
Yes, by all meanes; yet if I Counſell may,
Leave all to his good pleaſure, to diſpoſe,
As beſt he for our good, and profit knowes;
For, ſteed of things, delightfull moſt, and ſweet;
Hee'l furniſh us with fit things, and moſt meet.

623

Carior eſt illis Homo quam ſibi.

Farre more indulgent God is unto man,
Then to himſelfe man either is, or can.

624

——————Nos Animorum
Impulſu, & cæca trpiuq; libidine capti
Conjugium petimus, partumq; uxoris; At illis
Notum qui pueri, qualiſq; futura ſit uxor.

We, in our blindſould minds, of God doe crave
What he foreſees, us better not to have;
Through heat of luſt, faire Wives and Children we,
At all adventures pray for; when as he,
What manner wives, and children they would prove
Knowes, and denies them us, in his great love.

625 Oran-

625

——Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano,
Fortem posce Animum, & mortis terrore carentem,
Qui spacium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ; qui ferre queat quoscunq; labores
Nescíat Irasci; cupiat nihil, & potiores
Herculis Ærumnas credat, sævosq; dolores
Et Venere & plumis, & cænis Sardanapali.
For a sound soule, in a sound body pray;
Pray for a mind, resolved every way,
Which fearless, in the face dare look on death:
A mind that doth esteem the lives last breath,
'Mongst Natures greatest blessings upon man;
A mind, that griefe with patience suffer can;
No way to Wrath, nor Avarice inclin'd;
That farre more comfort can, and pleasure find
In those hard labours, and excessive pains,
Which hardy Hercules did once sustaine,
Then in the being Sardanapalus heire
Of's Luxury, Down-beds, and dainty Fare.

626

——————Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
The only path to all true happiness,
By vertue, and through vertuous Actions is.

627

Nullum Numen abest, si sit prudentia, &c.
None of the gods are absent by their grace,
Where vertue and true wisedome are in place.

628

——————Sed te
Nos facimus Fortuna deam, cœloq; locamus.
But (Fortune) we a Goddess make of thee,
And place thee in Heaven, as a Deity.

Atticus

629

Atticus eximie ſi cænat lautus habetur
Si Rutilus, demens. *Sat.* 11.

If Atticus keep open houſe, 'tis had
For bounty in him; If Rutilus, he's mad.

630

Et quibus in ſolo vivendi cauſa Palato eſt,
Egregius cænat; meliuſq; miſerimus horum
Et cito caſurus, jam perlucente lucerna;
Interea guſtus, elementa per omnia quærunt
Nunquam animo pretijs obſtantibus, interius ſi
Attendas, magis Illum juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.

They loy to live, but for their Bellies ſakes,
And ſtill the pooreſt miſerable ſnakes,
Who quite are burſt, and blown up in the Ayr,
Are moſt luxurious-laviſh in their fare;
Who for their taſte, hunt all the Elements;
Ne ſtick at any price, to pleaſe their ſenſe:
Yea, if yee marke, they ſtill affect that moſt,
And deareſt love, which doth the deareſt coſt.

631

Refert ergo quis hæc eadem paret, in Rutilo nam
Luxuria eſt, in ventidio laudabile nomen;
Sumit, & a cenſu famam trahit.

Great odds in men, doing the ſelfe ſame thing,
Feaſting, in Rutilus is rioting;
Which ſpeakes Ventidius, brave munificence,
And drawes him honeur, by his large expence.

632

——————Illum ego Iure
Deſpiciam, qui ſcit quanto ſublimior Atlas,
Omnibus in Lybia montibus; Hic tamen Idem
Ignoret quantum ſerrata diſtet ab Arca
Sacculus.

Much

Much can I sooth, deride that fond Fool's skill,
Who how much higher knowes is Atlas Hill,
Than all the Lybian Mounts; yet doth not wist
How much a Purse, is lesser than a Chist.

633

—— E Cœlo descendit, Gnothi Seauton
Figendum, & memori tractandum pectore, seu tu
Conjugium velis, seu sacri in parte senatus
Esse velis, &c. —— ——

Gnothi Seauton down from Heaven fell;
A Princely Precept, worthy still to dwell
Deep Printed in thy daily Memory,
Whether to Wedlock thou thy self apply,
Or place in sacred Senates thou desire.

634

—— Te consule; dic tibi quis sis
Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho.

Take of thy self a reall estimate,
And certifie thy self of thine own state;
Whether in Pleading thou as able art
As Matho, or Curtius to act thy Part.

635

—— —— —— —— Buccæ
Noscenda est mensuta tuæ, spectandaque Rebus
In summis minimisque; Etiam cum piscis emetur
Ne Mullum cupias, cum sit tibi Gobio tantum
In Loculis.

Thine own Cheek's compass, thou must wisely mete;
And measure keep in all things, small and great:
Yea, but when thou doo'st come to cheapen Fish,
Beware, that thou a Mullet never wish,
When but a Gudgeons price, thy Purse contains.

636

Sanguis in facie non hæret guttæ; morantur

Pauci

Pauci ridiculum, & fugientem ex urbe pudorem.
No drop of blood's ſeen in our faces here,
Ridiculous modeſty, hence baniſht quite,
And few regard it, or therein delight.

637

Experiere hodie nunquid pulcherima dictu
Perſice non præſtem; vita, vel moribus, & re.

Now Perſicus, I'le make thee plainly ſee,
Whether my life and manners not agree
With the grave Rules, and doctrine that I teach, &c.

638

Nam cum ſis conviva mihi promiſſus, habebis
Evandrum, venies Tyrinthius, &c.

Now he that comes a bidden Gueſt to me,
I, his Evander am to Him; and Hee
Shall be my Hercules.

639

Fércula nunc audi, nullis ornata macellis.
Now heare your chear, you muſt expect no Feaſt,
Fetcht from the ſhops, and quaintly cookt, and dreſt.

640

De Tyburtino veniet pinguiſſimus Agro
Hædulus, et toto grege mollior; Inſcius herbæ
Nec dum auſus herbas humilis mordere ſalicti,
Qui plus lactis habet quam ſanguinis, &c.

He ſerve you with a dainty young fat Kid,
From Tyber fields, that never graz'd; ne did
Soft ſallowes tender Buds yet ever chaw,
And hath more milke, then blood within his maw.

641

Grandia præterea, tortoq; calentia Fæno
Ova adſint ipſis cum matribus, & ſervatæ,
Parte Anni, quales fuerant in vitibus uvæ.

Beſides,

Besides, rost Eggs in thumb-Ropes of wet Hay;
Together with the Hens, that did them lay;
And halfe year old kept Grapes, as fresh and fine,
As if but newly gathered from the Vine.

642

Signinum, Siriumq; Pyrum de corbibus Iisdem
Æmula Picænis, & odoris mala recentis,
Nec metuenda tibi siccatum frigore postquam
Autumnum, & crudi posuere pericula succi.

Then Signine Peares, and Fruit from Syria brought,
In wicker Baskets, in those Countries wrought,
And goodly Apples, worthy to compare,
With those Picenian Apples, held so rare,
So lovely-sweet, and delicately tasted,
And whose crude Iuice is so concoct, and wasted,
With kindly cold, after the Autumn heat,
That without hurt, you boldly them may eat.

643

Hæc olim nostri jam luxuriosa Senatus
Cœna fuit.

This manner Luxury, and chiefest chear
Of our Grand Senators, wont be whilee'r.

644

Sicci terga suis rara prudentia crate
Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus,
Et Natalitium cognatis ponere Lardum.

A Chine of Bacon, hung up purposely,
On wide shac'd Hurdles, in the smoak to dry;
Our old Forefathers wonted to preserve
At Festivals, on their Grand dayes to serve;
Yea, on their Birth-dayes, when their Kindred met,
They Collops of fat Lard before them set.

645

Accedente nova si quam dabat Hostia Carne,

Cog-

Cognatorum aliquis titulo ter Conſulis, atq;
Caſtrorum Imperijs, et Dictatoris honore
Functus, ad has epulas ſolito maturius ibat
Erectum domito referens a Monte Ligone.

And ſometime of freſh meate, a bit or twain,
If ought did after ſacrifice remain;
Who ere invited was unto his Kin;
Had he Dictator, or thrice Conſull been,
A Generall, or what ere other Peer,
Would not come laſt, nor tardy to this chear;
But from his Mountain Fallow, with his Plough
Vpon his ſhoulders, came home ſooner now.

646

Tales ergo ſibi qualis domus atq; ſupellex.
Such as their Houſholdſtuffe, and Houſes are,
Such alſo is the meaneſs of their fare.

647

Tum rudis, & Graias mirari neſcius Artes,
Vrbibus everſis prædarum in parte reperta
Magnorum Artificum, frangebat pocula miles
Vt phaleris gauderet Equus, cælataq; Caſſis
Argenti quod erat ſolis fulgebat in Armis.

Then the rude Souldiers, ignorant as yet
Of Græcian Art, if ſo by chance they met
At any Cities ſack.
With Cups or Goblets graven all about,
With curious workemanſhip, they beat them out
Into rich Trappings for their Barbd warre Horſe,
And into Helmets did them elſe inforce;
Then all their ſilver in their Armour ſhin'd.

648

Ponebant igitur Thuſco farrata catino
Omnia tunc, quibus invideas, ſi lividulus ſis.

Wer

Wer't thou to Envie nere so small inclin'd,
Thou canst not chuse but heartily envie
The harmeless Innocent simplicity
Of those good times, when best men ne're did lay
Their Mealy Food, in bet' then Thuscan clay.

649

At nunc divitibus cænandi nulla voluptas
Nil Rhombus, nil dama sapit, putere videntur
Vnguenta atq; Rosæ, latis nisi sustinet orbes
Grande Ebur. 650

But great Men now, at all no pleasure take
In Princely Feasts, and Banquets, which they make;
Their Turbut, nor their Ven'son have no taste,
Their costly oyntments, and perfumes doe cast
A foule ranke sent, unless their Tables lye
Vpon round Tressels, of turn'd Ivory.

651

——— ——— Hinc surgit Orexis
Hinc stomacho Bilis; Nam pes argenteus illis
Annulus in digito quod ferreus.

This, his Orexis sharpens ———
This makes his stomacke cholerick; for sooth
A silver foot to his Table, as uncooth,
And base he deems, as he were seen to weare
An Iron Ring, on's finger, or in's eare.

652

——— ——— ——— Ergo superbam
Convivam caveat, qui me sibi comparat, & res
Despicit exiguas; adeo nulla uncia nobis.
Est Eboris ——— ——— ——— ———

A proud Guest therefore I avoid and shun,
Who with me fals into comparison,
And scorns my simple state; because, forsooth,
I have no ounces of this Ivory Tooth, &c.

652 Nec

652

Nec fruſtum Capreæ ſubducere, nec latus Afræ
Novit Avis noſter Tyrunculus, & rudis omni
Tempore, & exiguæ fruſtis imbutus ofellæ
Plebeios Calices, & paucis Aſſibus emptos
Porrigit incultus Puer, atq; a frigore tutus.

But my young Novice, ſcarce hath ſo much art,
A Goats hard crafty skin, from th' fleſh to part,
Ne can he skill the artificiall way,
Of breaking up the Bird of Africa;
A homely Hotchpotch is his uſuall meat,
In common cups, and glaſſes, very cheap,
Hee'l reach you drinke; an honeſt countrey Lad,
For cold-ſake, only warme, and courſly clad.

653

Non capit has nugas humilis domus.

The Countrey Cabban ne're doth entertaine
Such toyes, ne is it of ſuch Gewgawes fain.

654

Namq; ibi Fortunæ veniam damus; Alea turpis
Turpe & Adulterium mediocribus; hæc tamen illi
Omnia cum faciant, hilares, nitidiq; vocantur.

But great mens faults, for their great Fortune-ſakes,
We winck at, and connive; ne doe them taxe,
Where, if poor men Adultery commit,
Or Gameſters been, we them upbraid and twit;
The ſelfe ſame ſins, If any Courtier doth,
They'r Iouiall Lads, and all's but tricks of youth.

655

Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis,
Et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
Per totam ceſſare diem.

Ceaſe now thy cares, away thy buſines fling;
Vnbend thy mind, ſith this day is to thee
Time of ceſſation, and thou muſt be free. 656

656

Protinus ante meum quicquid dolet, exue limen;
Pone domum & servos, & quicquid frangitur illis
Aut perit; ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.

What ever griefe afflicts thy mind before,
Leave them at home, or d'off them at my door;
Lay by thy house, and servants spoyles and loss,
But chiefe, of thankless Friends, the hatefull cross.

657

——Facere hoc non possis quinq; diebus
Continuis, quia sunt talis quoq; tædia vitæ
Magna, voluptates commendat rarior usus.

Shouldst thou together five whole dayes intend,
This kind of life, thou'dst loath it in the end;
Rare use of pleasures, doth them more commend.

658

Natali Corvine die mihi dulcior hæc lux
Quà festus promissa dijs Animalia cespes
Expectat. *Sat. 12.*

More dear Corvinus, to my gladded sight,
Then mine own Birth-day, is this blessed light,
When the green Altars, made of sacred clods,
Expect Beasts, sacrific'd unto the Gods.

659

Si res ampla domi, similisq; adfectibus esset
Pinguior Hispulla, traheretur Taurus, & ipsa
Mole piger,
Ob reditum, trepidantis adhuc, horrendaq; passi
Nuper, et incolumem sese mirantis Amici.

Oh, if my means were levell with my mind,
The goodlie'st full grown Bull that I could find,
As selfe Hispulla, plump with larded fat,
And all unweldy with his own huge weight;

I'de

I'd for a Sacrifice on th' Altars burn
With vows, and thankfull pray'rs for th' ſafe Return
Of my deer Friend, who trembles to relate
The dreadfull dangers that hee ſuffred late;
Still wondring at himſelf, ne ſcarſe believes
That hee is ſafe, or that indeed hee lives.

660

——— Denſis Cœlum abſcondente tenebris
Nube una: ſubituſque Antennas impulit Ignis
Cùm ſe quiſque Illo percuſſum crederet, & mox
Attonitus nullum conferri poſſe putaret
Naufragium, velis ardentibus, Omnia fiunt
Talia, tam graviter, ſi quando Pontica ſurgit
Tempeſtas.

One intire Cloud, th' whole Welkin overcaſt,
And ſudden flaſh of Lightning ſtruck the Maſt,
That each Man in particular doth deem,
It purpoſely was onely aym'd at him:
And ſee'ing the ſayles on fire, amazed, ſware,
No Ship-wrack with this peril might compare:
So horrid-hideous was the Storm, like thoſe
That often in the Pontick Sea's aroſe.

661

——— audi
Et miſerere iterum.

Lend mee your Eares, and pitty once again.

662

——— nullam prudentia cani
Rectorum conferret opem, &c.

When now th'experienc'd Pilot no more can
With all his skill, help, than another Man.

663

———decidere Iactu
Cœpit cum ventis; Imitatus Caſtora, qui ſe

Eunuchum

Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno
Testiculorum, adeo medicatum intelligit Inguen.

He with the winds compoundeth for his life,
Iust like the Bezar, who to end all strife,
Doth lib himselfe; so being well aware,
How soveraign good his stones for med'cin are,
With their dear loss his life from danger frees.

664

Atquè alias, quarum generosi graminis ipsum
Natura infecit pecus, sed & egregius Fons
Viribus occultis, & Bæticus adjuvat Aer.

And other Robes, discolor'dred, and black,
So mingled naturally on the sheeps back,
By secret vertue of the Iuicy Grass,
And pow'r of the River-water, which doth pass
The Bætica, and th' Ayrs influence,
And clymate, which those colours doo'n dispence.

665

Sed quis nunc alius? qua mundi parte? quis audet
Argento præferre caput? rebusquè salutem?

In all the World, now shew me one such more,
Who life and safety, dare prefer before
Money, and wealth.

166

Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam;
Sed vitio cæci, propter patrimonia vivunt.

Not for to live, full many Riches rake,
But blind with vice, doe live for Riches sake.

667

——Modica nec multum fortior Aura
Ventus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
Vestibus extentis, & quod superaverat unum
Velo prora suo

And

And when that now at last the wind came Fair,
And breath'd but little louder than the ayr,
The Ship, a poor and miserable shift,
With cloaks, instead of sayls, doth run a drift:
Of all her own old sayls at once bereft,
Save that alone, which, in her Prow was left.

668

——— Iam deficientibus Austris
Spes vitæ cum sole redit.

The winds go down, and with the rising Sun
Their safety, and new hope of Life begun.

669

——— ——— gaudent ibi vertice raso
Garrula secure narrare pericula Nautæ.

There now the mouthing Marriner's secur'd
With shaven Crowns, relate the dangers they indur'd

670

——— ——— Longos erexit Ianua Ramos
Et matutinis operitur Festa Lucernis.

My Gate, in sign of this dayes Festivall,
With high erected Boughs, and Branches shall,
Of peacefull Laurels, and with bright Torch light
All over cover'd been, from Morn to Night.

671

——— ——— Libet expectare quis ægram
Et claudentem oculos Gallinam impendat Amico
Tam sterili? verum, hæc mimia est Impensa; Coturnix
Nulla unquam pro patre cadet.

A Man may stare his Eyes out of his head,
Ere hee shall find another that will send
Worth of a sick Hen, to such barren Friend.
Yea, even a sorry Quayl would seem a cost
T'a Father of children, somwhat of the most.

672

Vivat Pacuvius quæso vel Nestora totum
Possideat quantum rapuit Nero; montibus Aurum
Exæquet, nec amet quenquam nec ametur ab ullo.

Long may Pacuvius live, as Nestors self,
Possess the Rapine of all Nero's wealth:
Huge heaps of his own Gold, like Mountains, see,
And neither love, ne lov'd of any be.

673

I nunc & ventis Animum committe dolato
Confisus Ligno, digitis a morte remotus
Quatuor, aut septem si sit latissima tæda.

Go now, and to the winds thy life entrust,
And in a boarded Tub, thy safety thrust;
Where, but four Fingers-breadth, or seven, there be
At most, each Minute, betwixt death and thee.

674

Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur ipsi
Displicet Authori, prima est hæc ultio, quod se
Iudice nemo nocens absolvitur. *Saty.* 13.

What e're by bad Example's done amiss,
Vnto the Author self, displeasing is:
Whose first Revenge, is this; That guiltless, hee
In his own Conscience never scapeth free.

675

Ponamus nimios gemitus; flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri nec vulnere major.

Fy on too much Regreet; wee ought to mone
In compass of true Moderation?
Ne greater than the Cause, should grief be found,
Ne ought the Pain be deeper than the Wound.

676

An nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?

Is thine Experience of ſo many dayes
No bet' improv'd, but thus to ſtand at gaze?

677

Magna quidem ſacris, quæ dat præcepta Libellis
Victrix Fortunæ ſapientia.

Right goodly been thoſe heavenly Miſteries,
And learned Leddens, which that Conqueres
Of Fortune, Wiſdom teacheth, who ere looks
In precious volumes of moſt ſacred Books.

678

——— Dicimus autem
Hos quoque fœlices, qui ferre, Incommoda vitæ
Nec Iactare lugum vita didicere magiſtra.

All's wee them happy deem, who learned han
From their much time, and their lives longer ſpan,
As from a Miſtris, meekly to abide
What ever miſadventures do'n betide.
Not winching at the yoak, with bootleſs ſtrife,
But bear them as they come, the hazards of this Life.

679

Quæ tam feſta dies, ut ceſſet prodere Fures
Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine Lucrum
Quæſitum & partos gladio vel pixide Nummos?

What day ſo ſecret, but doth bring to light
Perfidious Frauds, Theſts, Couſenage, and a ſight
Of like outragious Cheats, moſt fouly done,
And all for Gold, by Sword, or Poyſon won?

680

Rari quippe Boni; numero vix ſunt totidem, quot
Thebarum Portæ, aut divitis oſtia Nyli.

So rare, good Men, and few in number been,
That ſcarſe ſo many can be found, I ween,
As gates of Thebes, or Ports of wealthy Nyle.

681

Nona Ætas agitur, pejoraq; sæcula Ferri
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit Ætas
Nomen; & a nullo posuit Natura Metallo.

Now is the worlds ninth Age, more base and vile
Than th'Iron Age, for which these times can find;
Nor Nature-self, 'mongst Metals divers kind,
A Name befitting this lewd Age, can deale.

682

——— Dic senior Bulla dignissime, Nescis
Quas Veneres habeat aliena pecunia? nescis,
Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat cùm
Exigis a quoquam ne pejeret? & putet ullis
Esse aliquid Numen Templis, Aræque rubenti?

But say, old Fool, worthy to wear a Brooch,
Doo'st thou not know, and see, that there's no such
Content, and loy, to Men in this base Age,
As Money, got by tricks, and Cousenage?
Doo'st not observe the vulgar, how they jeere
And grin at thy simplicity, to hear
Thee warn a Man, Beware how hee foreswear?
And Conscience plead'st, and doo'st of him inquire
If so hee think, that Gods there any be,
And Temples, and Red Altars, him to see?

683

Prandebat sibi quisque deus; nec turba deorum
Talis ut est hodie; contentaque sydera paucis
Numinibus miserum urgebant Atlanta minori
Pondere.

Each god then din'd alone; ne, then by odds,
Were there such swarms, as now there been of Gods:
The Stars, with fewer Numina content,
On Atlas back, not all so heavie lean't.

684

684

Improbitas Illo fuit admirabilis Ævo;
Credebant hoc grande Nefas, & morte piandum
Si Iuvenis vetulo non assurrexerat, & si
Barbato cuicunque puer: licet ipse videret
Plura domi Fraga, & majores Glandis Acervos,
Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor Annis
Primaque pars adeo sacræ lanugo senectæ.

Vice, in that Age, was gaz'd and wondred at;
If Youth, with Rev'rence, rose not where it sat,
To Eld; or bare-fac'd Boy, albe more Rich
In Fruits, and Nuts, than th'other were by Mich:
If to the Beard hee did not know his good,
Twas held a Fault, deserving loss of Blood:
So venerable twas, to have the start
Of some foure years, and Moss the premier part
Of sacred Age, so highly twas esteem'd.

685

Egregium, sanctumque virum si cerno, Bimembri
Hoc monstrum puero, vel mirandis sub Aratro
Piscibus inventis, vel fœtæ comparo Mulæ,
Sollicitus tanquam Lapides & effuderit Imber,
Examenque Apium longa consederit uva
Culmine delubri, tanquam in Mare fluxerit Amni
Gurgitibus miris, & Lactis vortice Torrens.

Now, when a just good Man I chance to find,
Me thinkes I see a Child halfe Beast by kind.
And do compare him to live Fishes, found
Before the plough forth skipping from the ground:
Or to a Mule with Fole; I stand at gaze,
As at a storm of Flints: Mine eye bewrayes,
Like clustred Grapes, a swarm of hanging Bees
In th'Temples arched Roof: Mee seems, it sees

Rivers of Milk, down from the Mountains trayle,
And in the Sea, with haſt, them diſentrayle.

686

Tam facile & pronum eſt ſuperos contemnere teſtes
Si mortalis nemo Idem ſciat, Aſpice quanta
Voce neget, quæ ſic ficti conſtantia vultus.

So ea'th, and prone it is, for Men to ſlight
The Gods own witneſs, if no mortall ſight
Them chance eſpy; mark, but with what a tone
They can deny, out-facing every one
With confidence, and faign'd looks which they frame.

687

Per ſolis Radios, Tarpejaque Fulmina Iurat;
Per Martis Frameam, Cyrrhæique ſpicula vatis,
Per calamos venatricis, Pharetramque Puellæ
Perque tuum Pater Ægæi Neptune Trydentem,
Addit & Herculeos Arcus, Haſtamque Minervæ,
Quicquid habent telorum Armamentaria Cœli
(Si verò & Pater eſt) comedam inquit flebile Nati
Sinciput elixi, Pharioque madentis Aceto.

By Sol's bright Beames, and Ioves quick Lightning,
Apollo's Darts, and Mars his Cimmeter, (flames
The Virgin-huntreſs Shafts, and Quivier,
And Neptune, by thy Trident, hee can ſwear
By Hercules his Bow, by Pallas Spear,
And by all things in Heavens Armory;
Or, if hee be a Father, if I ly,
Let be the heavie doom, to eat the head
Of this my deareſt Child, when hee is dead,
Boyl'd, and decocted in a dainty Broth
Of Pharian Vinegar, but this be Troth.

688

Sunt qui in Fortunæ jam caſibus omnia ponunt
Vt nullo credant mundum Rectore moveri

Natura

Natura volvente vices, & Lucis & Anni.
Now, ſome there be, place all in Fortunes chance,
Deeming that this worlds only Governance
Is rul'd by Nature, turning all about
Succeſsively, till all the year run out.

689

Eſt Alius, metuens ne crimen Pœna ſequatur,
Hic putat eſſe deos, & pejerat; atque ita ſecum,
Decernat quodcunque volet, de corpore noſtro
Iſis, & irato feriat mea Lumina ſiſtro,
Dum modo vel cœcus teneam quos abnego Nũmos.
Another (fearing th'inſuing Penalty
Of his miſdeeds) believes the Gods to be,
Yet perjures ſtill; and thus t'himſelf (quoth hee)
Deale Iſis with my Body, as ſhee pleaſe,
And with her angry Siſtrum pierce mine Eyes
So, as I with my Blindneſs may retain
The Gold I have foreſworn, &c.

690

Vt ſit magna, tamen certe lenta Ira deorum eſt,
Si curent igitur cunctos punire nocentes
Quando ad me venient? ſed & exorabile Numen
Fortaſſe experiar; ſolet his ignoſcere.
I grant, the Gods are moſt potentiall,
Their Anger fierce, yet lent, and ſlow withall;
And if to puniſh all, they curious be,
That do'n miſdo, when will they come to mee?
Perhaps I may their Deities intreat,
Sith, they be wont to pardon Sinners great.

691

——————— Multi
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina Fato
Ille crucem ſceleris pretium tulit, Hic dyadema.
——— Sic duo cum faciunt Idem, non eſt Idem.

Many some Sins commit with severall Fate:
This Traytor's hang'd, his Fellow's rais'd to state,
Iustice to death, him up the Ladder sends,
Whilst this, up Stayrs to Honors high ascends:
So though two Men, one thing with equall blame
Do Both perform, yet th'same proves not the same.

692

Nam cum magnæ malæ supereſt Audacia cauſæ
Creditur a multis Fiducia.

Of their bad Cause, out fac'd by Impudense,
Is deem'd of many, manly Confidence.

693

Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis
Vel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus, Audis
Iupiter hæc? nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
Debueras, vel marmoreus, vel Aheneus?

Whilst thou, in horror of this villany,
With more than Stentors voice, doo'st rore and cry
Louder than Mars in Homer; mighty Iove,
Hear'st thou all this, and doo'st thy Lips not move?
Enough to cause thy Brazen Image speak,
And from thy Marble mouth a voice to break?

694

Quando quidem accepto claudenda eſt Ianua damno
Et majore domus gemitu, majore tumultu
Planguntur Nummi quam Funera, Nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc caſu; veſtem diducere ſummam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto
Ploratur Lachrymis amiſſa pecunia veris.

Sith, after Loss, who will not shut the door?
And Men are prone to sigh, and sorrow more
For Money's Loss, than Buriall of a Friend;
None, in this case, faign griefs; ne do they rend

Their

Their Clothes for Faſhion ſake; ne done, they ſqueeze
Forc'd Teares, and moyſture from their wringed eyes:
For, loſſe of Coin, no Counterfaizance need,
Men, true-felt teares then ſhed, and weep indeed.

695

Te nunc delicias, extra communia cenſes
Ponendum; quia tu Gallinæ Filius albæ,
Nos viles Pulli, nati infœlicibus ovis.

As Fortunes Mynion, you your ſelf advance
Eſſoign'd, and free'd from worldly common chance,
A Chick, diſclos'd between the white Hens legs,
Whilſt Ouzels, wee are hatcht of addle Eggs.

696

Humani generis mores tibi noſſe volenti
Sufficit una domus; Paucos conſume dies, et
Dicere te miſerum, poſtquam iſthinc veneris, aude.

And if thou liſt to pry, and ſearch neer
The foul Conditions of all manner Men
Needs but one houſe, them plainly all to ken:
Where, ſome few dayes in obſervation ſpent,
Dare not, except thou wilt, be Impudent;
Thence, once return'd, affirm thy ſelf to be
Vnfortunate, not in the leaſt degree.

697

Quis tumidum Guttur miratur in Alpibus? aut quis
In Meroe craſſo majorem Infante Mamillam?
Cœrula quis ſtupeat Germani Lumina, flavam
Cœſariem, & madida torquentem Cornua circo?
Nempe quod hæc Illis Natura eſt omnibus una.

Who mongſt the Alps, the ſquinzie-ſwoln Chaps,
Or, admires in Ægypt the Womens Paps,
Bigger oft in Bulk, than th' Infants ſize?
Who wonders at the Germans gray-wall eyes,

Or yellow Locks, curl'd compass, like a Horn,
And all, for they by nature so be born.

698

Ad subitas Thracum volucres, Nubemque sonoram
Pygmæus parvis currit Bellator in Armis;
Mox imper Hosti, raptusque per Aëra curvis
Vugnibus, a sæva fertur Grue, si videas hæc
Gentibus in nostris, risu quatiere, sed Illic
Quanquam eadem assidue spectentur prælia, ridet
Nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.

At sudden noise, and thick sonorous Cloud
Of Thracean Birds, the little Pygmy-proud
Starts to his warlike Arms; when by and by,
O'remacht in strength by his tall Enemy,
The cruell Crane, him trussing, doth surprize,
And in his Talons, beares him through the skies.
If in our Country such a sight were seen,
'Twou'd make a man with laughter break his spleen:
Yet there, through daily Custom of such sight,
Where none of all their Army, most upright,
More than a Foot in length do ever grow:
Why, no man's mov'd, ne laugheth e're the mo.

699

At vindicta Bonum vita Iucundius ipsa
Nempe hoc Indocti quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis
Quantulacunque adeo est occasio sufficit Iræ.

Ah, but Revenge, more than life-self, is sweet.
None, save untaught rude Ignorants say so,
Who, for small cause or none, oft times do grow
To bitter Rage; the wagging of a straw
Is cause enough; their Passion is their Law.

700

——— ——— ——— Plurima fœlix
Paulatim vitia, atque errores exuit omnes
Prima docens rectum ſapientia.

O bleſſed Wiſdom, fair mote thee befall,
Who art firſt Miſtris to us evermore,
To teach, and train our Minds in righteous Lore,
And, by degrees, doo'ſt rinſe, and cleanſe the mind
From all unſeemly vice, and Errors blind.

701

——— ——— Quippe Minuti
Semper & Infirmi eſt Animi, exiguique voluptas
Vltio; continuo ſic collige, quod vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet quam Fœmina.

Certes Revenge argues an abject mind,
A poore mean feeble ſpirit: And wee find
In all the world no manner living wight,
As VVomen, do in foul Revenge delight.

702

——— ——— ——— Cur tamen hos tu
Evaſiſſe putes? quos diri conſcia Facti
Mens habet attonitos, & cœco verbere pulſat
Occultum quatiente Animo tortore Flagellum?

But why deem'ſt thou, that they ſcape puniſhment,
VVhoſe guilty minds, through dire Aſtoniſhment
At their ſo guilty deeds, with bitter Threats,
And unſeen Blowes, their Conſcience daily beats,
And, like a Hangman, over them ſtill ſhaking
A ſecret Scourge, them keepeth alwaies making?

703

Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo ſævior Illis
Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit, aut Radamanthus
Nocte dieque ſuum geſtare in pectore teſtem.

Oh, no such pain, so fierce and violent,
Not those, which just Cœditius did invent,
Nor righteous Rhadamant, compar'd more been
To what hee feels, who, in his bosomes skreen
Continuall witnes's beares, both night and day.

704

Reddidit ergo metu, non Moribus.
So, more for Fear, than any Honestie,
Hee all restor'd.

705

Has patitur pœnas peccandi sola voluntas.
This sore-sad Punishment, the very will
Suffer'd, not having yet perform'd the Ill.

706

Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
Facti crimen habet.
For, in his heart, who once hath Ill decreed,
As guilty is, as hee had done the deed.

707

——————cedo si conata peregit
Perpetua Anxietas ne mensæ tempore cessat;
Faucibus ut morbo siccis, interque molares
Difficili crescente cibo; sed vina misellus
Exspuit, Albani veteris pretiosa senectus
Displicet, ostendas melius, densissima ruga
Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.
Or if him chance to act his foul intents,
His anxious Mind, all full of sad suspense,
Gives him not leave, in quiet eat his meat;
His jawes are furr'd, as in an Agues heat:
His meat, it tumbles up and down his mouth,
It will not down, it sticks by th'way, with drouth;
Hee faign would drink, but spits it out again;
Old Alban wine, that wont to please his vain,

It hath a weſt, and though you better bring,
He writhes his mouth, and both his browes doth wring;
All, like Falerna vineger, doth taſte.

708

Hi ſunt, qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent
Cum tonat exanimes, primo quoq; murmure cœli
Non quaſi fortuito, nec ventorum rabie, ſed
Iratus cadat in terras, ut vindicet Ignis.

Theſe are the men, that tremble and waxe pale,
At every flaſh; whoſe frighted hearts doe quaile
At each ſmall Thunder Clap within the skie;
Which not by courſe, or accidentally,
By rude Encounter of winds met together,
But they beleeve theſe flames and diſmall wether,
Fals on the Earth, of purpoſe for their ſake
Finall, and full Revenge on them to take.

709

Mobilis & varia eſt ferme natura malorum
Cum ſcelus admittant, ſupereſt Audacia, quid fas
Atquè nefas, tandem incipiunt ſentire peractis
Criminibus; tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos; fixa, & mutari neſcia; nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attrita de fronte ruborem
Quiſnam hominum eſt, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio?

Full changeable, and Protean-like, is ſtill,
All villans natures; ſith in doing ill,
They Lyon-like, been ſtout and confident;
Their miſchiefes once atchiev'd, incontinent
They them bethinke, and have a tender ſenſe
Of their foule fact, though therewith do diſpenſe,
And their baſe natures, long time dy'd in grain,
Through lewd cuſtome, not able to refrain,

To their first manners, doo'n again redound;
For who in sin, prescribes himselfe a Bound,
When from his Forehead, he hath cast all shame?

710

——————Tandemq; fatebere lætus
Nec surdum, nec Tyresiam quemquam esse deorum.
So shall the Truth (with loy) then thee constrain;
Confesse thou none of all the gods do'st find,
Been deafe; ne yet Tyresias-like, are blind.

711

Plurima sunt (Fuscine) & fama digna siniſtra
Et nitidis maculam, & rugam figentia rebus
Quæ monstrant ipsi Pueris, traduntq; Parentes. *Sat.* 14
My friend Fuscinus, many things there are
Infamous worthily, leaving a skarr
And stain on things, which in themselves be good,
By Parents taught (as trades) unto their Brood.

712

Si damnosa senem juvat Alea, ludit & Hæres
Bullutius.
If an old Sire delight in damned dice,
By kind, his brooched Heire, loves dice likewise.

713

Mitem Animum, & mores modicis erroribus æquos
Præcipit? atq; Animos servorum, & corpora noſtra
Materia constare putat, paribusq; elementis?
Doth he in clemencie instruct his Child?
At small faults to connive, and to be mild?
Servants soules and bodies, to esteem of one
selfe same Elements, and matter with his owne, &c.

714

Sic natura jubet; velocius, & citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Cum subeant animos Authoribus.

So great a force hath Nature, and ſuch ſway,
That home-bred vicious ſamples readily,
And with much eaſe, or manners doe deſtroy,
Sith ſlily they ſlip in, and ſelves can wind,
In cloak of ſo great Authors to our mind.

715

——————————Vnus & Alter
Forſitan hæc ſpernant Iuvenes, quibus Arte benigna
Et meliore luto, finxit præcordia Tytan,
Sed reliquos fugienda Patrum veſtigia ducunt
Et monſtrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.

Some few choiſe tempred minds, may chance be found,
Whoſe hearts with grace and goodneſs ſo abound,
As thoſe whom Tytan, of farr finer clay
Hath moulded up, and wrought a better way,
Who by ſuch ſamples ſcorn to be miſled;
But others in their Sires foule footſteps tread.
And the long known Cattrake of their old ſinne
Prevailes upon them, and them holds therein.

716

Abſtineas igitur damnis; hujuſce etenim vel
Vna potens ratio eſt, ne crimina noſtra ſequantur
Ex nobis geniti, quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus & pravis omnes ſumus; & Catilinam
Quocunq; in populo, ſemper quocunq; ſub Axe,
Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec Avunculus unquam.

One potent Motive, therefore to reſtrain
Our wicked wayes, is leſt we elſe mote train
Our Children to our vices, which we all
Are too too apt to imitate, and thrall
Still to the worſt; yea, Catiline, all times
Amongſt all people, and under all clymes
Each where is ſeen; But hardly ſhall a man
A Brutus find, or Cato-Vtican.

717

Nil dictu fœdum visuq; hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ Puer est, procul hinc procul inde Puellæ
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis parasiti.

No Ribaldry, no filthy sight be seen
Within those doors, where little children been
All Pandars Imps and Parasites, who chant
Their bawdy ribald songs all night, avant.

718

Maxima debetur Puero Reverentia; si quid
Turpe paras; nec tu pueri contempseris Annos,
Sed peccaturo obsistat tibi Filius Infans.

All ought of Children have a reverend care,
In any unseemly matter, and beware
How thou contemn, or slight their tender years;
Ne suffer them to be thy Overseers,
But let their presence evermore prevent
Thy doing ill, and hinder thy intent.

719

Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo tuorum,
Verre Pavimentum, &c.
Ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore fœda canino
Atria displiceant oculis venientis Amici,
Nec perfusa luto sit porticus, &c.
Illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
Aspiciat sine labe domum, vitioq; carentem.

No Servant's Idle, when thy Guests doe come;
Some on their knees, doe sweep, and rub the room,
So curious art thou (silly Soule) the while,
That thy Court yard no Dogs-turd doe defile
To offend thy welcome Friend, when he comes in,
Nor in thy Poroh, no speck of dust be seen;
As for thy Family, nought dost thou care
To order it so well, that thy young Heire

May ſee that cleane, that there no filth, nor ſtain
Of vicious manners may within it raign.

720

Gratum eſt quod Civem Patriæ, populoq; dediſti
Si facis ut Patriæ ſit Idoneus, utilis Agris
Vtilis & Bellorum, & rebus pacis agendis; (hunc tu
Plurimum enim intererit quibus Artibus, & quibus
Moribus inſtituas; Serpente ciconia Pullos
Nutrit, & inventa per devia Rura lacerta.

Thankes of thy Countrey, and thy Country-men,
Thou merit maiſt, if a fit Citizen,
Apt for their ſervice, thou on them beſtow,
Bred up to Husbandry, or trained ſo,
Able to be imploid in Peace, or Warre;
So much it them concernes, how Children are,
In what profeſſion, and what manners bred;
The young Storks, by their Dame with Serpents fed,
And Lizzards found in devious deſart wayes,
Once fledge, upon the ſelfe ſame Creature prayes.

721

Sponte tamen Iuvenes imitantur cætera; ſolam
Inviti quoq; Avaritiam exercere jubentur.

So apiſh, and ſo mimically prone,
Is youth to all, ſave Avarice alone.

722

Fallit enim vitium ſpecie virtutis, & umbra
Cum ſit triſte habitu, vultuq; & veſte ſeverum
Nec dubie tanquam frugi, laudatur Avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo, & rerum tutela ſuarum,
Certa magis, quam ſi Fortunas ſervet eaſdem
Heſperidum Serpens, aut Ponticus.

For under vertues, ſeeming ſhape and ſhade,
Vice can beguile, and can it ſelfe indeer

With

With demure looks, grave Haviour, and severe,
So Avarice, for faire Frugality
Applauded is, true Providence, whereby
A man preserves his state farre surer, then
The Pontick-Dragon, and Hesperian.

723

Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa; His protinus illos
Imbuit, & cogit minimas edisscere sordes,
Mox acquirendi docet insatiabile votum.

Now certain Principles there are of vice,
Base nasty tricks, and pedling sordities;
Wherewith they season, and indoctrinate
The minds of youth, and in them generate
A Having-humour, sateless thirst of wealth.

724

Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo
Ipse quoq; esuriens; Neq; enim omnia sustinet un-
Mucida cærulei Panis consumere frusta, (quam
Hesternum solitus medio servare Minutal
Septembri; nec non differre in tempore cenæ
Alterius, conchen æstivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio, putriq; siluro;
Filaq; sectivi numerata iucludere Porri;
Invitatus ad hæc Aliquis de Ponte negabit.

Eft-soons he fals to starving of himselfe; (cheat
And plagues his Servants mawes, and doth them
Of halfe their measure, and with halfe their meate;
Yea, audit goes like Daggers, to his heart,
With his hard crusts of mouldy bread to part,
The Mammocks of a heartless Hotch-potch made,
Of faint September herbs, he is afraid
Spend all at once; but for an other meale
Fragments of Dog-fish, and ranke Senting-seale,
And pods of Beans keeps under lock and key:

Yea,

Yea, and ſo baſe he is, and niggardly,
That the ſmall ſtrings, on Garlike-heads that grow
By tale, he in his Cupboard doth beſtow;
No High-way Begger, but would ſcorn theſe ſcraps,
If offred him, ſhould come a'tween his chaps.

725

Sed quo divitias hæc per tormenta coactat
Cum furor haud dubius, cum ſit manifeſta Phrenæſis
Vt locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato?
Interea pleno cum turget ſacculus ore
Creſcit Amor Nummi quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit.

But what's the end of all this ſwink and ſweat?
And endleſs torments ſo much wealth to get:
Frantick mad men, the while thus niggardly,
And poor to live, that they may richly dye;
And when their Crumenall ſwels, like to burſt,
As their coin grows, ſo all gates growes their thirſt.

726

Et minus hanc optat, qui non habet.

And for th' moſt part, ſtill they who have the leaſt,
Have leaſt deſires, in their own quiet breſt.

726

Quorum ſi pretijs dominus non vincitur ullis
Nocte Boves macri, laſſoq; famelica collo
Armenta ad virides hujus mittuntur Ariſtas
Nec prius inde domum, quam tota Novalia ſævos
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.

Which if to ſell, the owner will not yield
A drove of Cattle to his green corne field,
Leane weary Oxen, now unyoak'd, by night
Thou cauſeſt be convey'd, where till they quite
As if 'twere mow'd, have ranch'd up all his corn,
Adown their greedy mawes, doe ne're return.

728 Dicere

728

Dicere vix possis quam multi talia plorent,
Et quot venales Injuria fecerit Agros.

'Tis hard to say, how many all about;
Of such hard oppression doe cry out;
Nor yet how many men may e're be told,
Enforc'd through Injuries their states have sold.

729

Sed qui sermones? quam fædæ Buccina famæ?
But what, meane while, reports the world for thy?
How shrill's the Trumpets Blast of Infamy?

730

Quid nocet hoc (inquit) tunicam mihi malo Lupini,
Quam si me toto laudet vicinia Pago
Exigui ruris pauciſſima farra secantem.

What hurts that me (quoth he) mee leefer were
A Lupine pod to have, then to be Heire
To all the whole worlds praise, if poor withall;
Having no ground nor corne, or very small.

731

Scilicet & morbis, & debilitate carebis
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi post hæc fato meliore dabuntur,
Si tantum cultu solus possederis Agri
Quantum sub Tatio, populus Romanus arabat.

No doubt, thy wealth can free thee from disease;
No weaknes, care, or griefe can on thee seise;
As thy life after, shall more happy be,
If of thine own, thou so much Land canst see,
As all the Roman people loyntly held,
When good King Tatius did the Scepter weld.

732

Nunc modus hic Agri nostro non sufficit Horto.

But

But farre more Land, in these waſt dayes of ours,
Each private Garden now alone devours.

733

Inde fere ſcelerum cauſæ; nec plura venena
Miſcuit, aut ferro graſſatur ſæpius ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quam ſæva cupido
Indomiti cenſus.

No villany, but hence it doth proceed,
Ne any vice that in mans mind doth breed,
Hath after poyſons mixt, or in the Rode,
At all points arm'd; ſo graſſeth all abroad,
As this ſame deadly thirſt of ſateleſs gain.

734

——————Nam dives qui fieri vult
Et cito vult fieri; ſed quæ reverentia legum
Quis metus aut pudor eſt unquam properantis Avari?

For He of wealth that is ſo very fain,
Would all gates in an inſtant fain be ſuch;
Meane while the feare, and reverence is not much,
In theſe haſt-making Miſers of the Lawes,
Ne honeſt ſhame, them ever overawes.

735

——————Pueri Panem quæramus Aratro
Qui ſatis eſt menſis, laudant hoc numina ruris.

Come honeſt youths, let's purchaſe with our plough
Our daily Bread, the Rurall Gods allow,
And praiſe this courſe.

736

Nil vetitum feciſſe volet, quem non pudet alta
Per glaciem Perone tegi, qui ſummovet Euros
Pellibus inverſis.

He no unlawfull Action ever does,
Who's not aſham'd, of his high winter-ſhoes;

Ne,

Ne, 'gainſt the world ere blusheth to be ſeen
In outside of Beasts Hides, turn'd next their skin.

737

——————Peregrina, Ignotaq; nobis
Ad ſcelus, atq; nefas, quodcunq; eſt Purpura ducit.
This forrain Purple, and to us unknown,
With ſins of all ſorts hath us overflown.

738

——————Accipe Chartas
Scribe Puer, vigila, cauſas age, perlege rubras,
Majorum leges, aut vitem poſce libello.
Vitis, erat inſigne centurionatus.
Riſe Boy, and write, to exerciſe thy hand,
Watch, ſtudy, reade, and learne to underſtand
The Rubricks of our Anceſtors old Lawes,
And earne rich Fees, to plead the Clients cauſe,
Or dedicate ſome poem of thy wit,
Which may thee gain the Vine for doing it.

739

——————Nec te faſtidia mercis
Vllius ſubeant ablegandæ Tyberim ultra,
Nec credas ponendum aliquid diſcriminis inter
Vnguentum & Corium, Lucri bonus eſt odor ex Re
Qualibet.
But ſcorn no trade, for baſeneſs of the ware,
Though ſuch, as th' other ſide the Tyber are,
Farre fitter to be us'd; ne doe think
Of Lether, worſe then Baulſome, though it ſtink;
And evermore, recount this in thy mind,
That all Gain's ſweet, of what ſoever kind.

740

——————Illa tuo ſententia ſemper in ore
Verſetur dijs, atq; Ipſo Iove digna Poetæ
Vnde habeas quærit nemo, ſed oportet habere

Hoc

Hoc monſtrant verulæ Pueris poſcentibus Aſſem,
Hoc diſcunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ. *Ennius.*

That curious Adage, worth to be enroll'd
By Iove himſelfe in Letters of pure Gold,
Have in thy mouth, of that wiſe Poet ſtill;
From whence thou hadſt it, none examine will,
But money muſt be had; thus each old Hagg
Teach their Boyes, peremptorily to beg:
And every Girle this Leſſon learns, before
Their Alpha-Beth they roundly can ſay o're.

741

——Nullus enim magni ſceleris labor.

Sith, to commit moſt capitall misdeeds,
Then to the leaſt, no greater labour needs.

742

Nemo ſatis credit tantum delinquere, quantum
Indulges, adeo indulgent ſibi latius ipſi.

There's ſcarce a man, but thinkes, that ſtill far leſs
Then thou do'ſt licenſe him, he doth tranſgreſs,
So large a Liberty to doe amiſs
All take, and each ſo ſelfe Indulgent is.

743

Cum dicis Iuveni, ſtultum qui donet Amico
Qui paupertatem levet, attollatq; Propinqui
Et ſpoliare doces, & circumſcribere, & omni
Crimine divitias acquirere.

When to thy Child this Rule thou do'ſt commend,
That he's a Foole, who gives ought to his Friend,
Or doth releeve his Kindred in decay:
Thou do'ſt all one, as bid him make a pray,
Spoyle, couſen, cheat, and cunny-catch each man,
By all the criminous vile tricks he can.

744 Nota

744

Nota Mathematicis Geneſis tua, ſed grave tardas
Expectare colos; morieris ſtamine, nondum
Abrupto; Iam nunc obſtas, & vota miraris,
Iam torquet Iuvenem longa et corvina ſenectus.
Mathematicians ken the houre,
The Geneſis of thy birth; But ſikerly
Tis hard to expect the tardy Spindles; die
Thou muſt, before thy thread be throughly ſpun,
And now thou doſt delay thy lingring Son,
And his long expectation do'ſt prevent,
Thy ſlag-long-liv'd Age, doth him torment.

745

Ocyus Archigenem quære, atq; eme quod Mithrida-
Compoſuit, ſi vis aliam decerpere Ficum (tes
Atquè alias tractare Roſas; Medicamen habendum
Eſt
Sorbere ante cibum, quod debeat aut Pater, aut Rex.
Seek out Archigenes, and of him buy
That doſs, which Mithridates anciently
Compos'd, if thou do'ſt hope to have the luck,
The next years Fig, and Summers Roſe to pluck,
That Antidote, which that King wont to eat,
Fathers had now need take before their meat.

746

——————Aſpice Portus
Et plenum magnis Trabibus mare, plus hominuum eſt
In Pelago; veniet claſſis quacunquè vocarit (jam
Spes lucri, nec Carpathium, Getulaq; tantum
Æquora tranſiliet, ſed longe Culpe relicta
Audiet Herculeo ſtridentem Gurgite ſolem.
Look out to Sea, and marke how full it is,
And every Haven, with huge Argoſies;
More men at Sea now, then at Land remain

Into

Into all Coasts throughout the world, where Gain
Invites, Ships will be there; Ne only, cross
The Lybick, and Carpatian Seas, but pass
Calpe, where they wont hear the setting Sun
O're head and eares, his flaming Body run
With hideous noise, like red hot Iron tane
Out of the Furnace, and in water soast
Within the surges of the Western Main.

747

Non unus Mentes agitat furor.

All Mad men are not all alike diseas'd.

748

Cum sit causa mali, tanti & discriminis hujus
Concisum Argentum, in titulos, Facieſq; minutas.

Nummi, inscripti Imagine Reg. Imper. aut prin.

Sith all his per'lous Iourney's cause proceeds
From greedinesse, to have his Coffers lin'd
With Silver Titles, and small Faces, coyn'd.

749

Sed cujus votis modo non suffecerat Aurum
Quod Tagus, & Rutilus volvit Pactolus Arena
Frigida sufficient velantes Inguina Panni
Exiguusque Cibus, mersa Rate Naufragus Assem
Dum rogat, & picta se Tempestate tuetur.

——— *So who, not long before*
All Tagus, and Pactolus golden o're,
Mote not suffice his infinite desires,
His naked Corps, no higher now aspires,
Than to a few old Rags, to hide the same
From heat and cold, and's Privities from shame:
And ship-wrackt thus, and all to weather-beat,
Begs for a Farthing, and some Broken meat:
And after loss of all his hoped Wealth,
With a painted Tempest doth maintain himself.

750

Tantis parta Malis, Cura majore metuquè
Servantur; misera est magni custodia Census.

With so great Care, Goods gotten, saved are
With greater Fear, and infinit more Care:
Great is the misery, great Wealth to keep.

751

Sensit Alexander magna cùm vidit in ista
Magnum Habitatorem, quanto felicior hic qui
Nil speraret, quam qui totum sibi poscceret orbem
Passurus gestis æquanda pericula Rebus.

When Alexander saw, in this small Shell
The great Inhabitant, that there did dwell,
How thousand fould, his happiness confest,
Who wisht no more, than th'Nothing hee possest:
Past his, whom all the whole world not contents,
And whose great sufferings, match his great attempts.

752.

——— Mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat Census, si quis me consulat, edam
In quantum sitis atque fames & frigora poscunt
Nunquam aliud Natura aliud sapientia dicit.

If any now would satisfie himself
Of the just meane, and competence in Wealth,
Thus I advize; so much as well will serve
From Cold, from Thirst, from Hunger to preserve;
So much true tempred minds may well suffise:
Nature, and Wisdom teach no otherwise.

753

Si nondum implevi Gremium; si panditur ultra
Nec Crœsi Fortuna unquam, nec Persica Regna
Sufficient Animo, Nec divitiæ Narcissi.

If

If this, thy ſtomack do not cloſe; but ſtill
It gapes for more, not Cræſus Fortune will,
Nor all the perſian Empires Treaſurics,
Nor all Narciſſus wealth can thee ſuffice.

754

Iudulſit Cæſar cui Claudius omnia; cujus
Paruit Imperijs uxorem occidere Iuſſus.
Hee had of Claudius Cæſar ſuch a hand,
That Cæſar ſlew his wife at his command.

755

Qais neſcit (Voluſi Bithinice) qualia demens
Ægyptus Portenta colat?
(Bithinian Voluſius) who doth not ken,
The Monſters worſhipt by th' Ægyptian Men?

756

——— Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, Illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin
Illic cæruleos, hic piſcem Fluminis; Illic
Oppida tota, Canem venerantur; Nemo Dianam
Porrum, & Cæpe nefas violare, & frangere morſu.
Some, the vaſt Crocodile do moſt adore:
Some, Serpent-eating Ibis honor more:
Some, River Fiſh: Some, Salt Fiſh of the ſhore:
Somewhere, the Dog, whole Cities worſhip too,
Yet, to Diana, they no honor do
Elſwhere, 'tis held a Capitoll miſdeed,
Garlick, and Leeks to bite, or on them feed.

757

Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in Hortis
Numina.
Oh, People more than bleſt, ſo mote I thee,
Who in your Gardens thus your Gods may ſee.

758

——— Lanatis Ammalibus abſtinet omnis

Mensa, Nefas Illic fœtum jugulare Capellæ
Carnibus humanis vesci licet.

The best Mans board affords not at his Feast,
The dainty flesh of the Woolbearing Beast:
Ne, the Goats Youngling lawfull is to kill,
But on Mans Flesh, each one may feed their fill.

759

Nos vulgi scelus, & cunctis graviora Cothurnis;
Nam scelus a Pyrrha quanquã omnia syrmata volvas
Nullus apud Tragicos Populus facit; Accipe nostro
Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit Ævo.

A common villany, exceeding far,
All, by Tragedians, which devized are;
For, let all Tragick vestments be perus'd,
Since Pyrha's dayes, such tricks were never us'd:
'Mongst all their Tragick Scenes, such cruelty,
Such savage samples of Immanity
Were never seen upon their bloody Stage,
As been to us presented in our Age.

760

Inter finitimos, vetus atque Antiqua simultas
Immortale odium, & nunquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Combos & Tentyra; Summus utrinq;
Inde furor vulgi, quod Numina vicinorum
Odit uterque Locus; cum solos credit habendos
Esse, deos quos ipse colit.

An old invet'rate Grudg, and deadly spleen,
A Wound incurable befell, between
Two neighbor Cities, Combs, and Tentyra,
About their Gods; Each, out of spight, assay
To put down th'others Gods, that each of theirs
Mote been the only Numen of both's Pray'rs.

761

761

——— Sed Luxuria, quantum ipſe notavi
Barbara, famoſæ non cedit turba Canopæ.

In Swiniſh Luxury, nought theſe Rogues, I ween,
T'Infamous Canopus inferior been.

762

Adde, quod & facilis victoria de madidis, et
Blæſis, atquæ Mero tituban tibus.

Add now hereto, that when each totty head,
Well waſht with wine, and lightly liquored;
Liſping, and reeling ripe, how ea'th, alaſs,
Thus in this caſe, to Conquer them it was.

763

——— Inde virorum
Saltatus nigro Tibicine; qualiacunquè
Vnguenta, & Flores, multæque in Fronte Coronæ,
Hinc Ieiunum odium.

Thoſe now be wont, their voices loud enhanſe
With ribal'd Songs, and to the Pipe to dance,
Annointed all with coſtly Balms of price,
With Flowers crown'd & Garlands mixt with ſpice
On th'other ſide; The Tentarites do faſt
In their Devotion, ſober, ſad, and chaſt;
This is the ſourſe of eithers mortall hate.

764

——— Sed Iurgia prima ſonare
Incipiunt Animis ardentibus, Hæc tuba Rixæ
Dehinc clamore pari concurritur; & vice teli
Sævit nuda Manus; Paucæ ſine vulnere Malæ
Vix cuiquam aut nulli, toto certamine Naſus
Integer; adſpiceres jam cuncta per Agmina vultus
Dimidios, alias Facies, & hiantia ruptis
Oſſa Genis, plenos oculorum ſanguine Pugnos.

The Deſcription of the Fray.

Now been they met; and first, they rayl and rate,
And each revile, in foul and bitter wise,
That Malice self, or Anger can devise;
Which, Trumpet-like, the Battell first proclames,
Then with loud yels, and wolvish-hideous shrames,
Each side doth rush together by the eares
With their dire Fists, instead of Swords and Spears,
Few Cheeks unwounded scape; and few or none,
But all, or most part of his Nose is gone;
Here mote yee see full many of either side, (wide
Half fac'd, and cheeks, with wounds all yawning
Gasht through the Bones, and Hands, bedew'd with
Of Eyes, from others head scracht out, and tore. (gore

765

Ludere se credunt Ipsi tamen; & Pueriles
Exercere Acies quod nulla Cadavera calcent,
Et sane, quò tot rixantis millia turbæ?
Si vivunt omnes ergo acrior Impetus; & Iam
Saxa inclinatis per humum quæsita Lacertis
Incipiunt torquere, domestica seditione
Tela.

Yet all this seems, but Schollers base to been,
Where no dead Bodies on the ground are seen;
And what avayleth it, truth for to say'n,
Such a deale of clattring Thunder without Rain?
So many thousand scolds to meet, and fight,
And all still live? wherefore with greater spight,
Each stoops to ground, and snatcheth up a stone,
The usuall Weapons of sedition.

766

Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrescebat Homero,
Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pusillos.

Fas

——— *For even in Homers time,*
The goodly ſtrain of Men was paſt the prime,
And th'earth breeds men now, bad, and weak withall

767

A diverticulo repetatur Fabula.

But to our Story let us turn our Tide.

768

Nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus, et par
Virtute & fide, ſed major clade ſaguntus.

——— *Yet wee no leſs,*
Thoſe brave Cantabrians muſt needs confeſs
Right Noble been; and match us every way
In Faith and Fortitude, how ever they
And their Saguntum, then our Countries ſtate
Have ſuffred more, as more unfortunate.

769

———Molliſſima Corda
Humano generi dare ſe Natura fatetur
Quæ Lachrymas dedit.
Nature profeſt, when ſhee did Teares impart,
Shee meant that Man ſhould have a tender heart.

770

——— Hæc noſtri pars optima ſenſus;
Plorare ergo jubet caſuſam dicentis Amici;
Squaloremque rei; Pupillum ad Iura vocantem
Circum ſcriptorem, cujus manantia fletu
Ora puellares, faciunt incerta Capilli.

This is our Minds beſt part; This, us conſtrains
To melt with teares, when our dear friend complains
This, when wee ſee pale guilty perſons ſtand
Before the Iudge, our pitty doth command;
This alſo makes our very hearts to yern,
When Orphants, ſuch as hard is to diſcern

Their Sex, with their loos Maiden hair down trailing
O're their smooth Faces, weeping all, and wailing,
Implore fair Iustice 'gainst the Cousenage
Of the fals Gardians of their under Age.

771

Naturæ Imperio, gemimus cum Funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terra clauditur Infans,
Et minor Igne Rogi.

Instinct of Nature prompts our Minds to mourn
When ere wee meet a Maid to Buriall born;
Or when wee to the Earth see Infants turn'd,
Or Yonglings in their Funerall-fiers burn'd.

772

——— Quis enim Bonus ———
Vlla aliena sibi credat mala?

Sith what good Man himself will ever hold
A meer stranger, unto the manifold
Mischances, unto Mankind incident?

773

——— ——— ——— Seperat hæc nos
A Grege mutorum; atque ideo venerabile soli
Sortiti Ingenium, divinorumque capaces
Atque exercendis, capiendisque Artibus apti,
Sensim, a cœlesti demissum traximus Arce.

From all dumb Beasts, this makes us different;
Only Man therefore of all Creatures gain'd
A venerable soule; and Mind obtain'd,
Capacious of all heavenly Misteries,
For Practice fit, and apt for Exercise,
Of Arts and Sciences, as being deriv'd (triv'd.
From Heavens high Tow'r, where first it was con-

774

Cujus egent prona & terram spectantia; Mundi
Principio indulsit communis Conditor Illis
Tantum

Tantũ Animas, nobis Animum quoq; mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere Auxilium, & præstare juberet.

This, prone Beasts, ever looking downward, want;
The worlds great Maker unto them did grant,
Life, and Sense only; But to Man hee gave
An active Soule, with understanding grave;
Which, with mutuall Affection him inspire
Both to give help, and others help require.

775

Sed jam serpentum major concordia; parcit
Cognatis maculis similis Fera.

But Serpents now much more concordant are;
Beasts of a kind, their own kinds spots do spare.

776

——— ——— Quando Leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam Leo? Quo Nemore unquam
Expiravit Aper majoris dentibus Apri?
Indica Tygris aut rabida cum Tygride pacem
Perpetuam; sævis inter se convenit ursis.

When did old Lyons the young Lyons slay?
Where, in what Forrest do th'old Sanglers pray
On yonger Bores? rude Beares with Beares agree;
And Tygers in fair peace with Tygers be.

777

Ast homini ferrum lethale Incude nefanda
Produxisse parum est; cum Rastra, & sarcula tantum
Assueti coquere, & marris, & vomere lassi
Nescierint primi gladios excudere Fabri.

Now, ah the while, it may not Man suffice,
As in our Grand-sires dayes, the Smith to make
The Fork, the Mattock, and the Rake;
The utmost skill, at which they then did aym,
They deadly Swords on cursed Anvils frame.

778

Aspicimus Populos, quorum non sufficit Iræ
Occidisse aliquem; sed Pectora Bracchia vultum
Crederint genus esse cibi.

Now wee people see
Whose cursed Nature cannot saved be
With killing men; but think their Bodies are
A Princely Meat, and most delicious Fare.

779

——— Quid disceret ergo
Vel quo non fugeret, si nunc hæc monstra videret
Pythagoras? cunctis Animalibus abstinuit qui
Tanquam homine, & ventri indulsit non omne Legu-
What would Pythagoras now do or say; (men.
Or whether would hee not himself convay,
Should hee these Monsters view? who wont forbear
Life of all living things, with as much fear,
As of mans self, refusing all Flesh meat;
Yea, such his care, as that he refus'd to eat
Some sort of Pulse; so tender was his mind.
Enamter, unawares, to hurt mankind.

780

Quis numerare queat fælicis Præmia (Galle)
Militiæ? *Saty 26.*
Who can recount the Meed of happy wars.

781

——— Plus etenim Fati valet hora benigni
Quam si nos veneris commendet Epistola Marti
Et semiæ Genetrix, quæ delectatur Arena.

For one hours lucky chance, undoubtedly
Doth more prevail, and doth indeer us more,
Than if dame Iuno from her Samian shore,
Or Venus self, in our behalf should send
Their Letters unto Mars, us to commend,

782

782

Quis tam procul absit ab urbe. *Proverb.*

Dwels any from the City so far hence?
Ac si diceret, quis tam stolidus ac tantum absit a prudentia urbana ut hoc faciendum judicet?

783

——— Lacrymæ siccentur protinus, & se
Excusaturos, non solicitemus Amico.

Let's dry our Teares, and wipe our Eyes; in vain
To Friends, themselves excusing, wee complain.

784

Da testem, Iudex quem dixerit, Audeat Ille
Nescio quis, Pugnos qui videt dicere vidi
Et credam dignum Barba, dignumque capillis
Majorum.

Show mee that witness, one, I know not whom,
Who being Licenc'd by the Judge, to come;
And having seen the Fray, speake what hee knowes,
And stoutly dares say thus, I saw the Blowes;
And I pronounce him, worthy to be Heir
Of's Grand-sires reverend beard, and grave gray hair.

785

——— Citius falsum producere testem
Contra Paganum possis, quam vera loquentem
Contra Fortunam Armati, contraque Pudorem.

So much for Souldiers; is't more easie thing,
Falſe witness 'gainst a Citizen to bring,
Than for a Citizen, a witness win
With never so much Truth in's mouth, come in
Against a Souldier, ought at all to vouch,
That mote his Honor, or his Fortune touch.

786

Præmia nunc alia, atque alia emolumenta nosemus
Sacramentorum.

Now other Meeds, and profits to relate
Of these Men, Sacramented to the State.

787

——— Convallem Ruris Aviti
Improbus, aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit
Aut sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum
Quod mea cum verulo coluit plus Annua Libo
Debitor, aut sumptos pergit non reddere Nummos
Vanæ supervacua dicens chyrographa Ligni
Expectandus erit, qui Lites inchoet Annus
Totius populi; Sed tunc quoque mille feranda
Tædia, mille moræ.

The Satyricall Poet complains of the corruption of Lawyers in his time.

If my unhonest Neighbour seize my Lands,
And Fields of my Forefathers to his hands,
Dig up the sacred Meer-stone, th'ancient Bound
Of mine Inheritance, and Grand-sires Ground,
Whereon, with Pulse, and hallow'd wafer Cake,
A yearly Sacrifice I wont to make.
Or, being my Debtor, though damnably
Forswear the Debt, or Payment mee deny,
Vowing the Bill under his hand, and Seal
Is Counterfeit, not worth a Cockle shell:
Yet I am forc'd to stay, a year, from hence,
Till time, the People's common Pleas, Commence;
When that time comes, I then must all's abide
A thousand trifling put off tricks beside.

788

Ast Illis quos Arma tegunt, & Balthens ambit
Quod pl[illegible]um est Illis præstatur tempus ag[illegible]ndi
Nec Res [illegible]itur longo sufflamine Litis.

But

But theſe ſame Harneſt, Belt round girded men,
Preſcribe their owne time, when beſt pleaſeth them
To plead their cauſe; their wealth's not worn away
With tedious ſuits, and Pull-backs of delay.

789

——— Hunc labor æquus
Provehit, & pulchro reddit ſua dona labori.

——— *So his Heroick pains*
Him, Riches and preferment, goodly gains,
With equall good, his labour guerdoning.

790

Ipſius certe ducis hoc referre videtur,
Vt qui fortis erit, ſit fæliciſſimus idem
Vt læti phaleris omnes, & torquibus omnes.
And ſooth, me ſeems, to the honour of a King
It much, and to his Majeſty redounds
To make him happy moſt, who moſt abounds
In noble Feates of Armes, and daring doe,
And onely ſuch in Gold, and Trappings gay to goe.

791

Multaq; nunc timeo, quia feci multa proterve.
I many times now feare, and iealous am,
For I in many things have been too blame.

792

Cum foderet ferro caſtum Lucretia pectus,
Sanguinis & torrens egrederetur, ait
Teſtetur cunctis me non violaſſe pudorem
Ante viros ſanguis; ſpiritus ante deos,
Quam bene producti pro me poſt fata loquentur
Alter apud manes, alter apud ſuperos,
Knife through her chaſt Breſt when Lucrece ran,
Whence all the ſtremes of her lives blood were drain'd,
Witneſs my blood, and ſoule, to God and man;
That I (quoth ſhe) my honor have not ſtain'd;

Which

Which how well spent, to th' Superi speake one;
Th' other to my Manes, for me, when I am gone.

793

En ego non paucis quondam munitus Amicis,
Dum flavit velis Aura secunda meis;
Vt fera nimboso tumuerunt Æquora vento
In medijs lacera Puppe relinquor Aquis.

Lo, I the man, senc'd round with friends while'er,
While friendly Gales of wind, my sayles did veer,
When with rude gusts, the big swoln-Seas were grown
My tatterd Barke, in th' waves mas left alone.

794

Pulcherrima dissertatio Monialis & Iuvenis

Mon.

Me tibi tequè mihi, genus Ætas, & decor æquant
Cur non ergo pares, ambo in Amore sumus?

Iuve.

Non hac veste places: alijs nigra vestis ametur
Quæ nigra sunt fugio; candida sed peramo.

Mon.

Veste sed hac nigra, niveam tamen aspice Carne
Quæ nigra sunt fugias; candida membra petas.

Iuve.

Nupsisti Christo, quem non offendere fas est
Hoc velum sponsam, te facit esse dei.

Mon.

Deponam velum, deponam cætera quæq;
Intraboq; torum, nuda Puella tuum.

Iuve.

Iuve.

Si careas velo, tamen altera non potes eſſe,
Veſtibus ablatis, non mea culpa minor.

Mon.

Culpa quidem, ſed non gravis; & ſic eſſe fatebor,
Eſt quoq; Peccatum, ſed veniale tamen.

Iuve.

Vxorem violare viri, grave crimen habetur,
Sed gravius ſponſam te violare dei.

Mon.

Viciſti noſtrum ſancta ratione furorem
Gaudeo quod verbis ſim ſuperata tuis.

A moſt excellent diſcourſe, between a young Nun, and a young Man.

Mon.

In Beauty, Birth, and Age, ſith we agree,
why ſhould our Loves, not likewiſe equall be?

Iuve.

Not I your habit, though ſome black approve,
Black things I loath, the white I dearly love.

Mon.

Vnder this Scole, yet view my beauteous face,
The black let be, my ſnow white limbs embrace.

Iuve.

Your Chriſt, whom lawfull, ſin's t'offend, have wed,
This veyle makes you the Spouſe of Gods owne Bed.

Mon.

For thy dear Love, Vaile, Smock, and all Ile ſtrip,
And then ſtarke naked to thy Bed will skip.

Iuve.

All be unvayl'd, you will remain the ſame,
Ne your unclothing, can abate my blame.

Mon.

Mon.

Tis no such fault, though faulty I confess,
It is a sin, but veniall, nath'less.

Inve.

A mans wife to defile's a foule offence,
But you (Gods Spouse) is double Impudence.

Mon.

Your sage discourse my lust hath stricken dumb,
And with your words I joy to be orecome.

795

Nulla salus Bello.

Who can recount the happy sweet Estate
Of blessed Peace? or who it estimate
Vnto the valew can, or price her worth?
A pregnant fruitfull Parent, that brings forth
A Cornucopia of all manner good,
Most blessed Mother, of a blessed brood:
And strange effects producing every where.
The Haqueton, the Helmet, and the Spear,
The Corslet, and the Lance converted are
To Sickles, Sythe's, the Coulter, and the Share;
Souldiers to Ploughmen eke, are changed now,
And the Barb'd Horse, are taught to draw the plough:
The Husbandman reapes what he sow'd himselfe,
Each one professeth his own gotten wealth;
The Shepheard of his Flock, is not bereft,
Herds are found lar'd, where they at night were left;
All day securely, all sorts walke their way,
And down to quiet rest at night them lay:
Husbands their Wives, and Parents their own child
Enjoy, unforc'd, and match them undefil'd:
No mans Heart bodes him any evill chance;
The Children in the streets, doe sing and dance;

No

No Watch, and daily Ward upon the walls,
No feare, no noise of those round Iron Bals,
Which from the nitrous Bowels of the Gun,
Like ratling Thunder, through the Ayr doth run:
All Halcyon Calms, no need of Souldiers trade,
Oh hapless State, enforc'd to crave their aid.
Arrowes and Darts, sad Instruments of death,
Lie dead, intomb'd in their mouldy sheath,
Insteed of Drums and Trumpets awefull noise,
The Lute, the Harpe, the Organ, and the voice
Cornets, Sagbuts, and Hautboyes every where,
Revive mens spirits, and delight their eare;
God hath his service, and frank leisure is
To keep his Sabbath, which all day is his:
Most happy people, of such peacefull Land,
If they their happinesse well understand:
O my dear Lord, who art the peacefull God,
The God of peace, of grace, make thine abode
Ore all the Limits of our Countrey dear,
Never let wars set wofull Footing here,
Frame us still, to be at peace with thee,
That so we with our selves in peace may be;
And in united concord still abide,
Of all our Neighbours for our Peace envi'd:
And till the worlds consumption, ever stand,
A free, frank Nation, and a peacefull Land:
Ah, for where Mars his Banner once displayes,
Death and destruction over all forraies;
No mercy is, no Iustice; Force and Wrong,
And Injuries, there grasseth all among,
Truth flies for feare, Religion hides her head,
And Lawes, both human and divine lie dead:
As in the worlds first Chaos, all things are
Yahing'd, unjoynted, and quite out of square:

In warr, each Captain is a petty King,
Acknowledging no Law, save what they bring;
Here, every Souldier's Breaker of the peace,
And whore, and as they list, bind and release;
No Lawes know they, nor Iustice, save the sword,
And are free Guests, at each mans bed and board;
Yea, Quarter-masters been in every House,
Licentious most, and most imperious,
In wrongfull stealth, and drunken luxury,
In all profaueness, and base palliardry.
Where warre breaks in, it quickly doth define,
The long and tedious suit, for thine and mine;
The Child first fed within the Mothers womb,
Food to the Mothers stomack doth become:
So be those Bowels, which them being gave,
By course inverted, now become their Grave.
Warre, like a Widdowes Husband, makes it selfe
Proprietor of each ones Goods and Wealth;
And dashing out the Letters of their name,
Each where its own, insteed, Graves in the same;
There Falconers selves, fly from the Foes, for feare
As from the Hauk, the Partridge wonted were.
The fiercest Stags, and parke impaled Deer
Been hunted, but at set times of the year;
But warr no time observes, no season knowes;
Each sexe and age, all sorts, both Bucks and Does,
Slayes all alike, the Flower and the Weed,
Not for necessitie alone, and need,
But for delight it takes in shedding blood,
It crops the Fruit, together with the Bud,
How lomentable is selfe warr: when they
Who be fetcht in to part, begin the Fray?
When Bears and Tygers are call'd in, to keep
The Wolves and Foxes from amongst the sheep?

Vnhappy

Vnhappy Lands, which ſuch Phyſicians want,
No manner plague, nor miſchiefe is there ſcant,
Where ſuch like Leaches live, farre better ſure
The Malady, then ſuch Remedy endure.

756

Pacem te poſcimus omnes.

Better is Peace, the Jewell of Gods Love,
Daughter of Religion, Mother of Encreaſe,
That Olive Branch, in th' mouth of Noahs *Dove,*
Of God himſelfe, the Motto and Empreze,
Siſter of Iuſtice; better I ſay is Peace,
The Nurſe of Arts, Friend of all Common weales,
The ſtone, the effuſion of mans blood to ceaſe,
Balſome, that th' wounds of bloody Battails heales;
Albe't, on harder terms, then dire debates
Of warre, Murderer of Men, and Ruiner of States.
Therefore thou God of Peace, who to redreſſe
Mans wretched ſtate, to life broughteſt back again,
That Hyerogliphick of all Bleſſednesſe,
That Lambe of God, who for us Men was ſlain,
All civill hence, and forraign wars reſtrain:
And thou dread Lord, our Royall Soveraign,
The chiefeſt means of this our ſo great Good;
Both long and happy maiſt thou live to raign,
T'enjoy this peace, with all her bleſſed Brood,
Still ſeeing ſafe, from thine own quiet ſhore,
All the whole world by th'eares, in Garboils and uproare

1939

Si Fortuna favet, caveto tollas;
Si Fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.
If Fortune ſhine upon thee, then beware,
Leſt from thee on the ſudden ſhe be t'ane;

If

If Fortune thunder once, have speciall care,
Lest with her deadly Bolts she doe thee brain.

798

Nutritus per me tandem fera sævit in me,
Vertere naturam gratia nulla potest,
Improbitas nullo flectitur obsequio.

Alciat Embl. of the young Wolf, that kild the old Goat, that brought him up.

My savage Nursling, whom in my Kids place,
I suckled have, at length doth me devour:
So true it is, no benefit, or grace,
To alter nature can have any power:
Ne no good office, or good turn can bind,
Or bend and bough a base unhonest mind.

799

Sed piger ad pœnas, Princeps ad præmia velox
Quiq; dolet quoties cogitur esse ferox.

Claudian ad Imper.

In Bounty quick, but in Revenging slow, (*shou.*
And Kings should greeve, when they must Rigor

800

Ius tibi & Arbitrium nostræ Fortuna salutis
Tradidit inque tua est vitaq; morsq; mea,
Perdere posse satest, si quem juvat ista potestas,
At tibi servatus gloria major ero.

Ovid de Iasone Medeam in amorem tentante.

Fortune, my safety all to your command,
Hath left to be disposed as you will;
My life and death, are now both in your hand;
Suffice it you your power you have to kill;
If yet such power to any pleasing be,
But more will be your praise in saving me.

801

At qui dura manu geſſerunt Bella potenti
Fortiter utentes Ferro, non molliter Auro
Dilexere graves muſas Heroica Facta,
Qui faciunt Reges Heroica carmina laudant,
Vt ceſſere viri fortes & maſcula virtus,
Dicendum alioqui non invenere Poetæ,
Occidit Ingenium vatum, ruit alta poeſis.

Mantuan. Egl. 5.

When ſtubborn ſteele men lov'd 'bove tender Gold,
And all their care to deeds of Armes did tend,
Full dear they did the ſober Muſes hold:
And Kings, who did Heroick Acts intend,
Heroick verſes algats did commend:
But men of worth, and manly vertue quail'd,
Eſtſoons the Bard his Theme was at an end,
Invention dy'd, and Poets wit it fail'd,
And princely Poeſie, in ſilence wept and wayl'd.

802

At ſtulti exterius dulce admirantur, at illud
Quod latet interius non contemplantur amari.

The glorious outſide onely, Fools admire,
And dote upon the ſhell, and out-ward skin;
But nere conceive the worth, ne once deſire
The pearle, and lovely vertue lodg'd within.

803

Tempus edax Rerum, nos & terit omnia tempus
Nos terimus tempus; Iam ſumus ergo pares.

Owen Epigr.

Time eats up all, and us, and all doth waſt:
And we waſt Time, ſo we are even at laſt.

804

Eccleſias Portis his quatuor Itur in omnes
Principis & Simonis, ſanguinis atq; dei;

Prima

Prima patet magnis, Nummatis altera Charis
Tertia; sed raris Ianua quarta patet.
Fower Gates all Churches have to enter at; (Gate;
Kings Gate, Simons Gate, Blood Gate, and Gods
At the three first, Great, Rich, and neer of kin,
And rarely at the Fourth gets any in.

805

Rebus in augendis longe remorante Marito,
Vxor Mœcha parit puerum, post multa reverso
De Nive conceptum fingit; fraus mutua caute
Sustulit, asportat, vendit, matriq; reportans
Ridiculum simile, liquefactum sole refingit.

Aliter,

De Nive conceptum quem mater Adultera fingit
Sponsus eum vendens liquefactum sole refinxit.
A Husband 'bout his busines, long from home,
The Whore his Wife, in's absence bare a Child;
At length return'd, she said this Child did come
By a Snow ball at her fling; He by a wild
Conveid, and sold the Boy; then with like jest
Stopt his Wives mouth, and did to her protest,
As with the Lad, he walk'd to take the Ayr,
The Sun did melt him, ere he was aware.

806

Si nequeam placidas affari Cæsaris Aures
At saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, Abi.
One tir'd with long suing in the Emperours
Court, writ this distick with a
Cole on the wall.
If I may not to Cæsars gracious Eare
Admittance have, to render him my mone,
Yet to cut off all after hope, or feare,
Let one come tell me so, and say be gone.

807 Non

807

Non eſt conveniens luctibus ille color.
Light gaudy colours, yellow, blew, and red,
Miſſeem the Backs of Mourners for the dead.

808

Spem mihi dent alij magnam, Rem tu cito parvam,
Res me parva juvet, ſpes mihi magna nocet.
Great hopes let others, but doe you me give
Some preſent helpe, all be it nere ſo ſlight;
Sith little helpe in time, may much releeve,
When mighty hopes, ſerve but t'undoe me quite.

809

Fauſtulus inſidens Formicæ, ut magno Elephanto
Decidit, & terræ terga ſupina dedit,
Mox idem ad mortem eſt mulctatus calcibus ejus,
Perditus ut poſſit vix retinere Animam,
Vix tamen eſt fatus quid, rides improbe livor
Quod cecidi? cecidit non aliter Phaeton.
Fauſtulus once bravely mounted on an Ant,
As on the back of ſome tall Elephant,
Falls with her heele, the Ant nigh ſtrikes him dead;
At length come hardly to himſelfe, he ſaid,
Iear'ſt thou baſe Envie, at any fall ſo low?
Why ſo, for all the world, fell Phaeton, I uſt ſo.

810

Non hoſpes ab hoſpite intus
Non ſocer a genero; fratrum quòq; gratia rara eſt,
Imminet exitio vir Conjugis, illa Mariti,
Lurida terribiles miſcent Aconita Noercæ. *Ovid.*
The Gueſt no ſafety with his Hoſt doth find,
No Son in Lawes, to Father in Lawes are kind:
True love 'mongſt Brother's rare: Husband and Wife
Gape at deſtruction of each others life:
And cruell Stepdames, Hemlock ſteep in drink,

Which

Which spots the skin, like bruised stained Inke.

811

Qui satur est pleno laudat Iejunia ventre,
Et quem nulla premit satis est sitientibus asper.

Mantu. Eg.

Full stomacks fasting praise; who feels no thirst,
Are to the thirsty, merciles and curst.

812

Nox & Amor vinumque, nihil moderabile suadent
Illa pudore caret, liber Amorq; metu.

Night, Love, and Wine, no meane or measure know;
Night shameles is, and fearles th'other two.

813

L'homme sage du Ceur, d'esprit, & d'tme entiere
Doit avoir en honeur toute esmente guerriere;
Mais si pour la pais ou voit qu'il sint besoni
De venir au combat, Il faut fetter au loini
Toute Crainte & frayeur, ou si on pert la vie
Elle revit apres en honneur sens envie
Mais celay qu' ou y voyt estre lasche, & covart
Cuydant sauver savie Il n'a ne loz, ne part
A'l Honneur Immortel, ains vivant a toute heure
Il meurt come un poultron, quelque part qu'il demeure

Euripides, in the person of Cassandra, King Pryamus Daughter.

The truely wise, Heroick Heart, abhors
What ever but relates to civill wars:
But if Necessitie once say the word,
That for his Countrey he must draw his Sword:
Then farewell feare, and all that mote dismay;
Yea life and all, sith who in this just Fray,
Doth boldly dye in spite, of selfe envie,
In honour lives to selfe Eternity.

Whereas

Whereas, the Craven-Coward, that lies cloſe,
For feare to loſe his life, doth glory loſe,
And all that part, and portion of dear prayſe,
Which his brave Name to Memory mote raiſe;
Yea, living, He ſeems dead in all mens eyes,
And as a villaine, all ſorts Him deſpiſe.

813

Out of Homer, thus turn'd into French.

Defendre la pais d'un vertueuſe courage
Ceſt u'ne heur aſſeurè, c'eſt un bon preſage.
Aſſur'd good luck it is, and brave preſage
For Countries cauſe, life ſtoutly to engage.

814

Sæpe etiam ſteriles incendere profuit Agros,
Atq; levem ſtipulam crepitantibus urere flammis;
Sive inde occultas vires, & pabula terræ
Pinguia concipiunt, ſive illis omne per Ignem
Excoquitur vitium? atquè exſudat inutilis humor,
Seu plures calor ille vias, & cæca reluxat
Spiramenta, novus veniat quà ſuccus in herbam,
Seu durat magis, & venas adſtringit hiantes
Ne tenues pluviæ, rapidique potentia ſolis
Ærior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat. *Virgil.*

Much good doth oft, by burning of the Ground,
And by burnt ſtubble, to the Land redound.
Whether it be, that th'Earth doth thence receive
Much ſecret ſtrength, and Fatneſs doth conceive,
Or vicious, uſeleſs humours by the heat
Be boyled out, and forced forth to ſweat;
Or whether the Fires new winding wayes invent,
Through the blind Pores, their vapours ſo to vent,
Whereby the crapt ſucks ſweeter ſap; or whether
The Earths wide Rifts, it cement cloſe together.

From Blasts of parching winds; or from the Bane
Of broyling Sun-beames, or excess of Raine.

815

These Verses were presented to learned King Iames, in Bacon's time; and gain'd at his royall hands, the poor delayed Suiter, the quick dispatch of his Cause.

Custodi fido Magni Rex magne Sigilli,
Mandâsti causæ Iura tuenda meæ;
Paruit Ille tuis Iussis, decretaq; causa est
Æquiter; at Ceræ vi caret Illa tuæ
Sic mel adest; sed Cera deest, Rex optime totam
Ipse tuo gustem quæso favore Favum.

Thy great Seales faithfull Keeper thou didst send
Vnto, (great King) my honest cause to end:
My Cause He well decreed, but Seale still lacks;
So had I Honey, but without the Wax:
Grant me (my Liege) in favour of my Case,
T'enjoy the whole Hive of your Princely Grace.

816

These Pasquils were made at his death, whose turbulent disposition, set all Princes together by the eares.

Sixte, jaces tandem, nostri discordia secli,
Sævisti in superos, nunc Acheronta move,
(Sixte) jaces tandem, deflent tua Busta Cynædi
Scortaque, Lenones, Alea, Vina, Venus.

Sixtus, at length thou to thine end art come.
(Thou common Barrater of Christendome,)
Thou 'gainst God self, and heaven ere while didst sell,
Now pick a quarrell with the Devill and Hell;
Thou now art dead; the Sycophant, the Whore,
Bawds, Dice, Drunkards, and Lechers, thy death do deplore.

817

817

Another Paſquill of him for his Epitaph.

Gaude (priſce Nero) vincit te crimine Sixtus,
Hic ſcelus omne ſimul clauditur & vitium.
Rejoyce (old Nero) Sixtus ſins thine excell,
All villanies here, and vice together dwell.

818

An other Epitaph of him, dying for very griefe and diſdaine at the peace made betweene Hercules Eſtenſis, Duke of Ferraria, and the Venetians againſt his will.

Non potuit ſævum vis ulla extinguere Sixtum,
Audito tandem Nomine Pacis obit.
No violence this ſavage Beaſt deſtroy'd,
But when he heard but peace once nam'd, he dy'd.

819

Famis Dyæta leniat Amoris luem,
Aut Temporis Panacea languorem levet
Si non, recipe modo Reſtis unguentum, & vale.
Farnaby, ex Græco.

If hungry Dyet will not eaſe Loves rage,
Nor Panace of (all healing) Time it ſwage,
Then noynt the Crag with Balſome of a Cord,
For this will inſtant Remedy afford.

820

Si quando ſacra Iura tori violaverit Vxor;
Cur gerit immeritus cornua vir? Caput eſt.
Owen. Epigram.

Why wears the faultles Husband Horns, when's Bed
His Wife doth wrong? Becauſe hee is the Head.

821

O violata, vale: vale ô violata; placebas,
Inviolata noces, nunc violata mihi.
Falſe wench, farewell; mine onely joy, whilſt true:
But now thou prov'ſt unchaſt, (leaud Laſs) adiew.

822

Conjugis ob furtita negotia cur ego plector?
Corniger à populo prætereunte vocor?
Et digitis monſtror; nam quæ non fecimus Ipſi
Vix ea noſtra voco.

Owen. Epigram.

Why am I puniſht for my falſe wives ſake?
Why Cuckold call'd? and horns, all at me make?
Sith, what is by a mans own ſelf not done,
Can never bee directly call'd his owne.

823

Sæpe latet vitium proximitate Boni. *Ovid.*

Vice ſhowds it ſelfe in Vertues neighbourhood,
And often ſo deceives, by ſeeming good.

824

Qui fit Mecœnas, ut nemo quam ſibi ſortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, ſeu Fors objecerit Illa
Contentus vivat. *Horat.*

The cauſe (if any be) to mee relate,
(My deare Mecœnas) why that very ſtate,
(Which mens own choyce, or Fortune doth them give)
So few, or none, therein contented live?

825

Omnia adſunt Bona
Penes quem Virtus eſt.

Hee's infinitely bleſt, who by his ſide
Hath Grace to Friend, and Vertue for his Guide.

826

826

Dolus an Virtus
Quis in Hoſte requirat.

Virgil. Ænead. 2.

It matters not a pin whether, or no
Wee play the Fox, or Lyon with a Foe;
Whether by force, wee beat the Enemy,
And valor, or by Tricks, and Policie.

827

Decor qui cum veſte induitur, & cum
Veſte deponitur, veſtimenti, non veſtiti eſt.

The ſhape and handſomneſs, which any one,
Together with their Rayment, doff, and don,
The grace thereof, not due to Him or Her,
But to the well-ſhap'd Garment which they weare.

828

Turpes mores pulchrum ornatum pejus Cæno
collinunt,
Lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis
comprobant

Baſe manners, gorgeous clothes, far worſe than mud
Beſmeer and ſoyle, whereas Conditions good,
And gentle Manners, doe vile cloathing make
To bee accepted, for the wearers ſake,
And ſimple Poore apparell ſo much grace,
That all, the Owner, none, once markes the Caſe.

829

De Facie Metuit, vitæ confidit; & illam
Securam probitas; Forma timere facit.

Ovid. Epiſt. 16.

Her face ſhe feares; her life ſhe truſteth ſure;
Her Beauty makes her doubt; her Modeſty, ſecure.

830

——Nulla reparabilis Arte.

Læsa Pudicitia est, deperit illa simul.
Ovid. Art. Aman.

If once a Virgins Chastety be stain'd,
It's past all helpe of Art to be regain'd;
And if her Honour suffer once, be sure,
(Once lost) 'tis lost for ever, without Cure.

831

Multa Viros nescire decet, pars maxima rerum
Offendet, si non interiora tegas. *Ovid.*

There's much in womens matters, not so fit
For men to know; the greatest part indeed
Of what is theirs, would loath a man, but it
Bee from his sight, and notice closely hid.

832

Gratior est pulchro veniens è corpore Virtus.

Vertue, which from a lovely Body comes;
More gratefull, and much welcomer becomes.

833

Contemptum stulti contemnere, Dardane laus est,
Contemni a stulto dedecus esse nego.

To scorne the scorne of Fooles, and Fellowes base,
Is praise, ne Fooles contempt, count I disgrace.

834

Qua doceat sedem quærit Plotinus, & Ædem
Quærit qua doceat, non ea quæ doceat.
Geffry Prior of Winchester.

Plotinus seekes for place, where he may preach;
He's onely carefull where, not what to teach.

835

——Non qua eundum
Sed qua itur ——

Most men and women walke, not where they should,
But the broad wayes, where they the most behold.

836 Lau-

836

Laudari a Nequam ſumma eſt Infamia; ſed ſi
Dedecorat, non dedecus hoc; ſumma utiq; laus eſt.
A bad mans prayſe is Infamy; but his
Diſprayſe, the greateſt grace and honour is.

837

Cum duo contendunt, ſapientior Ille putatur,
Qui moderari Iram ſcit Ratione ſuam.
When two fall out, hee's held the wiſer Man,
His Paſſion who by Reaſon maſter can.

838

Intus ſimplicitas, mentem foris ornat Honeſtas.
Vultum; grata quidem ſingula, pluſq; ſimul.
Inward Simplicity her mind doth grace,
And outward Modeſty ſets forth her face;
Either of theſe alone commend her much,
But both together make her a Noneſuch.

839

Nihil miſerius, miſero
Non miſerante ſeipſum.
So piteous nothing is, as ſuch a Sot,
Who pitty needs, himſelfe yet pities not.

840

Nunquam ſceleri defuit oratio ——
Never was villany, but could pretend,
Some plauſible excuſe, it to defend.

841

Actum eſt de cauſa, quæ
Nullam exceptionem admittit.
That Cauſe is very deſperate, no doubt,
Which no evaſion hath to helpe it out.

842

Quanto doctior, quanto altior, quanto
Ditior es, tanto te geras ſubmiſſius.

The more thy Learning, Honour, and thy Wealth,
More humbly so much more demeane thy selfe.

845

Non est tanti gaudij excelsa tenere,
Quanti mæroris de excelsis corruere.
The Ioy, to climb to Honour's very small,
Compar'd with th' griefe, thence down again to fall.

846

Parva bonæ Cereri, sint modo casta placent. *Ovid.*
Small Gifts, good Ceres, taketh in good part,
So they come from a chast and honest heart;
The least good duty, so't be innocent,
And from an humble mind, will her content.

847

———Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, & destruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. *Hora. Epist. Ser. 3. Phil. Maced.*
This King made Citie gates, themselves divide.
And (Kings envying him) with Bribes destroy'd.

848

Ex quo Nobilitas servilia cæpit amare,
Nobilitas cæpit cum servis degenerare.
When Gentry once, base servile courses lov'd,
Eftsoons degenerate Gentry lavish prov'd.

849

Patria est ubicunq; est bene
That's a Mans Countrey, where he safe doth dwell,
With all things needfull to his Being well;
For I that place my Countrey cannot call,
Where I was borne, but where I enjoy all
That Heart can wish, for Soule and Bodies need;
This is my Countrey truely, and indeed.
As Hee (be hee by Nation, Turk or Iew,
Who Brother-like demeanes himselfe to you,

Thy

Thy Brother is, not he of th' ſelfe ſame Brood,
Thy Fathers Sonne, if he doe thee no good;
And like a Bird-eyd Iade, aſide doe ſtart,
And no wayes doth performe a Brothers part;
Iuſt like a Weather-cock, which beares the forme,
And poſture of a Cock, but doth performe
No duty of a Cock, only for ſhow
Stands perching high, but never once doth crow.

850

Terra negra, fa } *Black Earth makes*
Pan bianco } *White Bread.*

The darkeſt Mould, ſtill yeelds the whiteſt Bread,
And black brow'd Violets, the ſweeteſt ſmell:
So Chaſtity, and perfect woman-head,
Oft, under courſe, and homely Habit dwell:
Whilſt Beauty deckt, in goodly rich Aray,
Yields nought, ſave vice, like glorious weeds in May.

851

Theſaurum cum Virgo tuum vas fictile ſervat,
Vt caveas quæ ſint noxia, tuta time.

Sith the rich Gem of your Virginity,
In a weake Cabinet of brittle clay,
Even at the ſafeſt doth unſafely lye,
Having no Lock, ne any other Key,
Save Grace, and your owne care, both night and day.
Looke lovely Maids, and have a nimble eye
To every one, that doth but glance that way,
And better to avoid all Injury,
And common Dangers, which mote you intice,
Be curious, in lawfulſt things, and wondrous nice.

850

That excellent Poet, George Buchanan, composed this to the memory of that worthy Prelate, and learned Champion of our Church, Iohn Iewell, *Bishop of Sarisbury.*

(*Iuelle*)

Mater quem tulit Devonia,
Nutrixq; fovit erudita Oxonia,
Quem Maria ferro & Igne patria expulit,
Virtus reduxit, Præsulem fecit Parens
Elizabetha docta doctarum Artium,
Pulvis pusillus te sepulchri hic contegit,
Quam parva tellus Nomen ingens occulit.

The same in English.

(Iewell)

Whom Devonshire (thy Native Mother) bred,
Whom thy Nurse Oxford, with her Learning fed,
Whom Mary *from thy Countrey forc'd to fly,*
With Fire and Sword, whom vertuous Piety
Reduced home again from forrain parts,
And whom that Parent, skild in all learn'd Arts,
Learned Elizebeth, *then Bishop made:*
Here in a little dust intomb'd art laid:
Ah, woe is me, so rich a Iewell *should*
Be hid within a little dusty Mould.

851

The Translators humble Request.

(*Yee sacred Dust*)

Mote yee from me, daign well in worth to take
This meane Translation, for the Copie sake,
Which famous Buchanan *did to you give;*
That as yee both, thus by each other live,

So

So by your meanes, this duety doo'n by me,
(A ſecond Sacrum to your Memory)
May cauſe me live, and may me ſtand inſtead
Of a full Epitaph, *when I am dead.*

852

——Caſtalides Nymphæ,
Tradite me Famæ, ne prorſus inutilis olim
Vixiſſe videar, pereamq; in funere totus. *Pelling.*
Caſtalian Nymphs, vouchſafe t'endeer my Name,
And Mee commend to Memory and Fame,
Leſt (Cipher-like) 'tſeeme, here I lived have,
And totally I periſh in my Grave.

853

Vive, vale, ſi quid noviſti rectuis iſtis
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.
Farewell; if more thou knowſt, impart me thine,
Friendly; if not, accept thou theſe of mine.

FINIS.